

PUNCH



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"MORE light!" said Mr. PUNCH, with a luminous look at BISMARCK.

The bold eyes of the burly Prince blinked momentarily before that radiant regard.

"The Wonder of Weimar might have been gratified by this Show," said he, grimly.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Wonder of Fleet Street—and the World—doubtfully.

"My Storage of Force, now," continued the stalwart Teuton, "would have opened his eyes a little. After all, Philosophers are an owlish lot. They struggle after light—so they say—*We strike it!*"

"On *their* (knowledge) boxes," subjoined the Sage, smilingly. "Blood and Iron are a blundering brace of overgrown, one-eyed Titans, unilluminated by *Geist*. You swear by the twin giant gaolers, STRENGTH and FORCE. I back, in the long run, the patient PROMETHEUS."

"Ah, *he* bided his time," muttered DE FREYCHINET, meditatively.

"As you and GRANVILLE are doing out Egypt-way, eh?" chuckled the Prince, sardonically. "The Forty Centuries—still perched, I suppose, on the Pyramids, where NAPOLEON planted them—will get tired of watching *your* little game."

"The Forty Centuries can indulge in forty winks," said the Ever-Ready, himself indulging in *one*. "After so long a vigil, it will be quite excusable; and they've been so eternally trotted out by the trope-mongers, that they're getting as great a nuisance as the Skeleton at the Egyptian Feast itself."

"Do you find your Force-Storage system *cheap*, Prince?" inquired GRANVILLE, with suave simplicity.

"I say, isn't your Economic Light going out?" counter-queried the German, with grave *sollicitude*.

"Seems burning a bit low, indeed," said ABDEL HAMID, slyly. "Accumulator wants seeing to, perhaps. Can I be of any service?"

"Why, really," said BISMARCK, "to dispel Egyptian darkness requires a somewhat more decided Flamer than——"

"To light one's Tobacco in half a gale of Opposition wind, eh, Prince?" interjected the Sage, smoothly. "Let him put *that* in his pipe!" he added, aside, to the gratified GRANVILLE.

The Prince made a vicious lunge at TOBY, who had struck up an impromptu friendship with the Iron One's huge hound. But the Dog of Dogs, adroit and imperturbable as his Master, quietly wheeling, let the big boot fly bootlessly, and wagged his abbreviated tail with a confidential canine waggishness, which his colossal chum evidently appreciated highly.

"Love me, love my dog," Prince, said the all-seeing Sage, significantly, and the big Teuton blushed as beet-rootily as though he had been caught plying a pea-shooter from behind the SULTAN's back.

"What do you think, now, of my 'New Northern Light'?" asked DE GIERS, anxiously. "JABLOCHEOFF not in it, eh?"

"Well, let's hope it'll prove an improvement upon the MELIKOFF Million-Candle failure, anyhow," said Mr. PUNCH.

"Look here," grumbled MANCINI; "don't you fellows forget *my* share in the Exhibition."

"Oh, certainly not; only don't make an exhibition—*of yourself*, my dear MANCINI," remarked the World's Mentor, mildly. "There *are* 'lesser lights,' you know,—eh, SAGASTA?"

"Precisely," interposed the Austrian Exhibitor, with conviction. "Now, my duplex system, as I'll explain——"

"Never explain anything," interrupted BISMARCK, brusquely, the big boot landing heavily on the Austrian's smartly-shod toe.

"Exactly," said MR. PUNCH, drily. "An Oracle who goes about explaining himself will soon lose *prestige*."

"That," said DE FREYCINET, "is Obscurantism, and we are all Illuminati here."

"Oh, *are* you?" quoth the Sage, sardonically. "What do you think, TOBY?"

TOBY gave an intelligent snap, sharp and keen as an electric spark, and "pointed" in the direction of his Master's as yet hidden "exhibit," his nose steady as the Three per Cents, and his tail as rigid as a ramrod.

"Gentlemen," said the Sage, calmly, "you are *not* Illuminati—yet, but you shall be, presently. Bless your benighted souls, you don't know what *Light* is, till you've seen—what you *shall* see, anon. Don't scowl, BISMARCK; and, GRANVILLE, you needn't chuckle. I've a *Light* here that'll take the shine out of the lot of you. Prince, your Incandescent Lamp is an expensive sputterer that gives out more heat than light; and your Arctic Arc, my dear DE GIERS, if cool, is dim and uncertain. But here you have realised the supreme *desideratum*—Brilliancy without Heat!!!—portable, inexpensive, and entirely devoid of danger—save to duffers and rascals. BACON's *lumen siccum* blent with the Bard's

'Light that never was on sea or shore,'

till PUNCH, the Modern Prometheus, produced it. An Electric Spark to illuminate the World. *Fiat lux!* Behold!!"

And as the Sage drew aside the veil, there burst forth a dazzling blaze of soft yet searching radiance, before which the rival exhibitors blinked owlishly, and the competitive lesser lights paled their ineffectual fires. TOBY, with eyes eagle-wide, yelped the yelp of ecstatic triumph, and his Mirific Master, almost electrified by the sudden outpour of his own stored effulgence, veiled an eye archly with one lifted hand, as he pointed with the other to where, midmost of the mighty glow, burned the mystic words—

"Volume Eighty-Second!"





ROBERT ON THE NEW YEAR.

I WUNDER how New Year's Days cum for to be invented and why they chose such preshus cold weather for the ceremony. I should ha' liked a nicer and warmer time of the year for it, but then of course we couldn't have had no Christmas cards and no Christmas pudden with it.

Another werry important antiqueerian question is, why is everybody as is anybody obligated to eat no end of Turkeys just about this time, till I'm sure us poor Waiters is sick of the werry site of one? However leaving these important questions for consideration by the Geological Society and such like Fellows, let us consider what sort of year we are about to have in this the grandest City of the World, as I hears my Patrons call it about twice a week. Well then, to begin with, we've got a grand style of Lord Mare, just the man for the place, as all us Waiters thinks, full grown, full blown, and full of dignity and importance, and, speaking from my own experience, I can trewly say that, "tho' he dearly loves a Dook he ne'er forgets the poor"—Waiter. Brown says he's like a bottle of 60 Port, full bodied, a little dry, and a little crusty, which ain't bad for Brown.

I heard a friend of theirs say at dinner the other day, that the first time as they was expected to offshyate on a certain unpleasant occasion, they received a card on which was written Mr. MARWOOD, Executioner. Terms, 10 Guineas for One, or 15 Guineas for Two! so it seems the difference between wholesail and retale exists even in our last extremities. It reminds me of the Dentist who charged me 5s. for taking out one of my teeth, and when I said I thought it was rather high, said if I'd have another out directly he'd charge me werry low, or he'd make me a large allowance on taking out a quantity! I didn't trubble him with my company much longer.

I don't think my friends of the Corporation and the Great Gills are quite comfortable in regard to the New Year that's just cum. They seems to think that there's somthink a Brewing besides Old Ale, and that's Mischief. In fact they seems summat like the celebrated Scotchman, I think his name was DAMALLGLES or somthink like it, who used to have a sword hanging up in his bed-room by a single Hare! Why he did it I can't quite remember, but I suppose it was to show his friends what a plucky fellow he was, tho' I desay he made game of 'em all by taking it down when they'd gone away.

Why anybody should want to interfere with such thoroughly contented people as my patrons is, I can't make out. There's plenty of discontented people about, spehally in Ireland, for these reformers to try their hands upon. When they've satisfied them, then will be the time to try and make them as is quite satisfied with things as they are, as dissatisfied as possible with things as is to be.

However, praps one oughtn't to be too hard on anyone just at this time. It's more a time for pity and kindness and charity, spehally to the Poor everywhere, whatever their nashunality, and knowing what many on 'em has to suffer, let us all, great and small, do what we can to make them enjoy comferably, cheerfully, and thankfully a Happy New Year!

ROBERT.

A HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

AIR—"I once had a sweet little Doll, dears." (Kingsley's Words, set by A. Cecil.)

I ONCE saw a sweet pretty face, boys;
Its beauty and grace were divine.
And I felt what a swell I should be, boys,
Could I boast that such charms were all mine!
I wooed. Every man I cut out, boys,
At my head deep anathemas hurled:—
But I said as I walked back from church, boys,
"I'm the luckiest dog in the world!"

As doves in a cot we began, boys,
A cosy and orthodox pair:
Till I found at my notable wife, boys,
The world was beginning to stare.
She liked it. At first, so did I, boys,
But, at length, when all over the place
She was sketched, hunted, photo'd and mobbed, boys,
I cried, "Hang her sweet pretty face!"

Still, we went here and there,—right and left, boys;—
We were asked dozens deep,—I say "we,"
Though wherever I went not a soul, boys,
Could have pointed out ADAM from me.
But we had a rare social success, boys,
Got mixed with the noble and great,
Till one's friends, who say kind and nice things, boys,
Talked of me as "the man come to wait!"

So, I've no more a sweet pretty wife, boys;—
For the one that I once hoped to own,
Belongs, as I've found to my cost, boys,
To the great British public alone.
So until they've got tired of her face, boys,
And a rival more touzled or curled,
Drives her home to her own proper place, boys—
I'm the dullest dull dog in the world!

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SWIFT EXPRESS."

In addition to other luxuries, music, it is said, will shortly be introduced on board the London and Brighton Pullman Train. Among the most popular *morceaux* undoubtedly will be "The Railway Guard's Waltz," "The Ticket Tarentella," and "The Pullman Carcarolle."

"WHAT! Going to have an exhibition at Paris of Memorials of the Incas! Well,—I never!" says Mrs. RAMSBOOTHAM. "Why, they'll be having one of the Pen-wipers next!"

OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR IN STATE BY MR. PUNCH, M.P. FOR COSMOPOLIS.



PUNCH TO THE PREMIER.

[Mr. GLADSTONE completed his seventy-second year on the 29th December.]

SEVENTY-two years old, friend WILLY, seventy-two years old!
But never a sign that your heart's getting chilly,
a hint that your fancy grows cold.
You can smite in the fight like a younker,—can talk,
as of old, for three hours by the clock,
Though your voice may not be quite so silvery,
WILLY, your hair such a raven-hued shock.

They whom the Gods love die young, friend WILLY; so said your favourite
Greeks:
They whom the Gods love never grow old, is the moral *your* history
speaks.
Happier, later TITHONUS, friend WILLY,—a wiser AURORA's your
friend,
Your Youth's warm and bright in her light, friend WILLY—and so may it
be to the end!

CARMEN NATALE.

MDCCCLXXXII.

ANOTHER page of life turned o'er,
With all that we have written there;
Days past, returning nevermore,
And clang of bells upon the air.
The Old Year to his rest departs,
What future will the New Year bring?
And so we cry, with eager hearts,
"The King is dead—long live the King!"

What guerdon can the Future give
Will put the buried Past to shame?
Will higher aspirations live,
And all mankind have nobler aim?
Will Freedom reap with ampler sheaves
The harvest of the days to be,
And Plenty beneath each man's eaves
Smile out from shining sea to sea?

Will Peace be with us in the land,
And no grim Terror walk the night,
And those our brethren understand
How fain we are to do them right?
And while at wrongs that erst have been
The tear-drop of contrition starts,
Saint George's wavelets roll between
Our hearths, but sunder not our hearts.

May England in the year that lies
Before her, keep her ancient might,
And wheresoe'er her banner flies
Be strong to battle for the right.
A great inheritance we hold,
'Tis ours to guard it with all care,
Nor let the lust of power or gold
Deface the blazon that we bear.

The music from the steeple fills
The air with echoes near and far,
Day dawns upon a thousand hills,
And swiftly pales the morning star.
And still, come weal or come there woe,
Whate'er its horoscope appear,
Firm hand to friend, firm face to foe,
Best welcome in the glad New Year.

SAYS One 'Arry to Another 'Arry. I say, old man, the papers say they 'ope 1882 will be the openin' of a new Era. What's that?

Second 'Arry. "Openin' of a new 'Earer"? Why, a Telephone o' course, you Juggins!



EX HERCULE PEDEM.

Long. "BOTHER THE BOY! MY BOOTS AIN'T DIRTY. I WONDER WHY HE'S ALWAYS SO PRECIOUS ANXIOUS TO CLEAN THEM!"

Short. "WELL, HE THINKS YOURS IS JUST THE SORT OF FOOT TO BE A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT TO HIM!"

BOILING OVER IN BUMBLEDOM.

THE *Guardian and Reporter*, for December 24, contains an account of a remarkably lively scene at the meeting of the Holborn Board, to consider the recommendation of the Infirmary Visiting Committee that "A ball be allowed to be held on Boxing Night among the officials." After a Mr. HOPKINS had declared that he "did not want to hear any more of Mr. ROSS's chatter," the gentleman alluded to made a decided hit, by speaking of a Mr. PEDDER as "The Simon Pure."

"Mr. ROSS.—I put the question again to the Committee, and I ask this Board, Was that unfair, or not? Well, I now come to Mr. PEDDER, the Simon Pure."

"Mr. PEDDER (starting to his feet).—I disclaim being a Simon Pure. ('Order!' laughter, and uproar.) I won't allow him to go on till he withdraws that word."

"Mr. ROSS attempted to speak, but Mr. PEDDER, who remained standing, shouted vigorously, 'I call upon Mr. ROSS to withdraw that word. It is unparliamentary.' (Uproar, 'Chair!' and 'Order!')

"Mr. ROSS.—It is absolutely mean."

"Mr. PEDDER.—I'm not Simon Pure. (Laughter, and 'Order!')

"Mr. ROSS.—I know that. (Loud laughter.)"

"Here the uproar was deafening, and all attempts to restore order were of no avail; and in the midst of the confusion the Chairman left the Chair."

Poor Mr. PEDDER couldn't stand being called "Simon Pure." We are still puzzled to know what could possibly have been his objection.

Evidently, at the Holborn Board Self-Government is very much wanted.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

(At the Press View.)

'Tis the Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor and folks are, Keen to see the halls of LINDSAY where he works with COMYNS CARR, And this year they've gathered for us in magnificent array, A collection of the paintings of eccentric WATTS, R.A.

Here are poets, ALFRED trying to look sombre and sublime, And the melancholy MORRIS as if conscious of a crime; BROWNING evidently bilious, SWINBURNE's portrait fiery red, With a halo as of carrots round his funny little head.

Here's CARLYLE of crusty aspect as if saying something rude, P'raps the painter caught him after being interviewed by FROUDE; And hung out upon the staircase looking exquisitely silly, Is the Lady who rejoices in the name of "JERSEY LILY."

Here's Sir FREDERICK robed in scarlet, there's Dean STANLEY's thoughtful face,

And the Lady in the Ulster has a certain kind of grace; While as if some sweet sonata were just going to begin, Lady LINDSAY of Balcarres lifts the magic violin.

So the pictures pass before us like the shadows in a dream, Also like some Nightmares making sleepers wake up with a scream. Ha! 'tis Lunching-time! The Grosvenor for the hunger that's intense"

Can provide a first-rate lunch for something over thirty pence.

RAILWAY EDITION OF "LOCK ON THE UNDERSTANDING."—The Permissive Block.

OLD DRURY, GAIETY, AND OTHER SHOWS.

MR. CÆSAR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Emperor of Old Drury Lane, with the aid of Pantomime PONTIFEX MAXIMUS E. L. BLANCHARD and a whole College of learned Augurs and talented Assistants, has in *Robinson Crusoe* given the world a capital Children's Pantomime.



A. R. You're a timid Fawn!
J. F. You're an-Arthur!
Both. We're nothing of the sort!

service sort of tune to the slowly-developing, but really splendid, transformation, which is as novel in design as it is both original and effective in execution. There is one disappointment very generally felt, and that was that Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS does not sing "*We are a Merry Family*," which he has made so popular.

Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN, as the Chamberlain to King Hoity-Toity, King of the Cannibal Islands, is invaluable. No use placing this Mr. Chamberlain in the Cabinet. Such a restless, energetic spirit would be the very man to lead a revolutionary movement, and to keep it going as long as he had any go left in himself. Miss EMMA D'AUBAN, too, is a most expressive pantomimist: she means so much, and tells it all, plainly, in action.

There is one great novelty at Old Drury this year, and that is a bevy of young and pretty girls, whose forms set off to the greatest advantage the dresses designed for them by Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON, who has also provided the sketches for the very ingenious properties which occupy so prominent a place in the grand Trades' Procession in honour of *Crusoe's* safe return to Old England. A touching spectacle this, which never entered into DEFOE's limited imagination.

As *Robinson Crusoe*, Miss FANNY LESLIE never lets the fun drop for a moment, and she has to act for herself and partner, *Polly Loveage*, as Miss AMALIA, taken for all in all, and there's not much of her, is too small and quiet for the vast stage of Old Drury, and the boisterous requirements of its Pantomime.

Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS is very funny as *Will Atkins*, a character conceived on an old-fashioned pattern, which has been pretty well worked threadbare in Nautical Burlesques and Bab-Ballad Operas. It is not new, but he is very droll.

We did not recognise Mr. HARRY JACKSON as the Cockatoo: he evidently had some excellent things to say: but what's the use of the most telling lines when you're done up in feathers with a cockatoo's head on your shoulders, and your whole attention given to the mechanism which works your tail and wings?

As *Friday*, Master CHARLES LAURI showed himself first-rate, both as Acrobat and Pantomimist. His really serious pantomime acting was worthy of what tradition tells us about GRIMALDI. Pity there is not more of this.

The Dresden China Ballet, danced by Madam KATHI LANKER's pupils—they should have danced a Brio-à-brac-down—is a real treat for the children who look on, and the children who perform the dance; little mites some of 'em, to whom Drury Lane Boards will do as much good as all the School Boards ever

invented by an Electric-Enlightened age. Think too, Ladies and Gentlemen, what a provision this Drury Lane Annual Pantomime finds for many, and many a poor and honest family, father, mother, sons and daughters, down to the very youngest, all making money while the gas-light shines; and mind you, your sovereigns and shillings not only purchase a great pleasure for your own children home for the holidays, in whose delight is your greatest pleasure, but do real good to an industrious, steady, hard-working class; giving a A meeting with Robinson arranged for this Friday. start in life to many who would find their daily bread very difficult to earn were it not for our great Pantomime Houses, to which, beginning with Old Drury,



Pupils of the Drury Lane-School-Boards.

under the management of CÆSAR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, we most heartily wish continued and well-merited prosperity.

The Gaiety.—Walk up! walk up! and see the third of the Three-Act Burlesque Series. *Aladdin's* new sacred lamp of Three-Act Burlesque takes the place of the old ones, which it excels in spectacular brilliancy, though the necessity laid on the Author, Mr. REECE, for perpetually keeping the *ensemble* of "all the talents" before the audience is the "reece'un why" (this with apologies to Mr. REECE) the simplicity of the old familiar story is obscured, and its genuine dramatic interest muddled away. The three hits of the piece are—*Aladdin's* mother's song

(capitally given by Mr. DALLAS), Miss FARREN's song and chorus, "*I'll tell your Mother what you've done!*" and her Street Arab's song in the Second Act, in which the change from real pathos to thorough-going chick-a-learniness exhibits a true touch of genius of the old Robsonian type, and stamps it at once as certainly one of the best things this clever Burlesque actress has ever done. This combination of song and dance was vociferously and deservedly encoored three times, and each repetition was given with some new effect, showing that the *artiste* was heart and soul in her work. This alone would be enough to make the fortune of *Aladdin*, without the sayings, doings, and dancings of Miss KATE VAUGHAN, Messrs. TERRY and ROYCE, and the rest of the company; but no doubt Lord Chief Justice COLERIDGE will be delighted to hear that Miss CONNIE GILCHRIST comes to the front a good deal, and that her dancing is thoroughly appreciated by several of his Lordship's legal brethren in the Orchestra Stalls.

Lyceum.—The Revival of the *Two Roses* is an instance of the Survival of the Fittest. Seldom has any character-part been so perfectly adapted to the peculiarities of an Actor, as is the rôle of *Digby Grant* to those of Mr. IRVING,—peculiarities which, in some instances real, in others affected, now developed by experience and stereotyped by time, make up the professional individuality of HENRY IRVING. His *Digby Grant* is a masterpiece, not a "creation," for no Actor ever "created" a part unless he was also its Author.



A very active Lord Chamberlain.



"I'll tell your Mother what you've done!"—*Al-laddin* quotation.



"Will Atkins?"—won't Atkins—rather!

The character was compounded by Mr. ALBANY—who is nothing if neither Robertsonian nor Dickensian—apparently from materials furnished by Mr. Bray in *Nicholas Nickleby*, whose speeches indeed read uncommonly like the very words we hear from *Digby Grant*—(no, we mean *Digby Grant*; "*Digby Grant*" being the title of one of WHITE MELVILLE'S earliest and best novels)—with a touch of *Eccles* (who was founded on *Costigan*) and a spice of WILKIE COLLINS'S *Captain Wragge*, and a flavour, lately added by the Actor, of *Robert Macaire*; but as long as Mr. IRVING is its impersonator, this character must stand out as the part of the piece, and be the *raison d'être* of its popularity, for there is little else to recommend it except the Comic Bagman (played by Mr. JAMES, who is not "in it" with Mr. GEORGE HONEY), who is always talking shop, and who, when he appears in the last Act as a sort of converted clown, gives occasion for the utterance of some witticisms, written in the most questionable taste, on scriptural phrases, which, if they have come to be identified with cant, are still absolutely the words of Holy Writ. For this, the Author is originally to blame, though on revival at such a theatre as the Lyceum, for which establishment Mr. IRVING appeared at one time desirous of obtaining high ecclesiastical patronage, we should have thought he would have insisted on the omission of these decidedly objectionable jokes, which are, at the best, such very cheap wit.

A Specimen of Old China.

The *Two Roses* are very artificial flowers, of the skittish Barmaid order, and though everything is done by the two young ladies at the Lyceum, Miss EMERY and Miss MATTHEWS, to make them as charming as possible, barmaids they yet remain—fit mates, however, for such a couple of conceited prigs as are their two lovers.

The Stage-Manager has not got over the absurdities of the situation in the Second Act, when a big girl tries to conceal herself behind an eighteen-inch square movable fire-screen, where she remains palpably within her lover's line of sight, and the repetition of a similar absurdity in Act III., when another young lady successfully conceals herself behind a trumpety gold-fish basin on a slight pedestal. Then the discovery at the finish of how—(Ah! talking of "how" Mr. HOWE is excellent, in spite of that wearisome idiotic catch phrase, "Dear me!")—two babies had got mixed in a cradle, and one taken for the other, is quite enough to have long ago ruined the chance of a better play; but there is a certain prettiness about the story which takes the Public, and then Mr. IRVING'S *Digby Grant* is inimitable.

We have no space left this week for a critical examination of the new piece at the St. James's by Mr. MONEY-SPIERO, who, after writing in two Acts *The Money Spinner*, which ought to have been in three, has written in three Acts *The Squire*, which ought to have been in two. It contains much excellent matter, gives occasion for some capital acting, specially on the part of Messrs. HARR and MACKINTOSH, is theatrically effective, but radically defective. The two best character-parts in it are of the type which, with songs, would have been highly popular, some years back, as "Illustrations" in the German Reed Entertainment. This is high praise.

At this *première* the representatives of Guah and Guggie, who are becoming an intolerable nuisance, were in great force. Before these lines appear, Messrs. BOSH, BUNKUM, and GUSHER, the eminent critics, will have overflowed with intensity, and have offered thuribles full of smoking incense at the St. James's shrine—the only Saint who patronises a theatre—enough to nauseate everyone except a popular Curate, a mystic Poet, a Theatrical Manager, and a successful Actor.

For future important *premières* we shall engage the services of Messrs. TUSHER and GUSHER, to criticise the same piece. GUSHER shall do the ecstatic and laudatory; TUSHER shall pooh-pooh; and we shall publish both side by side. Then when things artistic are going lamentably wrong, and have reached a really critical point, we shall secure CRUSHER, and give him *carte blanche*.

Adelphi.—Mr. PETTIT'S *Taken from Life*, produced here on Saturday, is the best Sensational Drama we've seen for a long time; by which we mean that it knocks *The World, Youth, and Mankind* into a cocked hat, and takes the shine out of *Lights o' London*, *quid* sensation, though it can't touch the last-mentioned play in domestic comedy.



WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE TO A MISCREANT WHO CRIES "FIRE!" BY WAY OF A JOKE IN A THEATRE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR.

MY LORD,

ONE of the most important and one of the most interesting duties attached to the ancient office your Lordship now holds, is that of Almoner not only to the City of London, but to the whole kingdom, when any fearful calamity or terrible misfortune, far beyond the reach of private benevolence, visits any portion of its people.

Your Lordship's predecessors have set a noble example in this respect, which you are doubtless ready and even eager to follow. But there has always been one condition attached to all these numerous efforts to alleviate human suffering that has never once been infringed.

They have always been utterly and entirely free from the smallest taint of political or sectarian feeling, and, with that understanding, men of all parties, of all creeds, and of all conditions of life, have readily and nobly responded to every appeal that has emanated from the Mansion House—the Treasury, so to speak, of Public Benevolence.

Forgetful, apparently, of this important fact, your Lordship is asking for funds for the "Defence of Property in Ireland." Surely this is a great departure from the wise course of your predecessors.

The protection of Property in Ireland must be left to the Law, and the putting of the Law into force to Her Majesty's Government, and, if they fail, Parliament will shortly meet, and plenty of eager opponents will be found to denounce them for their incompetency or timidity, should they be thought deserving of it.

What can Mansion House charity have to do with so important a political question?

With all due respect, too, it must strike most people that for the Lord Mayor of the City of London to interfere in high questions of Public Policy partakes rather of the nature of burlesque.

Another point arises. Your Lordship is known to be a leading member of one of the wealthiest Livery Companies of London, and it is also known that these Companies possess enormous estates in Ireland. Are the subscriptions of the benevolent to be solicited to assist in the Defence of the Property of these wealthy absentee Landlords? It will scarcely redound to the credit of the old Corporation if they devote £5,000 of their abundant wealth in aiding the Landlords of Ireland to enforce with the utmost rigour the cruel and unjust Law of Distress against their poor tenants; and when it is remembered that more than a quarter of a million of these latter hold farms of less than sixteen acres each, it is scarcely to be wondered at that popular sympathy in Ireland should be much excited in their favour.

In the past history of the old Institution of which you are now the head, it has been written to its honour that it was always to the fore struggling and striving to help the serf against his feudal Lord, the oppressed against the oppressor, free thought against bigotry, and honest poverty against the insolence of wealth. It will be a bad day for that Institution when it loses that proud distinction for the mere paltry purpose of ensuring Landlord support when the hour of its own trial shall arrive. May your Lordship avoid the snare that has been laid by no friendly hand, and maintain during your year of office the wise and discreet course so successfully adopted by your predecessors.

I am, my Lord, Yours obediently,

PUNCH

Mr. Digby Grant, of the Firm of "Grant and Gasp."



SPECIAL PLEADING.

"POLLY, WE MUST GO NOW, IT'S THREE O'CLOCK."

"OH, PAPA DEAR, I AM ENGAGED FOR THE NEXT TWO DANCES!"

"THE BROWNS WENT AWAY TWO HOURS AGO, AND FANNY BROWN DIDN'T COMPLAIN."

"BUT THEY ARE IN HALF-MOURNING, YOU KNOW, PAPA DEAR!" [Papa is not convinced, but Polly gains her point.]

FROM THE JONATHAN BULL-VARDS.

WATERLOO is avenged! I say this advisedly, and without prejudice. By a combination which shall be nameless we won Waterloo, but there are victories which are as costly as defeats. Cock-a-doodle-doism costs money, and Waterloo fostered Cock-a-doodle-doism. The best part of a century has elapsed, and at last our time has come. Providence has introduced the leaden sky into Paris; manufacturing industry in and around Paris has introduced the veritable English fog. Mabile (now closed for the season) is more dull and stupid than the Polytechnic; English tailors, drapers, and costumiers who dress the best part of the Parisian public, have planted themselves in the best part of Paris; and Paris itself is reduced to about a quarter of a mile of City, from the Grand Hotel to the Vaudeville Theatre, along which the predominant languages heard are Cockney-American and American-English. The Boulevard—formerly *Des Italiens*—ought to be now called the Jonathan-Bull-wards, and the English word "Tavern" ought surely to succeed the French word "Restaurant," when boiled beef and carrots are wheeled round the room on a carving-table as they are at "SIMPSON'S"! The time is evidently not far distant when a *Menu* will be called a "Bill of Fare," except in England, and written in English, and when the instructions for a Christmas pudding will be understood by Cooks, and not sent as a prescription to the nearest Apothecary.

There is one Christmas dish, however, which has not yet been acclimatised in Paris, and that is a Pantomime. Attempts have been made, from time to time, to import the article, but never successfully. The drama, in fact, in Paris, has no special Christmas character. There are comedies and *opéras-bouffe*, to which Parisians may or may not take their children, though while the *Vie Parisienne* exists as a so-called "family" journal, and is conducted as it is, it ought surely to be possible to take French children anywhere. The only special concession to the season is an attempt to dramatise the whole *Arabian Nights*: for the tough old *Biche aux Bois*, which has been running, more or less, for thirty or forty years, can hardly be considered as a Christmas offering.

The *Thousand and One Nights* is a clever attempt to put four

quarts of fiction into a pint pot. In three Acts and thirty-three Scenes, lasting four hours and a half, a living panorama of all the principal stories in the book we have agreed to call the *Arabian Nights* is made to pass before us. Three of the most wonderful dramatic stories ever discovered—*Sinbad the Sailor*, *Aladdin*, and the *Forty Thieves*—have scanty justice done to them, and the French dramatist has yet to be born who will find in any one of these pieces enough for an evening's entertainment. The Countess d'AULNOY is treated with more judgment and courtesy. So many years have elapsed since any "spectacle" worthy of the name has been seen on the Parisian Stage, that the *Thousand and One Nights*, fairly mounted, has become the piece of the day. It is not advertised on every wall, and in frantic newspaper advertisements, as "a gigantic success," and the company engaged are not stated to be the "greatest combination of talent ever brought together." At the same time, as it really possesses the materials of two or three Pantomimes, the curtain, according to French theatrical custom, falls twice for twelve or fifteen minutes during the evening. What a good theatrical custom it is, and how thankful English audiences would be to see it adopted for English Pantomimes. Another good French custom is that of keeping the gin-shop out of the theatre. Here praise must end.

The stage-mechanism is generally half a century behind the age, and every "alider" or "trap" appears to require two men with levers to follow on and wedge the unruly wood-work into its place. The front of the house is probably never swept, and in my box I found a piece of an envelope which I left there last August, while witnessing *Michel Strogoff*!

A Prize Remark.

"Distribution of prizes by Members of Parliament is becoming an institution."—Sir Stafford Northcote at Exeter.

SIR STAFFORD it seems in a state of surprise is That Members of Parliament should bestow prizes. It is clear what they give to more fortunate elves, They but seldom deserve, in the House, for themselves.



THE LATEST ARRIVAL.

THE GREAT WALL




FROM YOUTH TO AGE.


(A Confidential Correspondence between Eminent Personages.)

"Immortal Age beside immortal Youth,
And all I was in ashes."—TITHONUS.No. XII.—From Mr. Alderman Chamberlain, (1875), to the Right Hon.
The President of the Board of Trade.

MY DEAR JOE,



It is with a feeling of pardonable pride that I thus familiarly address one in your high position. I always felt that I had a soul above buttons or even screws; and whilst occupying myself with the municipal business of Birmingham, I kept my eyeglass fixed upon affairs of State. By the way, they tell me you've put away my eyeglass and taken to spectacles. I hope this is not true. We got on wonderfully well with the eyeglass, and I don't like discarding old and tried friends. For all we know, this innocent appendage may possess



the same qualities as the signet-ring old What's-his-name had in the days of the *Arabian Nights*—if your critical mind will pass that phrase. As long as he wore the ring he prospered exceedingly; when he lost it everything tumbled to pieces. There was, in short, a regular Conservative reaction. I wish you had kept to the eyeglass. Sentiment apart, it really played an important part in your oratorical triumphs. Many is the Alderman on the other side who has shaken in his shoes, when the calm light of the lens has been turned upon him, and to many a Town Councillor it has been even as the "burning glass" which naughty boys at school hold over each other's hands, bringing about acute discomfort.

What a day you are having, to be sure! I am told that in the nurseries of eminent Conservatives, they induce early sleep (or at any rate the appearance of repose) in young heirs, by mentioning your name. To whisper "CHAMBERLAIN!" in the ear of Lord REDERDALE as he pulls his nightcap on, is sure to result in an attack of nightmare. Also, it is said, that a Motion is to be introduced in the Lords next Session to alter the titles "Lord Chamberlain" and "Vice Chamberlain" to something less suggestive in the ears of the Court of undesirable contingencies.

All this is admirable for you, and plays your game in the kindest possible way. It is a difficult game, especially in the risky way you play it, endeavouring to keep your hold on the caucuses, whilst you demurely sit in the Cabinet. It has done very well up to now, and with a cool head and a talent for that sort of thing, you will probably get along even without the eye-glass. At any rate, you know where you are going, which is a great advantage in the journey of life. I knew it at least seven years ago, when I abandoned trade and took to politics. A man who aims at the stars is pretty sure, if there is anything in him, to hit the top of the tree. When I made up my mind to be Prime Minister, you were pretty sure to live to be President of the Board of Trade. But it seemed even then that many years must necessarily elapse before you reached a position which JOHN BRIGHT attained only in middle age, and at a time when he had been a generation before the public, and had done a great work. But here you are a Cabinet Minister at a single bound, and in your fifth Session in Parliament! That is a great start, and covers an unexpectedly large tract of ground at the outset. I am glad to see that this blaze of prosperity has not turned your head. In fact, I think your manner has improved as President of the Board of Trade, compared with mine when Mayor of Birmingham. That is a good sign, for it is manner that makes the man, particularly the Statesman, to go. It is only a rare phenomenon like GLADSTONE who can afford to scorn the graces of manner, and the more intimate becomes your acquaintance with politics, the more plainly you will see how much he loses and has lost by this failing.

Keep your eye on the pence of your manner, JOSEPH; the pounds of your politics will take care of themselves.

I rather dwell on this topic because, knowing my own propensities I was a little afraid of hearing how you would fail. You might have been overbearing, self-asserting, in a word, bumptious. On the contrary, I have heard of your being even touchingly deferential in your manner, and that you have learned to assume a meekness though you have it not.

Proceed thus, dear JOSEPH, and prosper. Some of the elders among your political brethren might dearly love to drop you in a pit, and go on their way rejoicing in the thought that they would see you

nevermore. They may at some crisis even succeed. But you will get out again, and live to put corn in their sacks.

Yours hopefully, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

No. XIII. (AND LAST).—From Mr. Stafford Northcote, of the Inner Temple (1847), to the Right Hon. Sir Stafford Northcote, Bart., M.P.


CHER STAFFY,

FROM my quiet Inn, where I await briefs which have not yet begun to flow in, I look out on you, standing on the threshold of a new year, which I sincerely trust may be a happier one and a more prosperous than any you have lately enjoyed. I will take my chance about the briefs; but knowing all about your career, and what it has cost you, I certainly would not deliberately choose it. You've missed your way grievously, STAFFY, dear boy, though I am proud to say there has never been the slightest stain on our escutcheon from any act of yours. Politics make a man acquainted with strange bedfellows, and they have sometimes driven you into shady company. But you've always kept your hands clean, and held your head high.


Where we made the mistake was in sticking to the Tories when GLADSTONE and some other Peelites like ourselves drifted slowly, but surely, to the Liberal side. There is nothing of the old Tory about you, STAFFY, and not very much of the Conservative. Hence, living in the Tory camp, and even a titular leader of Tories, you have been playing a game at cross purposes. Being frank, and even ingenuous, by nature, you have sometimes blundered in a manner that has excited the open scorn of RANDOLPH, and the scarcely hidden contumely of CHAPLIN. DIZZY was even a more advanced Liberal than you. If he had stuck to the Liberal party when he enrolled himself in its ranks fifty years ago, and you had joined it twenty years later, DIZZY would in these times have ranked as a Radical, and you have posed as a Whig. As it was, you both stuck to the Tories, and you know how much better DIZZY managed than you.

The fact is, you labour under a disadvantage, which I trust, and indeed know, will always be with you. You have a conscience, and this is always getting you into difficulties. You have an old-

fashioned way of believing that truth is truth, whether spoken in private life or called for in political conflict. That's at the bottom of all your troubles. In the circumstances in which you sometimes find yourself, the influence of this remarkable phenomenon lends to your conduct an illusive appearance of indecision. You can't bear to appear to



desert your friends, or even to give them a lukewarm support. Still, when RANDOLPH is on the rampage, and all the worst passions of political animosity are aroused, you cannot forget that you are an English gentleman, a Statesman of repute, and you decline to be dragged along, with whatever appearance of triumph, in the political Carnival. Then, you know, you jump up and walk out of the House with your head hanging down as if it were you that had done something of which you were ashamed; a supposition which gains weight from the fact that the young bloods of the party howl at you as you pass.



You've tried this once or twice, and I do hope you are now certain that you might do better. In addition to other disqualifications for your post, is an unwavering good temper, and a disposition so gentle that it shrinks from even the slightest appearance of hurting anyone's feelings. This is all very well, but it may be carried too far; and that's the mistake you make. It's time either that you showed your authority, or openly confessed you had none. The Conservative party can look out for itself; but I would emphatically say, from our point of view, that the family can't afford to have a repetition of the scenes of last Session. If your courage were equal to your common-sense and shrewd appreciation of the drift of things, it would be a happy day for the party you are supposed to lead in the House of Commons. You generally know the right thing to do, and would do it if you were unfettered. Take off the fetters with your own hand, dear STAFFORD. They're not nearly so heavy, nor so tightly welded, as your modesty suggests.

You can do without the Conservative party a great deal better than they can do without you. You have been misled by the noise and the antics of the Little Party below the Gangway. If you only ventured to assert yourself, you would be surprised to find that underneath this froth there lie depths of appreciation of that quality of gentlemanhood of which I am proud to say you're a type. Try this on my recommendation, and I'll undertake to say you'll never regret it. Yours with deep sympathy, STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

COCK-ROBIN SHOOTING.

(The Junior Gun Club, Shepherd's Bush.)

THE meeting at this Club yesterday afternoon was fully attended by members home for the holidays, who showed some remarkably good form. Sport commenced with a couple of 6d. handicap sweepstakes, and of these events Master ATKINS (5½ yards rise) won the first by grassing three out of four consecutively, and winging the fourth bird. The second fell to Master JACKSON, after stopping three, one of which he blew to atoms. The competition for the Winter Cup, value 6s. 6d., added to a 4d. handicap sweepstakes, was then started, ten young gentlemen entering their names. In the first round Master COOPER (9), Master DENNIS (10½), and Master RUGGLES (12), failed to kill their birds, though they all made their feathers fly. An exciting finish resulted in Master WELLS becoming the holder of the Cup, and the winner of 3s. 0½d.; his score standing 3 kills and 13 hits. The winner of the principal event shot with a gun purchased at the establishment of Mr. TRIBALLS, New Road. An impression is gaining ground that, as a sport, Cock-Robin shooting decidedly beats Cook-Fighting.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, who has just paid a visit to the Grosvenor Gallery, said that, though she had known WATTS's Hymns ever since she was a little girl, she had no idea he was an Artist, and she is not yet quite convinced of the fact.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 65.



SIR ALGERNON BORTHWICK, M.P.*

"UP! UP! HE HAS GONE!"

The Gay Cavalier.

"HERE WE GO UP, UP, UP!"

A PENNY GOES DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, O!"

Old Song adapted.

* M.P., i.e., *Morning Post*.

ORANGEISM IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE Ornamental Waters in the Parks, during the late festive season, afforded no skating; but there has occurred at least all the usual sliding in the streets, by means of the orange-peel with which they have been plentifully strewn all about by small boys. Where are the Police—or the Beadles—who ought to be employed in repressing the reckless acts of these mischievous Orange Boys? Force is a remedy which, properly applied with a cane or switch, might compel them to pocket their orange-peel, as Dr. JOHNSON did—but that was for the purpose of composing port-wine bitters. Now, continual accidents, including fractures of the leg—the latter at St. Thomas's Hospital alone admitted at the rate of some eight a day—are amongst the bitter effects (not fatal) of castaway orange-peel.

Whilst the orange-season lasts, the orange-sliding in the streets will be affected by no change in the weather, and can only be put a stop to by the proper authorities, parochial or other.

"A NEW DEPARTURE."—We hear that Mr. D'OYLE CARTE has taken Poet OSCAR WILDE to America. Even "Our Mr. DU MAURIER" can't take him off so effectively as that. *Bon voyage!* When he gets there, may he say with Marshal McMAHON, "*j'y suis, j'y reste.*" So mote it be. Brer JONATHAN is welcome to him, and a reduction made on taking a quantity.

CLOWNING AND CLASSICISM.

A Suggestion for the Season.

Being the Opening Scene of a New and Original Great-god-Pan-tomime, entitled,

HARLEQUIN KING CULTCHAW;

OR, THE THREE CHAMPIONS OF PAGANISM AND THE SLEEPING BEAST.

CHARACTERS.

KING CULTCHAW (a Modern Evil Genius).
SWEETNESS, INDIGESTION, LIGHT, UPHOLSTERY, BAD } His
FORM, INDECENCY, SENTIMENT, IMPUDENCE, and } Attendant
LEMPRIERE } Sprites.
MR. A. C. SW-NB-RNE (afterwards Clown) } The Champions.
MR. P-T-R (afterwards Harlequin) } Creatures of
MR. B-RNE-J-N-S (afterwards Pantaloon) } KING CULTCHAW.
MR. OSC-R W-LDE (a Spirit of the Hair, afterwards Columbine).
THE GOOD FAIRY R-SK-N.
PROFESSOR C-LV-N (his faithful Sprite, afterwards Policeman X).
MR. C-M-NS C-ER (a Would-be-if-he-could Nymph).
SIR C-TIS L-NDS-Y (a Bond Street Magician).

SCENE I.—*The Realms of Glimcrack Aestheticism.* KING CULTCHAW discovered surrounded by his attendant Sprites.

King Cultchaw. What ho, my Sprites! Once more the hour draws near

When Christmas, vulgar season, calls for cheer.
So Cultchaw, who, though equal to the times,
Cannot descend to common Pantomimes,

A Great-god-Pan-tomime might take in hand.
What, to the notion, says my trusty band?

(They nod their heads and dance round him, in sign of acquiescence.)

'Tis well. Too long, in quiet humdrum ways
The Modern World has passed its decent days.
A relish we must give Society
For sixth-form scraps of impropriety—
A dished-up, dainty, dull, and prurient feast!
But how to serve it?

The Three Champions, Mr. A. C. SW-NB-RNE, Mr. P-T-R, and Mr. B-RNE-J-N-S, rise through a trap, clinging on to the back of a Publishing and Advertising Dragon.

Mr. A. C. SW-NB-RNE. Wake the Sleeping Beast!
King Cultchaw. A good idea! But how?

Mr. A. C. SW-NB-RNE. A simple task:
Since Modern Cultchaw gives us all we ask—
The stinging stripes that toy with sensuous taste;
The utter sprawl of the Unwashed, Unchaste—
The beastly beauty of a schoolboy's smirch,
That, all unbeaten, battens on the birch;
The windy wash of words that bend and bound,
The seething swell of surging, senseless sound;
The slimy swamp of Scholarship begot
By probing LIDDELL and by searching SCOTT;
The languor hailing, with blind blinking cheek,
The knock-kneed manhood of the Neo-Greek.
All this shall Cultchaw yield the sacred three,
Of whom the Sunrise Singer view in me!

[He kicks Mr. P-T-R and Mr. B-RNE-J-N-S off the Dragon's back, and stands in a limp classical attitude on one leg.]



MR. PUNCH'S TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT-YOU-WILL PARTY.

COTILLON PARTY—MISS HIBERNIA CHOOSING A PARTNER.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.
RIGS AWA'.

Haggis broo is bla' and braw,
Kittle kail is a' awa';
Gin a lassie kens fu' weel,
Iks pawkie rattlin' reel.
Hey the laddie! Ho the pladdie!
Hey the sonesie Finnie haddie!
Hoot awa'!

Gang awa' wi' philibegs,
Maut's nae missed frae tappit kegs;
Sound the spleuchan o' the stanes;
Post the pibroch i' the lanes!
Hey the swankie, scrievin' shaver!
Ho the canny clishmaclaver!
Hoot awa'!

Paritich glowry i' the ee,
Mutchkin for a wee drappie;
Feckfu' is the barley-bree—
Unco' gude! Ah! was is me!
Hey the tousie Tullochgorum!
Ho the mixtie-maxtie jorum!
Hoot awa'!

[We have received a note from the Lazy One, saying that he is staying in the North of Scotland with the MAC-LATHER of MacLather. He says, if we were to hear the retainers sing "Rigs Awa'" — of which he encloses a copy — during dinner, accompanying themselves on the national instruments, sporrans and claymores, we should never forget it. We don't suppose we ever should. — On second thoughts, we do not believe he has been out of town at all, but that someone has sent him a guinea Christmas hamper, "Rigs Awa'" indeed! We'll give him a recht gude willie waight in his ee when we catch him. — Ed.]

King Culchaw. That's nicely put, Sir Poet. And your use is?—

Mr. A. C. Sic-nb-rne. To start the mysteries of chaste Eleusis.

With moist and meretricious metre,
To godless gush will school the public eye.Mr. B-rne J-n-s. And I, within the limits of my frame,
Will, patient pagan, play the same small game,
Till verse and canvas our new creed disclose,

Mr. P-t-r. And I am stamped Apostle of its prose!

The Three Champions are about to depart, when the Scene opens,
and reveals the Good Fairy R-sk-n, who descends amidst a
shower of unsold numbers of an excellent but unpopular Magazine.The Good Fairy R-sk-n (driving back the Three Champions with his
wand). Hold! Impious, bumptious, brazen-faced boys!
'Twas I first woke the world to Grecian joys,
Led it, in holy, reverent attitude,
To worship Art, not gloat upon the nude.
The gold, and not the dross, I brought to men,
Minerva-crowned; not, wallowing in his den,
The goat-brute Pan; Pallas Armigera,—
Not on all fours!Mr. A. C. Sic-nb-rne. Like Fors Clavigera?
Still, aged Fairy, Pan shall breathe our bliss.
We'll wake him.The Good Fairy R-sk-n. Never! For, unless a kiss
Some nymph imprint upon his horned brow,
He'll wake no more, but sleep. For, mark me, now
With thorough third-class Muse, yet not afraid
To handle themes that genius but degrade,
There lives no Spirit such a task to dare!

King Culchaw. Ah! you forget the Spirit of the Hair!

(The Sprites express satisfaction.)

What ho, there! portly Nymph! for I must trouble you.
Peri of Pimlico! Arise, O W.!(Mr. Osc-r W-LDE rises through the Stage, reclining in a roomy
flower-pot in the midst of pale lavender Ase.)

You're equal to the work of waking Pan?

Mr. Osc-r W-Lde. Give me a Lempriere, and I think I can.

(A Lempriere is handed to him over the top of the flower-pot.)

Of things that I know little much I speak;

'Tis here I pick up all my Neo-Greek!

(He turns over several pages.)

Yet, much to classic vesture I have owed:

For, fancies fitter for the Mile End Road,

If reared on Attic soil, somehow go down,
And neither sicken, shock nor scare the town,
But place one on a pinnacle! A fact,—
Secure too even from Lord CAMPBELL's Act!

(Holding up Lempriere gracefully.)

With this,—and vellum—I've avoided failure!

King Culchaw. You have, my pippin! Look out Lupercaleis.

We mean to try that next in Piccadilly.

(Mr. Osc-r W-LDE pulls out a pocket rhyming dictionary and becomes
gradually absorbed in reference.)

So, to your work:

The Good Fairy R-sk-n. Nay, Culchaw, you grow silly!
But though I crowned you King, no more I'll try you.
False, Pagan, perjured Culchaw, I defy you!

[He again waves his wand, on which Sir C-TIS L-XDS-Y, and
Professor C-LV-X, apparently much surprised, float in on a
rainbow of quiet, subdued, and carefully selected High-Art
colours, and, sliding artistically to the ground, join in a long
serious, and very earnest conversation with the Good
Fairy R-sk-n, in a corner. While nobody is paying the
slightest attention to them, King CULCHAW gives the signal
for departure, upon which the Three Champions, preceded
by the now bounding Nymph, Mr. Osc-r W-LDE, enter the
Realms of Professional Beauty, and continue their journey
through a succession of unedifying adventures, to wake the
Sleeping Beast, till, by some mistake, they instead only
manage to arouse the Great-stick-god Mr. PUNCH, who
intervenes, most effectively, at the eleventh hour, with a
quite unexpected, but startlingly severe Transformation.]

OUR specially-knowing-on-music-subjects Contemporary, the
Musical World, as long ago as the week before last, in one of its
"waifs" gave us this valuable piece of information:—"It is said
that GOUNOD thinks of writing an Opera on the L  rely legend"—
than which nothing could be more precise and satisfactory. "It is
said"—by whom? where? when?—"that GOUNOD thinks"—good;
we suppose he generally thinks before he writes, unless he writes as
he thinks. But "of what is the old man thinking?"—why, of
"writing an Opera." Is it possible? What an original notion for
GOUNOD. What could have put that into his head? Bless him!
Also bless the M. W., and may it long live to give us such valuable
information. Ad multos beatos novos annos!

A RUN WITH THE BARKSHIRE.

(By Dumb Crambo Junior.)



And went away without a Check.



We went straight for the Dip and the Valley.



Tally-hoo!



The Hounds soon got on good terms with the Fox.



We got an Ugly Cropper.



And at last Chopped in the Wood.

IN EARNEST.

LET us be clearly understood. The word "Æstheticism" has been perverted from its original meaning; i.e. the perception of all that is good, pure, and beautiful in Nature and in Art, and, as now vulgarly applied, it has come in a slang sort of way to stand for an effeminate, invertebrate, sensuous, sentimentally-Christian, but thoroughly Pagan taste in literature and art, which delights in the idea of the resurrection of the Great God Pan, in Swinburnian songs at their highest fever-pitch, in the mystic ravings of a BLAKE, the affectation of a ROSETTI, the *Charmides* and revoltingly pan-theistic *Rosa Mystica* of OSCAR WILDE, the *Songs of Passion and Pain* and other similar mock-hysterical imitations of the "Mighty Masters." VICTOR HUGO, OUIDA, SWINBURNE, BURNE-JONES, have much to answer for.

This Æstheticism, as it has gradually come to be known, is the reaction from KINGSLEY'S Muscular Christianity. Exaggerated muscular Christianity, in its crusade against canting and whining religion, in its bold attempt to show that the practice of true religion was for men, as well as for women, trampled on the Christian Lily, emblem of perfect purity; and what Æstheticism trod under foot, Æstheticism picked up, cherished, and then, taking the sign for the reality, paid to it the extravagant honours of a Pagan devotion; and the worship of the Lily was substituted for the veneration paid to the sacred character, in whose hand Christian Art had originally placed it. To this was added the worship of the Peacock Feather. It is this false Æstheticism which we have persistently attacked, and will persistently attack to the bitter end, and henceforward those who misunderstand us do so wilfully, and it may be maliciously.

Education in Wales.

If Higher Education is brought to its highest pitch in Wales, and Welshmen become conceited about their learning, the old and decidedly libellous lines will have to be re-cast, and be read as follows:—

TAFY is a Welshman,

TAFY is a prig—

which will have a totally different meaning, and may possibly be true. We hope they'll become sufficiently enlightened to banish bigoted Sabbatarianism, and to supply refreshments to travellers on Sunday.

A WELCOME FROM THE WEST.

(To Paddy.)

AIR—"Over the Sea."

"The Irish-American Colonisation Company was formed for the purpose of enabling some of those who have determined upon emigrating from Ireland, to take advantage of the vast tracts of open country, which are lying untenanted and untitled in the Western States of America. . . . They have purchased some 20,000 acres of prairie land, situated in Murray County . . . The Company determined to select such families for emigration as would be self-supporting. . . . Each settler has possession of 80 acres of land in fee-simple, at the average price of £1 6s. 0d. the statute acre . . . a strong wooden house . . . and the loan of stock and farm implements . . . The cost of the land and other advances are repayable on easy terms."—See Description of Irish Colony in Murray County, Minnesota—Times, Dec. 21, 1881.

OVER the Sea, over the Sea!
Hear the wise voice from the West, wide and free;
Over the Sea, over the Sea!
Room for the sturdy and strong;
And it's Come, come, come!
Ye lads of Green Erin,
Stout, faithful, unfearin',
Come, come, come!

And let Westward Ho! be your song.
Over the Sea, &c.

Over the Sea, over the Sea!
Plenty of land for a moderate fee;
Over the Sea, over the Sea!
Wide rolling acres of waste.
So it's Come, come, come!
Each PADDY who lacks land;
Here's maize land and flax land,
Come, come, come!

There's labour to every one's taste.
Over the Sea, &c.

Over the Sea, over the Sea!
South West Minnesota's as rich as can be
In oceans of grass waving wide like the Sea,
If less green than the turf of "the Oisle."
It is rich, ripe, lush,
And free for the mowing
Its bounty bestowing.
So Come, come, come!

Here's ample return for your toil.
Over the Sea, &c.

Over the Sea, over the Sea!
No rack-rents, my PAT, in this land can there be,
Good praties galore, and the mattock plies free,
So would you have ease and fair rent.
Oh it's Come, come, come!
Come, hurry to Currie
In fair County Murray.
It's Come, come, come!

Where labour may mate with content.
Over the Sea, &c.

Over the Sea, over the Sea!
Eighty acres of land in fee-simple, dear P.,
On the easiest terms, if you'll only agree
With unbroken Nature to tussle.
So Come, come, come!
The old life why drag on?
Here's plough, cow, and waggon.
Come, come, come!

Here's wealth for stout heart and tough muscle.
Over the Sea, &c.

Over the Sea, over the Sea!
Come! But the emigrant wanted is he
Who can labour and wait. In this land of the free
There is no Captain Moonlight, my lad.
Come, come, come!
Not the cowardly brute
Who will bludgeon and shoot;
But Come, come, come!
Each brave bhoys who can toil and be glad.
Over the Sea, &c.

A SANITARY NECESSITY.—Wanted, in pursuance of the Intramural Interments Act—A Mortuary Chapel of Ease to Westminster Abbey.



THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

President of Board. "NOW, CAPTAIN WILKINS, PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER MOUNT, AND DRILL THE BATTALION."

Captain of Infantry (under examination for rank of Field-Officer). "EXCUSE ME, COLONEL—WITH YOUR PERMISSION—ONE THING AT A TIME, IF YOU PLEASE. IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME, I WILL DRILL THE BATTALION FIRST, AND RIDE FOR YOU AFTERWARDS!"

THE CABINET COUNCIL.

SCENE—Downing Street. Present—All the Cabinet Ministers except Lord H-rt-nt-n.

Mr. G-l-dst-ne (entering last). A Happy New Year, my Lords and Gentlemen! Glad to see you safe back from the country, BR-GHT. Rather thought those Land-Leaguers down at Birmingham might have made mincemeat of you. Whatever your opinion on the subject may be, some of them seem to think that Force is a remedy, especially when it can be applied from behind a hedge, or in other circumstances where there is no danger. That's about it, isn't it, F-RST-R?

Mr. F-RST-R. Somewhere. But what did you mean, BR-GHT, by that phrase about being "in favour of as much freedom as will give security to freedom?"

Sir W. H-rc-rt. Why, it's putting in a new way the old saying about orthodoxy being my doxy. BR-GHT is to settle in his own mind how much freedom will secure freedom, and that much he will allow—in other words, just so much as he pleases.

Mr. BR-GHT. I should have thought, H-rc-rt, that you had quite enough to do to answer questions addressed to the Home Office, without taking up those addressed to me.

Mr. G-l-dst-ne. Anyone seen H-RT-NGT-N?

L-rd N-rthbr-k. Not to-day. He's a wise man, and I wish I could follow his example, and take things as easy.

Mr. F-RST-R. So do I. I wish he had gone to Ireland, and let me look after India. Afghanistan may be bad, but it's a flower-garden compared with Westmeath. And then BIGEAN is not a plant that would flourish in the East.

L-rd S-lb-rne. It seems to me that H-RT-NGT-N goes on the lines of that eminent Statesman who didn't answer his letters, on the principle, that if he left them alone long enough they would answer themselves. H-RT-NGT-N always turns up half an hour late, in the expectation that by that time business will have settled itself, and he won't be bored with discussing it.

L-rd Gr-nv-llc (sweetly). Since his absence creates a vacancy in the Cabinet, there will be room for Lord D-RBY—

Mr. G-l-dst-ne. D-RBY is too shrewd a man to come amongst us just now. Don't you think so CH-MB-RL-N? By the way, have you heard lately from the Duke of ANG-LE?

Mr. CH-MB-RL-N. No; I think my last letter shut him up.

Sir Wm. H-rc-rt. On the contrary, he holds his head at an angle of two degrees higher, and goes about saying he has crushed Democracy.

Mr. G-l-dst-ne. Business, business, my Lords and Gentlemen! It's now twenty minutes past two, and before dinner I have fifty letters to write, five deputations to receive from various trades that want to appropriate the Surplus, some old books to run through, and a new axe to grind. Now what are we going to do about the Rules?

Mr. CH-MB-RL-N. I think that is a tough subject, and perhaps we'd better let it stand over till I get my Bankruptcy Bill through.

Sir Wm. H-rc-rt. It seems to me that the first thing we should settle, is the Local Government of London.

Mr. D-S-N. The country's bigger than London, and if I may say so, the reform of County Government is a little pressing. Then there's the Rivers Conservancy Bill, which I might have got through last Session only for those Irish.

Mr. CH-ld-rs. I have been looking into the Army matters during the Recess. I think it is a pity the Estimates should be left so late in the Session. Couldn't we, once in a way, bring them in in February?

Mr. F-RST-R. What are we going to do about the Suspects? If we don't let the Members out before the Session, there'll be a row.

Mr. G-l-dst-ne. And if we do, there'll be another. Perhaps it will be shorter if we have the fewer in it. But it's no use talking, my Lords and Gentlemen. The first thing to be settled is the reform of procedure. When I find an axe is worn out, I have it ground; and if that won't do, I get a new handle and new blade; and—(looks at watch)—ah! I suppose H-RT-NGT-N won't turn up. So let's get to work without him.

[Ministers set to work on the new Rules, with intervals for refreshment.]



AN UNDOUBTED OLD MASTER.

(By Himself.)

OSCAR INTERVIEWED.

New York. Jan. 1882.

DETERMINED to anticipate the rabble of penny-a-liners ready to pounce upon any distinguished foreigner who approaches our shores, and eager to assist a sensitive Poet in avoiding the impertinent curiosity and ill-bred insolence of the Professional Reporter, I took the fastest pilot-boat on the station, and boarded the splendid Cunard steamer, *The Boshnia*, in the slucking of a pea-nut.

HIS ÆSTHETIC APPEARANCE.

He stood, with his large hand passed through his long hair, against a high chimney-piece—which had been painted pea-green, with panels of peacock-blue pottery let in at uneven intervals—one elbow on the high ledge, the other hand on his hip. He was dressed in a long, snuff-coloured, single-breasted coat, which reached to his heels, and was relieved with a seal-skin collar and cuffs rather the worse for wear. Frayed linen, and an orange silk handkerchief gave a note to the generally artistic colouring of the ensemble, while one small daisy drooped despondently in his button-hole We may state, that the chimney-piece, as well as the seal-skin collar, is the property of OSCAR, and will appear in his Lectures "on the Growth of Artistic Taste in England." But

HE SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF.

"Yes; I should have been astonished had I not been interviewed! Indeed, I have not been well on board this Cunard Argosy. I have wrestled with the glaukous-haired Poseidon, and feared his ravishment. Quite: I have been too ill, too utterly ill. Exactly—seasick in fact, if I must descend to so trivial an expression. I fear the clean beauty of my strong limbs is somewhat waned. I am scarcely myself—my nerves are thrilling like throbbing violins,—in exquisite pulsation.

"You are right. I believe I was the first to devote my subtle brain-chords to the worship of the Sunflower, and the apotheosis of the delicate Tea-pot. I have ever been jasmine-cradled from my youth. Eons ago, I might say centuries, in '78, when a student at Oxford, I had trampled the vintage of my babyhood, and trod

the thorn-spread heights of Poesy. I had stood in the Arena and torn the bays from the expiring athletes, my competitors."

HIS GLORIOUS PAST.

"Precisely—I took the Newdigate. Oh! no doubt, every year some man gets the Newdigate; but not every year does Newdigate get an OSCAR. Since then—barely three years, but centuries to such as I am—I have stood upon the steps of London Palaces—in South Kensington—and preached Æsthetic Art. I have taught the wan beauty to wear nameless robes, have guided her limp limbs into sightless knots and curving fustoons, while we sang of the sweet sad sin of SWINBURNE, or the lone delight of soft communion with BURNE-JONES. SWINBURNE had made a name, and BURNE-JONES had copied illuminations o'er the first silky down had fringed my upper lip, but the Trinity of Inner Brotherhood was not complete till I came forward, like the Asphodel from the wilds of Arcady, to join in sweet antiphonal counterechanges with the Elder Seers. We are a Beautiful Family—we are, we are, we are!"

LECTURE PROSPECTS.

"Yes; I expect my Lecture will be a success. So does DOLLAR CARTE—I mean D'OTLY CARTE. Too-Toothless Senility may jeer, and poor, positive Propriety may shake her rusty curls; but I am here, in my creamy lusthood, to pipe of Passion's venturesome Poesy, and reap the scorching harvest of Self-Love! I am not quite sure what I mean. The true Poet never is. In fact, true Poetry is nothing if it is intelligible. She is only to be compared to SALMAGIES, who is not boy or girl, but yet is both."

HIS NEOPHYTES.

"Who are my neophytes? Well, I fancy the LONSDALES and the LANGTETS would have never been known if I hadn't placed them on a pedestal of daffodils, and taught the world to worship."

HIS COSMIC SOUL.

"Oh, yes! I speak most languages; in the sweet, honey-tinted brogue my own land lends me. *La bella Donna della mia Mente* exists, but she is not the Jersey Lily, though I have grovelled at her feet; she is not the Juno Countess, though I have twisted my limbs all over her sofas; she is not the Polish Actress, though I have sighed and wept over all the boxes of the Court Theatre; she is not the diaphanous SARAH, though I have crawled after her footsteps through the heavy fields of scentless Asphodel; she is not the golden-haired ELLEN, more fair than any woman VERONESI looked upon, though I have left my Impressions on many and many a seat in the Lyceum Temple, where she is the High Priestess; nor is she one of the little Nameless Naiads I have met in Lotus-haunts, who, with longing eyes, watch the sweet bubble of the frenzied grape. No, Sir, my real Love is my own Cosmic Soul, enthroned in its flawless essence; and when America can grasp the supreme whole I sing in too-too utterance for vulgar lips, then soul and body will blend in mystic symphonies; then, crowned with bellamours and wanton flower-de-luce, I shall be hailed Lord of a new Empery, and as I stain my lips in the bleeding wounds of the Pomegranate, and wreath my o'ergrown limbs with the burnished disk of the Sunflower, Apollo will turn pale, and lashing the restive horses of the Sun, the tamer chariot of a forgotten god will make way for the glorious zenith of the one OSCAR WILDE."

At this moment *The Boshnia* gave a sudden lurch, and the grand young Poet fell prostrate on the rabbit-skins, worshipping Poseidon, and calling feebly for the Steward. Seeing that he would be incapable of receiving any other interviewers, I quitted the cabin, drank the brandy-and-soda which the Steward was bringing, and then returned to shore as quickly as possible. So here is the First Intelligence!

The Egyptian Barometer.

ENGLISH Annexation.—Enthusiasm, white heat.	Stocks, 150.
Anglo-Franco Intervention.—Delight, red heat.	" 100.
Egyptian Independence.—Approval, summer heat.	" 80.
Continental Interference.—Anger, blood heat.	" 60.
Turkish Supremacy.—Hope below zero.	" Unsaleable!

AT DRURY LANE.

On Twelfth Night the usual cake and wine was handed round to the Company and distinguished guests.

"Doing well to-night, eh?" inquired Lord ALFR-D P-a-r of CÆSAR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

"Doing well to-night!" returned the Manager. "No—doing BADDELEY." This was wit without MERITT.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM was much gratified by seeing the Tabooed Greek Nobleman at the Aquarium, the other day.



"BROKEN TIES."

"ONLY A MARINE!"

(A short Story told by the Corps and not to them.)

CHAPTER I.—He *would* be a soldier. So he went to Sandhurst and was not very lucky, and he went to Woolwich and was rather unfortunate. With a plucking here, and a plunging there, and everywhere a mishap. But they got him a commission somehow at last, and said he could do no harm—he was only a Marine!

CHAPTER II.—And he was very devoted to his profession. With a term of service here, and a term of service there, and everywhere a term. Now he was on land at Portsmouth, now he was at sea in the Pacific Ocean. For years and years and years he knocked about the world. But he did not get promotion—he was only a Marine!

CHAPTER III.—Then he thought he would go in for study. So he put his name down for the Staff College. So he wore out his eyes in reading, and wearied his brain in learning. With an extra subject here, and a foreign language there, and everywhere a grind. And he worked, and worked, and worked until he passed. But passing did him no good—he was only a Marine!

CHAPTER IV.—Then a war came. And he lead a forlorn hope here, and took a fortress there, and everywhere showed heroism. And a

shower of rewards and honours fell upon everybody. But not upon him—he was only a Marine!

CHAPTER V.—Then he grew grey-headed in the Service. His contemporaries were given good things here, and good things there, and everywhere good things. One commanded a district in the north, and another went to Head Quarters at Pall Mall, and a third was quite snug in a nice little office in Ceylon. But he had to keep in his barracks or to sail in his ships—he was only a Marine!

CHAPTER VI. AND LAST.—And so he grew older and older. And now he began to worry them at Whitehall. So he got an official snubbing here, and an official snubbing there, and everywhere lots of snubs. And he bowed down his silvered old head, and broke his heavy old heart, and laid down his tired old bones, and grieved, and grieved, and grieved until he died. So they cut his epitaph upon his tombstone and wrote—"Only a Marine!"

Bernal Osborne.

(Died Jan. 4, 1882.)

THE Gods fight in vain against Dulness, 'tis said:
Mors fights on its side—BERNAL OSBORNE is dead!



THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.

TIME—3 P.M. SCENE—Club.

First Gilded Youth. "HAD ANY BREAKFAST, OLD CHAFFIE?"

Second Gilded Youth. "YEE. HAD AN EGG BEATEN UP AT TWELVE."

First Gilded Youth (in admiration). "DOOSE YOU DID! WHAT A CONSTITUTION YOU MUST HAVE!"

INHARMONIOUS CONCERT AT ST. JEAMES'S THEATRE.

Solo—(MR. KENDAL)—"Maria and the Squire."

Concerted Piece—(by Messrs. HARDY and CARR)—"Far from the Madding Crowd." Arranged for the St. James's Minstrels by M. PINERO.

Press-Gang Chorus—(conducted by M. MOY THOMAS)—"There's another jolly row at Hare's."

Solo—(by MR. HARDY)—"Moy que j'aime."

Trio—(Messrs. PINERO, HARDY, and CARR)—(aside)—

PINERO, PINERO! the Robbers' pet!

We } wish that { We'd } never { this gentleman } met.
I } { I'd } { these gentlemen }

Ensemble. Dance the PINERO!—Contrabandista, Act I.

Solo—(MR. J. HARE)—"The Kendals and Comyns! Oh dear! oh dear!"

Solo—(PINERO)—"The Good Young Man who tried it on!
The Good Young Man who tried it on!"The probable results of the above Inharmonious Concert will be
Publisher's Advertisement.—"Far from the Madding Crowd." MR. HARDY'S
celebrated novel. New and popular edition just out!Theatrical Manager's Advertisement.—Immense success of *The Squire*.
Madding Crowd every night. Seats can be booked a year in advance.A few Notes of Our Own on "The Squire."—We are impartial. We haven't
read "Far from the Madding Crowd," but we have seen *The Squire*. It is a
fairish sort of play; if all that Messrs. HARDY and CARR require at the hands of
Messrs. HARE, KENDAL, and PINERO be Fair Play, why here they have it. It is
unnecessarily spun out, and the Third Act is tedious. What is relied upon
as the great situation in Act II. is where the heroine throws herself at the feet
of her rejected lover, and implores him not to shoot the young gentleman
whom he has found in her room at midnight, on the ground that he is her illegal

husband, "and," she cries out, hysterically, "The father of my child!" But this statement is a trifle premature, as the child is yet unborn; and the situation is forced, totally unnatural, and only dragged in as a *coup de théâtre* to give Mrs. KENDAL an opportunity for a "flop"—they all dearly love a flop nowadays—with which to bring down the Curtain on a striking *tableau*, and to elicit applause before two minutes have been allowed for reflection.

A great deal too much is made of the heroine's delicate state of health. This subject was once gently touched upon by ROBERTSON in *Caste*: it was risky even then: here it is so dwelt upon as to offend some who are not too squeamish about such matters. The fault of this play, dramatically, is, that, from almost the very first, the audience knows the means to the end: they know that as sure as fate the invalid wife will die at the right moment. Now, a Dramatist should always allow his audience to discern what the end must be, but should keep them in suspense as to the means whereby that end is to be gradually attained. By the way, the Young Soldier is invariably spoken of by everyone as "Lieutenant," as if he were in the Navy.

"HARE and KENDAL." There's a signature to a letter! Like a couple of Dukes, or a Firm of Solicitors without the "Messrs." No necessity to describe themselves as "Messrs."—that's pretty evident. But why don't "HARE and KENDAL," instead of wasting their precious time in writing theatrical letters to the newspapers, occupy themselves in making their idiotic picture-gallery into a smoking-room, to avoid turning the Cigaretteists out into the street? But as they do profess to go in for Pictorial Art in that *foyer*, here, by way of giving them "all the fun of the Foyer," is a suggestion for a picture which one of the Gush and Guggle clique can paint, taking, as his subject for adaptation, the "Death of NELSON." Mr. MONEYSPINERO, the central figure, supported by Messrs. HARE and KENDAL, "far from the madding crowd;" then as Mr. COMYNS CARR approaches with Mr. HARDY, MONEYSPINERO, in the historical words of England's naval hero, exclaims, "HARDY! HARDY! Kiss me, HARDY!" And so they shake hands, and are friends all round, and all share in the profits which their work will bring to the virtuous and irreproachable, but thoroughly business-like firm of "HARE and KENDAL."

If Mr. MONEYSPINERO joins Mr. COMYNS CARR and HARDY, he will succeed in the feat of "running with the Hare and hunting with the hounds." So mote it be.

"PAINTER UNKNOWN."

[These words are attached to several pictures in the Winter Exhibition of Old Masters, at the Royal Academy.]

REMBRANDT is here who is famous in story,
Beauties by ROMNEY are fair on the wall,

TURNER and TITIAN add to their glory,

VAN DYCK and GAINSBOROUGH come at our call.

CONSTABLE's peaceful repose, MORLAND's action,

Claim us, Sir JOSHUA well holds his own;

Yet there's one legend has strangest attraction,

"Painter unknown."

Here mid the men who will shine through the ages,

Known by their names to all folks under sun,

Shadow-like he, on historical pages,

Lives on alone by the works he has done.

Praise he may win on the keenest inspection,

Critics may rave of his touch and his tone,

Still of his name there is no recollection,

"Painter unknown."

Yet in the old days how patient his labours,

Trying what colours would match and would
blend,

Winning applause, it may be from his neighbours,

Hopefully looking for fame in the end.

Now fame has come, give him due gratulation,

Here mid the Princes of Art we enthrone—

Whom? Ah! that Catalogue's grim annotation,

"Painter unknown!"

ÆSTHETIC LADIES' HAIR.—"Boy-out-it."

THE MEETING OF THE LANDLORDS.

How do the Landlords "come down on" the Act?
Here they come hurrying, there they come scurrying,
Their minds about destiny dreadfully worrying;
With big "Resolutions" and complaints against "Wrong,"
They hasten along, more sounding than strong.

Posing, and glozing,
Dread dangers disclosing,
And hinting that Providence sure must be doring.

Blaming, and shaming,
Declaiming, and flaming,
And large "Compensation" commandingly claiming.

Sobbing, and throbbing,
'Gainst Radical robbing,
Sighing and crying;
Rack-renting denying
With stinging jobation
Against confiscation,
And much botheration
About Valuation;

Spouting, and flouting, and doubting;
Denouncing, and bouncing, and flouncing;
And fluttering, and muttering, and sputtering;
And swearing repairing the past is up-tearing
Society's self from its basis and bearing;
And flaring, and blaring, and simple souls soaring
By wild elocution
About Revolution;

Proclaiming that Law is now putting a stopper
On Property's game in a manner improper:
That Civilisation is coming a cropper.

So the Landlords galore,
Like Cassandra, deplore,
And down on the Land Act like Cataracts pour,
O'er and o'er, o'er and o'er,
With a mighty uproar.

While the World says,—*"We've heard all this Shindy before!"*

PORTIA IN PETTICOATS.

SCENE—The Interior of a Solicitor's Office. MR. KORSTS discovered in his sanctum, regarding a newspaper with fixed attention.

MR. KORSTS. LET me read my letter to the *Morning Journal* once again. (Reads.) "I shall try the experiment by-and-by, of engaging two young women as writers, and I will see what stuff they are made of, not as mechanical writers, but as intelligent brain-workers in the law, your obedient servant—Signed—A SOLICITOR." 'Twas a noble plan, and I have carried it into execution. Nay, more, I have developed the idea. My whole staff are females, and I have purposely been away from the office for a week to see how they would get on without me. I will soon learn. I will ring for my confidante, MISS FANNY. (Sounds bell.) From her I will learn how business is progressing. (After a pause.) Strange, she does not come. (Opens door of communication between sanctum and outer office.) What is this I hear? The sounds of a lively waltz! (Music ceases abruptly when enter Miss Fanny.)

MISS FANNY. Glad to see you back again, MR. KORSTS. I hope you have enjoyed your holiday.

MR. KORSTS. Thanks, yes. But what was that noise?

MISS FANNY. Noise! Ha, ha, ha! You are not very complimentary. It was only my piano. I was practising "*The Chantilly*."

MR. KORSTS. In office hours! Scarcely professional, MISS FANNY—scarcely professional.

MISS FANNY. Well, Sir, it's so lonely all by myself, and I am sure music can hurt nobody.

MR. KORSTS. But the neighbours, MISS FANNY—the neighbours!

MISS FANNY. Oh, they don't object, Sir. You see, your idea has been taken up by MR. KNOCKABOUT, the Auctioneer, up above, and MR. ELLIS DEE, the Banker, down below—and they neither of them have any male clerks now. We are all girls together. It's great fun! When we Solicitors sing a Christy Minstrel song in unison as a solo, the Bankers and the Auctioneers join us in the chorus! We used to practise all day long. Oh, it was so pretty!

MR. KORSTS. But the clients, MISS FANNY—the clients?

MISS FANNY. Oh, bother the clients, Sir! Well, Sir, you may stare. But you told us that was our chief duty, to bother the clients!

MR. KORSTS (good-naturedly). Well, well—perhaps I did—perhaps I did. And now, how have you been getting on?

MISS FANNY. Oh, tol lol. Only I must say it is a shame that I should be obliged to be here by myself all alone!

MR. KORSTS. All alone! Why, what have become of the rest? Where is MISS AGNES, the Common Law Clerk?



HILARY TERM COMMENCES Jan. 11.

MISS FANNY. Oh, she has behaved shamefully, Sir. You know you put a man in possession at Mr. BROWN'S. Well, Sir, MISS AGNES persuaded the officer to take her to the Pantomime, and when MR. BROWN got the man once out of the house, he refused to let him come in again!

MR. KORSTS. Good gracious! Why, I shall be responsible for all this!

MISS FANNY. So I told her, Sir. But MISS AGNES asked me to mind my own business, and said I only did it because I was jealous of her! Fancy being jealous of a Sheriff's Officer! So I ordered her not to come back—and she hasn't.

MR. KORSTS. Quite right. Her conduct called for instant dismissal. And MISS MARY, the Chancery Clerk?

MISS FANNY. Don't talk of her, Sir! She had to examine the marriage-settlement for Captain BUTTERFLY'S betrothed, you know, Sir. Well, Sir, she insisted upon seeing him to take his instructions.

MR. KORSTS. Well. That was certainly unprofessional, but the Captain will have to pay the expenses. And the settlement was all right?

MISS FANNY. She burned it, and eloped with the Captain!

MR. KORSTS. Good gracious! Why, I shall be ruined!

MISS FANNY. Well, it's your own fault. You oughtn't to engage such hussies!

MR. KORSTS. And the others? I left MISS SUSAN to draw old MR. TOMSTONE'S will.

MISS FANNY. Yes. And she has drawn it. But then she has rendered it invalid by going and marrying the testator!

MR. KORSTS. Gracious! What will his family say? And his eldest son is our best client! And MISS ELLEN?

MISS FANNY. Oh, she is the worst of the whole lot. You remember MR. SWEETMAN MILDMA?!

MR. KORSTS. To be sure. We were proceeding against him on a bill of exchange for £500.

MISS FANNY. Well, he used to pay marked attentions to me. He used to send me bouquets and lots of things, Sir. Well, the deceitful creature has actually taken him from me! She bribed him, Sir—bribed him! (Sobbing.) I am sure he wouldn't have given me up, poor fellow! if he hadn't been bribed!

MR. KORSTS. Bribed! What do you mean?

MISS FANNY. Why, the nasty creature stopped all proceedings in your name, and gave him back the bill of exchange!

MR. KORSTS (exploding). Gracious goodness! (Angrily.) And you, MISS FANNY, are responsible for all this! You were head of the office, and ought to have prevented the mischief! I dismiss you on the spot! It will be no great loss, because I don't believe you have done a single stroke of work since you have been in the office! There, now!

MISS FANNY (very calmly). I beg your pardon, MR. KORSTS. I gave you a paper to sign the very day I came here.

MR. KORSTS. Yes; and as I didn't read it, no doubt it was all wrong!

MISS FANNY. On the contrary, it was all right! Here it is!

[Produces Paper.]

MR. KORSTS (reading). Good gracious! A formal proposal to marry you!

MISS FANNY. Exactly. And if you do not comply with it at once, I shall commence an action for breach! You shall have two minutes to decide. Good-day!

[Exit.]

MR. KORSTS. She means it! (Takes out Watch.) Why, such an action would ruin me! What shall I do? Well, make the best of it! It's consoling, however, to think that I was right in supposing that female clerks could act as "intelligent brain-workers in the law!" (Looks at Watch.) The two minutes are up! (Opens door of communication.) FANNY! Dearest FANNY!

(Scene closes in upon MR. KORSTS' betrothal.)



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Proud Mama. "DON'T YOU THINK DEAR BABY'S THE IMAGE OF HIS PAPA?"

Dull but Well-meaning Family Friend. "WELL, PERHAPS HE IS—BUT I DARE SAY HE'LL OUTGROW IT IN TIME."

MURDER MADE EASY.

A Ballad à la Mode. By "Brother Jonathan" Wilde.

AN Age of Liberty, Science, and Light,
(*O Dynamite, Aconite, Bowies, and Colts!*)
Constraints and restrictions are odious, quite;
E'en mild prohibition the mind revolts.

What! tie up our intellects, shackle our hands?
(*O Knives, Nuz Vomica, Bullets, and Brains!*)
Pooh, pooh! We have shaken off babyhood's bands,
Cast off the caution that checks and restrains.

Science her terriblest tale has told.
(*O Cocculus Indicus, Barrels, and Blades!*)
Nothing her hands from the herd withhold,
Silence no longer her sanctum shades.

All her Arcana are free to all.
(*O Arsenic, Gunpowder, Shots, and Stabs!*)
From public platforms her charms she'll call,
In penny numbers her mysteries blabs.

Just as it ought to be, who'll dare doubt?
(*O Nitroglycerine, Potions, and Pills!*)
Freedom we can't and we won't do without,
Even the freedom that maims or kills.

A Borgia now need not work on the sly,
(*O Aqua Tofana, Stilettoes, and Snakes!*)
A Romeo need not in secrecy buy
Of a sinister Sawbones all shivers and shakes.

He may pick out a lamp-litten chemist's shop,
(*O Belladonna and Prussic Acid!*)
And into it boldly and pleasantly pop,
They'll deal him out death with complacency placid.

And as for our BILL—we mean WILLIAM DE SIKES,
(*O smart Six-Shooters and Conical Shots!*)
He may purchase as many small-bores as he likes,
He will find them at every Pawnbroker's—lots.

Ah, let's have Free Trade in each drug that will kill,
(*O Bombs and Gun-Cotton, Dagger and Bowl!*)
ROSSA'S Osmic Acid, LORD LYTTON'S strange "Vril,"
Or aught that will deftly part body and soul.

A jovial time—for burglarious folk,
(*O Fenians, Nihilists, Poisoning Worms!*)
For all who desire by a dexterous stroke
To settle a life on the easiest terms.

But as for Policemen, or parties with cash,
(*O the Pistol, the Poison, the pilfered Gem!*)
Perhaps on the whole 'twere a little bit rash
To call it a jovial time—for them!

"WHAT with the Clubs, the Continental and the Bristol," says
MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, "the young men have all become such pedicures
that they turn up their noses at my old-fashioned English dinners."

To an Aesthetic Poet.

"I WRITE verse for men, not women," the Aesthetic Poet cried,
As he poured forth sensuous stanzas of his sick'ning maudlin gush;
And *Punch* answers, "Would the pillory as in old days were tried,
For the writer who can offer e'en to men what makes them blush!"

THE MARWOOD family—hang it! we beg Mr. MARWOOD'S pardon,
we mean the MOREWOOD family—have been going it. They went for
their big brother on Sunday, as they had no sort of reason for an
assault on MUNDY.



MURDER MADE EASY.

LICENSED RETAILER. "ACONITE, SIR? WE ONLY SELL POISONS TO MEDICAL MEN; BUT ANYTHING IN REVOLVERS AND DYNAMITE"—!!!

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THE PANTOMIMES AND ALHAMBRA.

THE best thing in the Covent Garden Pantomime this year is the Real Waterfall Scene, with its Flower Ballet. GIRARDS good, but



Holiday Leas'uns.

their style of entertainment has been done to death. Except in the time of the PAYNES, the "Garden" seldom did much in the way of Pantomime. Odd as it may seem, you can't expect to have a Pantomime without Pantomimists. The MARTINETTI troupe—young CHARLES LAURI and Mr. and Mrs. JOHN D'AUBAN—are genuine

Pantomimists. So is Mlle. GILBERT of the Alhambra, who indeed should be placed at the head of the class. RAWDON and FRED VOKES were "once upon a time" excellent; but the performance of the VOKES Family became monotonous, and when imitators discovered that to kick a leg over a lady's head without injuring a hair of it, was not so difficult as it had appeared, but could be performed equally well, and even better, by a dozen other Daddy Long-legs — Mr. IRVING might do it beautifully in a dance with the two Rose-girls—the novelty was gone, and the VOKES were danced out. With all their

agility, they couldn't advance with the times. When they return, the Merry Family may take new steps to regain their popularity;



Cabbing it Ministers at the Surrey.

and we shall perhaps find that "absence makes the legs grow longer,"—and stronger.

The Pantomimist really holds a high rank in dramatic Art, for as he generally invents the character whose actions he is going to portray,

he, and not the Actor who simply illustrates his Author, can fairly claim to have "created a part." The Entertainer, who changes his wig and coat and comes up from behind a table as Somebody Else, if he has invented the character he represents, can justly claim to have "created" that part: while the Actor, even though he be Mr. HENRY IRVING in his admirable delineation of *Digby Grant*, has no more, "created" that part than he created *Hamlet* or *The Flying Dutchman*. The question is whether "creation" can be applied at all except to making something out of nothing as in the case of raising a Nobody to the Peerage, and creating him an Earl. We leave this subject for the present.

The Surrey Pantomime.—Messrs. CONQUEST AND MERITT (who, of course, are delighted at the success of their old friend and former col-



Surrey Jesters.

laborateur at the Adelphi) say in their advertisements that "never laughed so much before," is the one expression of the delighted audience who visit this theatre. Dear us! those audiences must have had a dull life of it up to now. Mr. MACDERMOTT, the Converted Jingo, is in good form, and is the principal attraction of the Pantomime. But O Mr. CONQUEST! Mr. CONQUEST O! are you conquered at last, and henceforth are we only to see your name as Lessee and Manager, and never again in the Pantomime play-bill either here or the Grecian? Can't you be a Tree, or a Rock, or a Frog, without taking those flying leaps for which you were so famous? Come out as Something next year, and All shall be forgiven.

The Black Crook at the Alhambra is, we fancy, not so brilliant as it used to be, and on the whole not so amusing. Messrs. PAULTON and JARVIS are good contrasts. A chorus by Mr. FRED CLAY in the Second Act is charming, and Miss LIZZIE COOTE gives



Mr. Paulton and his long-lost Brother.



"Very Coote!"

"Nobody knows as I know" in a way which secures a double and treble encore. M. JACOBI musically and dramatically is, we suppose, "the master of the situation," but a little waking up all round is required, and something more startling and brilliant expected by the public.

London Firms.

GIDDY AND TURNER. This Firm is peculiar. TURNER most people would expect to be GIDDY, but no one would expect GIDDY to be TURNER. TURNER need not be GIDDY, unless he likes, and he will probably be more careful in future.

SAVORY AND MOORE. This is a pleasant Firm, although it deals in physic. MOORE makes the black draughts, and his partner signs them SAVORY. It looks like *Desdemona* and *Othello*.

SALMON AND ODY. This is a mysterious Firm. Everyone knows what SALMON is, but ODY they think is a new and untried Sauce.

The Original "Long Firm."—Messrs. LONGMAN, BROWNE, HURRY, ORME, REES, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

IMPRESSION DU
THÉÂTRE.

("Miss Harcourt" at the
Haymarket.)

How dull, how drear this
vulgar world must seem
To such a One as thou,
who oft hast talked,
On equal terms, with
Royalty, and walked
'Mid thine own portraits
in the Academe,
Where once, indeed, there
gathered such a stream
Of gazers as beheld thee,
next, portrayed,
'Mid high-born dames,
as that Phœasian maid
ODYSSEUS, in "cool olives,"
caused to scream!

Ah! wert thou weary of
that common day
Which in each Studio lit
those velvet blooms,
The heavy glare of
Fashion's scented rooms
That now, enamoured of
the classic ray
Of yon wan foot-lights,
thou hast come to show
The world thy Beauty—
lighted from below!

The Flow of Charity.

WANTED, by the Charity
Organisation Society, a
Dynamo-Machine so con-
structed that it will serve
to "store charitable energy,
and despatch, with the
least waste on the way, the
current where it might be
required most." Yes, and
also to subdivide the cur-
rent at the various inter-
vals where its beneficent
operation is most desirable,
so as to produce at each
point an incandescence in
the conducting medium of
sufficient intensity for the
diffusion of relief.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 66.



WILKIE COLLINS,

AS THE MAN IN WHITE DOING INK-AND-PENANCE FOR HAVING WRITTEN THE
BLACK ROBE.

RIGHT AND TITLE.

WHATEVER name Mr.
COMYNS CARR has given
the dramatic adaptation
from Mr. HARDY's novel,
it is possible that the
original title, *Far from
the Madding Crowd*, will
be the one most appro-
priate. This version, owing
to the prior production of
Mr. PINERO's *Squire*, will
doubtless never see the
gaslight, and a life of
pigeon-hole seclusion is
before it. A deal of non-
sense has been written on
this subject about a no-
velist's rights, but these
rights, as far as the Stage
is concerned, exist only in
the imagination. The law
gives the novelist no dra-
matic rights in his work,
but, on the contrary, takes
them away; and those who
are dissatisfied with the law
should try to get it altered.

The Jour de L'Âne.

THIS is generally called
the *Jour de l'Âne*, but as
the negotiations for a Com-
mercial Treaty were finally
broken off on this day, per-
haps the change of title
may not be deemed inap-
propriate. Protection, and
the love of Indirect or
Secret Taxation have pre-
vailed, and the forty mil-
lions of French population
are condemned to a long
and indefinite term of dear
clothing, for the special
benefit of a few hundreds
of French woollen manu-
facturers. The mistake
has probably been in over
negotiation. One French-
man is equal to four Scotch
Jews in higgling over a
bargain.

EVERYDAY DANGERS.

(A Letter to the Editor.)

SIR,—There is not, of course, one law for the rich and another for the poor, though occasionally its administration would lead the attentive observer to suppose so. But there is one way of managing the traffic in the most fashionable quarter of the West and the most commercial quarter in the East which is admirable, and quite another way of mismanaging the traffic midway 'twixt East and West, which is the very opposite of admirable. For instance, at the top of Little Queen Street, Holborn, which is the

"Dirtiest, muddiest,
Sloppiest, slippiest,
Sloshiest place in the world!"

the traffic converges from the four quarters, cabs, vans, carts, trucks, and omnibuses uniting to make confusion worse confounded.

Generally there is a Policeman on duty, doing nothing (which may be according to instructions) until aroused to a sense of what ought to be his duty by some indignant foot-passenger who has vainly attempted to cross the road, been nearly run over three times, had his coat covered with mud, and been fiercely sworn at (of course) in consequence. Sometimes there are two Policemen, but as they are either exchanging civilities—they belong to the civil executive—or comparing nuts, they cannot be expected to afford any particular assistance until a furniture van, two dray carts, a parcels delivery cart, some coal carts, a few cabs and an omnibus or two get inextricably

mixed up, and then it occurs to the Force that it is time to say, mildly, "Now then—move on!"

The same thing at the bottom of Chancery Lane. Here any person of suicidal tendencies may "make a Juggernaut of himself" with very little chance of having the execution of his design interfered with by the Police—whose representative I have frequently noticed on one side of the Lane, staring at nothing in particular (perhaps he was a poet), or chatting pleasantly with a damsel, who probably "wanted to know"; or, on the other side, engaged in conversation with the grizzled warrior of affable manners, who, in a sort of uniform, stands as sentry on duty in front of the stationer's shop at the corner, and whose general appearance would be decidedly imposing, but for a bad habit of putting his hands in his pockets, which slightly detracts from his dignity, but probably adds to his comfort.

Whatever the social attractions of the Fleet Street end of Chancery Lane may be for the Police, its dangers, arising from want of proper regulation of traffic, are certainly great, though not by one-fourth equal to those at the Holborn end of Little Queen Street.

Hoping, Sir, that Sir EDMUND HENDERSON will see to this before some serious accident happens,

I am, Mr. Punch, yours,

A STOP-AT-THE-CORNER-YOUNG-MAN.

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM tells us that her Nephew will shortly leave England, as his regiment is the next on the rostrum for foreign service.



"OLD MASTERS."

"FLEMISH BULL, AFTER PAUL POTTER."—(From the Collection of Mr. Punch.)

FUN FOR TOMMY'S HOLIDAYS.

The Humorous Ancestors.—This is a very simple but diverting experiment. A fine old English country mansion being selected—care being taken that the choice fall on one to which a rich and noted gallery of historic and family portraits is attached—the manipulator, taking advantage of a wet afternoon, and provided with a couple of good-sized cans containing, respectively, thick white and vermilion paint, commences his operations. Rapidly and grotesquely as possible he supplies every figure in the ancestral collection, from the Conquest downwards, with the broad facial characteristics of the ordinary Pantomime Christmas Clown. When the above is neatly carried out, as it should be, with WHARTON'S Quick-Drying Indestructible Permanent Enamel Paint, and on the occasion of some large and festive county gathering, the surprise and merriment created by this pleasing *jeu d'esprit* seldom fail to lend an unexpected *éclat* to the whole entertainment, the head of the family being at last obliged to confess, in answer to much good-tempered banter, that he is descended from unmistakably humorous Ancestors.

The Hesitating Bridal Party.—Nothing is required for this pleasing and elegant little experiment but about two gallons of cod-liver oil—the coarsest kind will do—and about half a bushel of the popular medicine known as Eno's Fruit Salt. Half-a-dozen champagne-bottles being previously filled with these materials carefully mingled, and neatly corked and wired in the usual fashion, are handed to the butler at the last moment, with particular instructions that they contain "a choice and special brand of wine," that is to be reserved solely for the drinking of the health of the happy pair. On the toast being given with "three times three," and the glasses duly charged with the compound, which in colour and effervescence strongly resembles a rich fruity and creaming wine of a high character, the guests, much to the astonishment of the host, whose glass has been secretly filled with real champagne at thirty shillings a dozen, appear to accord it the usual honours somewhat half-heartedly; and when the next toast is proposed, and there is a fresh call to "charge glasses," the whole bridal party unanimously assume an air of amusing hesitation.

The Insupportable Professor.—Being assured that at a musical "at

home" the chief feature of the evening will be the performance of a celebrated German Professor on the drawing-room grand, which is to be specially reserved for him, place carefully under each of the patent dampers one of BLAKER'S Self-exploding Detonating Blasting Caps, and arrange a five-hundred-cell Gramme battery in connection with the key-board and music-stool. Your piano is now ready. On the Professor taking his seat at the instrument, his first flourish on the keys not only causes a series of deafening explosions, but, his contact completing the electric circuit, forces him to utter a sharp yell of surprise on experiencing the violent shock. As every time he touches a note, this entertaining experience is repeated with increasing intensity, the Professor, by universal consent, soon becomes insupportable.

The Revolving Grandpapa.—This amusing surprise is again practised with happiest effect in a comfortable, well-ordered country house. It having been ascertained that "Grandpapa" has been put up in the best guest's bed-room, containing a handsome old-fashioned four post bedstead, a hole is bored through the ceiling, and from the chamber above, four stout ship's ropes are passed through the aperture and securely fixed respectively to the top of the four pillars of the bedstead beneath. This once effected, the whole afternoon should be spent in twisting them tighter and tighter into a firm coil, which should be eventually made fast to a moveable, but massive beam. The hour for retiring to rest arriving, the fact that the venerable occupant of the bed has put out his candle and comfortably settled himself for the night, should be carefully ascertained. The operator being assured of this, now suddenly raises the beam on to two chairs in the chamber above; when the bed, being also raised, is released from its hold on the floor, and begins to spin round and round violently on its axis. In a very few seconds the whole household, summoned by his shouting, will rush to the room, and to their infinite merriment find Grandpapa rapidly revolving.

.. To "MASTER TOMMY," who has written to us, enclosing stamps, and asked us whether the little volume to which we incidentally referred, *A Hundred Ways of making Uncle Jump*, will be equally available for "Aunt," we reply, "Certainly—nothing could be better. Try it." N.B.—We also recommend to "MASTER TOMMY'S" notice *Hystories Made Easy*, an excellent little work, that, in dealing with his elderly female relatives, "MASTER TOMMY" will find quite invaluable.

WATTS—IN A NAME?

Not much, when, great portrait-painter as he undoubtedly is, he is scarcely even a name for the Public, to whom MILLAIS is a household word. However, here are WATTS's Hims and Hers collected together at the G. G.—"the Gee-Gee" being Sir COUTTS LINDSAY's hobby. Among the most noticeable are—

No. 10. *Fiddle-de-dee; or, Herr Joachim as he appeared Fifteen Years Ago.*

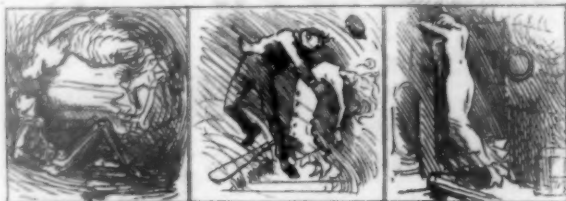
No. 11. *Postage-Stamp Portrait; or, Study of a Head.*

No. 17. *The Lanky-shire Witches. The Melancholy of Anatomy.*

No. 26. *Exhausted Nature; or, An Established President.* (Look at Sir FWEDEWICK's hand! It might be one of TOOTH's drawings.)

Most of them, excepting the portraits, are picture puzzles, and an afternoon may be pleasantly wiled away in trying to find out what any one of them means, without reference to the Catalogue. Try No. 46 for example.

Nos. 48, 61, 58 appear to be a series (misplaced) representing the

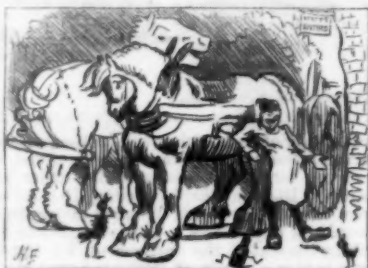


No. 48. *Rough Passage.*
She fell out of the Berth above, calling for the "Steward!"

No. 61. The Steward assists her Ashore.

No. 58. Limpet on Rock. To be left till called for.

adventures of an Unprotected Female during and after a severe sea voyage.



No. 30.—Sweetly Drayman:



No. 70.—Classic.

No. 60. The Catalogue tells us this is "Lent by Earl SOMERS." If we were Earl SOMERS we shouldn't hanker to have it returned.

No. 70. *The Apotheosis of Snooks.* Like—

"The Sacristan, he speaks no word to indicate a doubt, But he puts his thumb unto his nose, and he spreads his fingers out."



No. 205.—"Catching it."

"Guilty Creatures Sitting at a Play."

MR. GLADSTONE varied the monotony of wood-cutting at Hawarden by attending an amateur performance. All the world knows this, because amateur performances nowadays are more public than professional efforts. The pieces selected had rather suggestive titles,—*Who Wins*, and *Done on Both Sides*. Perhaps, while witnessing the latter, the PREMIER thought of that too patient ass—the British Taxpayer?

DUKES VERSUS BOOKS.

[The Duke of HAMILTON has decided upon the sale of the magnificent library with all the collection of valuable manuscripts at Hamilton Palace.]

ANOTHER great Library brought to the hammer!

Again there's a vast distribution of tomes!

And volumes possessing historical glamour

Are rudely disturbed and removed from their homes.

As sale upon sale gives us cause for reflection,

We grieve the dispersion of treasures untold—

But where will it stop, when the choicest collection

Is only esteemed for its value in gold?

The Blenheim's half gone! Now the Beckford is going—

Which causes the bibliophile to bewail—

And what may go next there is really no knowing,

Mayhap we may see the Bodleian for sale!

Perchance 'twill be found that this practical Nation

Will follow the lead of the two noble Dukes;

And send auctioneers, with the least reservation,

To the British Museum, and sell all the books!

WANTED—A CODE.

REGINA versus Coney and Others.—This was a case as to whether spectators at a Prize-Fight had been lawfully convicted for "abetting the pugilists," or for committing an "assault." There being no work of any sort to do in the other Courts, eleven Judges attended to decide the important question, "What constitutes an assault?"—this being a moot point in English law up to the present time.

Mr. Pea Greene (who appeared for the Prisoners) argued that the offence of which the prisoners were guilty, was certainly not an assault, and could not be a battery.

Mr. Justice Stiffun. A very able (though slightly indigestible) "Digest of the Criminal Law," lays down that there are fifty-five different kinds of assault. Now—

The Chief Justice. Oh, when you come to definitions, that always reminds me of what a great English writer has said,—*"Show me a man who asks for a definition, and I will show you—"* well—a candidate for apartments at Colney Hatch.

Mr. Pea Greene. Quite so. I may remark, my Luds, that my Clients are most harmless persons, who were just passing by at the time of the fatal fight, and happened to look on for a few moments. But as for aiding and abetting—

Several Justices. What was the betting?

Mr. Pea Greene. Pretty even, my Luds, I believe.

Mr. Justice Floorkins. If your clients were just looking on for a few moments, how came it that they stayed half an hour, in fact, until the ring broke up on the arrival of the Police?

Mr. Pea Greene. Oh,—ah,—well, my Lud, let me refer your Ludship to the case of *Rex versus SMITH*, and *Regina versus BROWN*, where I'm sure your Ludship's difficulty is fully answered.

Mr. Baron Muddlestone. The question is, what sort of presence is necessary to constitute aiding and abetting? Is it bodily presence?

All the Justices. Oh, it can't possibly be bodily presence.

Mr. Baron Muddlestone. Of course not. Presence in law means absence in body. Then comes the point, were the prisoners encouraging the prize-fighters,—

Mr. Justice Stiffun. Take this case. Suppose A. says to B., "if C. assaults me, knock him down!" Then D., E., and F., who have been getting blackberries on land belonging to G., happen to pass, and seeing H. engaged in marking out a ring, they go up to a refreshment stall kept by I., or in his absence, J.,—

Mr. Justice Floorkins. I am getting a little confused. Suppose we all retire?

Mr. Baron Muddlestone. Are two persons practising fencing together guilty of an assault?

Mr. Justice Penman. Or boxing, for instance? I was a splendid boxer in my time—

Mr. Baron Muddlestone. So was I. But single-stick was my forte. Nobody could touch me there.

The Lord Chief Justice. Well, well, SHAKESPEARE in a very fine passage has observed—

Mr. Slowhand (who supported the conviction). The Magistrates, my Luds, were of opinion that it was only an assault by consent. That being so, it appears—

All the Judges (yawning). Shall we go now, and write out our opinions on this most important case? [Court rises.]

"TOOLE's Theatre, Late Folly." How Late? It musn't be Toole Late, or nobody will go. Say over at 10'50.

PROVISIONS FOR EARTH HUNGER (JUVENILE).—Dirt-Pies.



SPORT—FROM THE PIGEON'S POINT OF VIEW.

THE SHIP OF THE FUTURE.

[Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, speaking on Nautical Defence, advocated light swift ships, only partially armoured, with very heavy guns, which he considered to be far superior to ironclads.]

It was a gallant Captain, and he sailed upon the sea.
Quoth he, "The lumbering ironclads can ne'er get hold of me;
I steam much faster than them all; so, in the times of war,
I'll simply pour a broadside in and then fly off afar.

"I carry heavy metal, too, the newest of new guns,
The playthings that are rated at a simple hundred tons;
They'll go through every armour-plate like paper, such their pow'r,
And, having fired, I'll steam away at sixteen knots an hour.

"And should the enemy hit me, it's easy to divine,
With engines and with boilers placed below my water-line,
They'll hardly touch a vital part, constructed as I am,
While I am free to charge at them and use my deadly ram.

"I'm light, and I'm unarmour'd save just where my guns are
placed;
For, like a lady, I am well protected at the waist;
Before me shall each ironclad in fight give up the ghost,
And 'England's Wooden Walls' again shall be the standing toast!"

SOMETHING LIKE A CIRCULAR.

(Picked up close to Chapel Court.)

MR. JEREMIAH DIDDLE, Sworn Speculator to all the principal Stock Exchanges of Europe, America, and elsewhere, begs to inform his friends and supporters that he has several most promising investments in his eye, that he can confidently recommend to their serious attention. First and foremost he would suggest that

THE HERNE BAY GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY

is an undertaking that must (sooner or later) pay cent. per cent. At present, the site of the mining operations (on the sands immediately facing, and three miles distant from the clock tower) is admirably adapted for another purpose. Until the necessary machinery can be erected, the Directors propose using the water above the sands for bathing. As many excursionists visit Herne Bay annually during the summer months, this scheme alone should yield a very considerable dividend. Turning from Home to Foreign Affairs, Mr. J. D. has noticed with satisfaction the proposal to promote a Fund to be called

THE SULTAN'S SACRED-WORD-OF-HONOUR DEBTRETURE BONDS,

which must, of its innate nature, be a most valuable investment. It has been suggested that His Majesty, with the assistance of the Galata Bankers, should raise a hundred thousand pounds, with a nominal value of five millions on the ample security of His Majesty's solemn word of honour, that he will pay the debt in full at six weeks'

date. His Majesty has most graciously consented to this arrangement. Besides these extremely promising investments, Mr. J. DIDDLE can confidently recommend

THE SUN AND MOON JUNCTION RAILWAY COMPANY,

which is still *in nubibus*, but on the eve of being started. There is no doubt that aerial travelling is in its infancy. Balloons and flying apparatuses have proved, without the possibility of a doubt, that the atmosphere is perfectly capable of being navigated. The projected Railway will traverse a line of country that hitherto has been left quite unworked. There is no doubt that if well supported, the Company should pay its original Shareholders a large profit on their certificates. Again, Mr. J. DIDDLE would strongly recommend to the speculative and benevolent,

THE LITTLE CHILDREN'S BANK,

which it is expected will prove a triumphant success. The Bank will not only "turn over" the pocket-money of its tiny clients, but also negotiate mortgages, sell reversions, and transact every branch of the discount business. Money will be promptly advanced on infants' notes of hand, with the purely collateral security of a *post obit* or a bill of sale. It is expected that the earnings of the Little Children's Bank will never be less than three thousand per cent. Turning to other ventures of a favourable character, Mr. J. DIDDLE selects

THE DWELLERS IN PRISONS AND INMATES OF UNIONS
Co-OPERATIVE STORES

as an Association of extraordinary merit. The idea of this Society is to furnish every Convict and Pauper with the necessities and luxuries of life at a rate a little over cost price. It is confidently expected that these two classes of the community will eagerly avail themselves of the benefits thus generously offered them. To turn to another branch of enterprises, Mr. DIDDLE suggests that

THE LOST AT SEA INSURANCE COMPANY

should prove a perfectly safe investment to the most cautious. The rule upon which policies are granted (that the individual whose life is insured against loss at sea should apply in person for the payment of the money) is financially sound and closed to the slightest objection. The Company has already established agencies at Hanwell and Colney Hatch, where insurers are daily enrolled in very large numbers.

In conclusion, Mr. JEREMIAH DIDDLE once more assures his friends and the Public generally that he is prepared to undertake any investment transaction at the shortest notice. That there may be no doubt as to his identity (for Mr. DIDDLE has many imitators) he has adopted a "motto trade mark" which exactly explains his mode of doing business—"Heads, my winnings—tails, your losses. No money returned."

THE PREMIER MISTAKEN FOR HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY.—When the Elders at Mr. SPURGEON'S saw Mr. GLADSTONE in their place of worship, they thought he was GODLEY.



TAP FOR TAP: IN LONDON WATER-COLOURS.

LEVIATHANS AT PLAY.

(See the "smart" controversy concerning the London Water Supply, between Sir Edmund Beckett, Mr. Firth, M.P., and others, in the "Times.")

First Leviathan (stopping magnificently). Now, this is nice! I've made this Water Question all my own! (Sings.)

I'm monarch of all I survey,
Quite a fluvial Cock of the Walk;
Sixteen millions of gallons a day
From the clean circumambient chalk,

For a trifling Six Millions or so—
That's the tap for JOHN BULL—

Hillo! What's that beastly noise?

Second Leviathan (splashing superbly). You are making an awful exhibition of yourself, floundering round in that ungainly fashion. No, my style is worthy of Triton himself—clean and swift; graceful as a Nereid's, tremendous as a torpedo's. Look out! Ah! nearly had your weather-fin off that time.

First Leviathan (righting himself clumsily). Yah! What do you know about water?

Second Leviathan (whisking). Knew all about it before you were born. Precious proud of your spouting, you are. But—

AGAINST THE GRAIN.

(Mary-Jane's view of it.)

[HENRY COOK, 37, a Dancing-master, was indicted for unlawfully obtaining by false pretences from CORNELIA WILLIS, Cook, ELLEN HOLLEY, Domestic Servant, and others, sundry watches and articles of jewellery. . . . Mr. GRAIN, in addressing the jury for the prisoner, declared that the foolish young women who had allowed the prisoner to stop and speak to them, were entitled to very little sympathy. The fact was, they parted with their jewellery because they wanted to get married.]

LITTLE sympathy? That pill is
Quite too much of a big bolus.
Think of poor CORNELIA WILLIS,
Sick and tired o' living *solus*!
I've no doubt that Dancing-master
Was a nobby sort o' touch,
And a girl is apt to cast 'er
'Preciative eyes on such.

Then to find him a imposter—
Married, too—of all things wust!
Fancy what it must ha' cost 'er!
An 'er 'eart must nigh 'ave bust!
Wanted to get married? Gimminy!
That's a orful crime, no doubt;
But if Mister GRAIN knows women, he
Knows there's lots of it about.

Parted with their jewellery!
Ah! now that's *not* like the Swells.
Their small game is different, very,
As their lovers' cheque-books tells.
Their lay's taking,—diamonds, rubies,
Wouldn't catch them,—oh dear, no!—
Giving up their rings, like boobies,
For to 'elp a hard-up beau.

Lor'! our lives ain't none so cheerful
That sweetheartin' should be stopped;
Girls did ought to be more keeful,
But the sharpest *may* be copped.
P'raps if Missis was kinder,
Held us just a bit above
Lumps o' dirt—but there! wot's blinder
Than yer stuck-up Pride—'cept Love?

Holker and Joker.

L-R-D CH-F J-S-T-CE C-L-R-DGE presents
his compliments to Mr. Punch, and begs
to forward him a little legal joke of his
own making:—

Why ought Sir JOHN HOLKER to be a good
judge of an Orange?

Because everybody says he will prove
an admirable Judge of a *peel*.

[Thanks, my Lud. P(unch) O(fice) Order shall
be forwarded to your Ludship. Judge PUNCH's
hearty congratulations to Sir JOHN.]

You're a very little whale
To wag so proud a tail.

First Leviathan. Pooh! The Companies threw a tub to you some
time ago, and since then you've been going about as Leviathan with
a hook in his jaws; as free as the Dolphins harnessed to old Nep's
hydrostatic van—I mean chariot.

Second Leviathan. Sorry to see rabies developing itself so fast in
you. Or perhaps it's water on the brain?

[*Much splashing, and confused sounds of sarcasm and recrimination, references, couched in language of carefully concocted rudeness, to robbery, monopoly, ruinous arbitration, judicious negotiations, Dr. Frankland's theoretical paradoxes, Dr. Tidy's neat answers, sickening competition, humble pie, confiscation dodges, Anonymous Eminences and crass imbecility. Lots of little fishes join the fray at respectful distances, each making his own little splash with all the felicity of small fry in a fluster.*

Mr. Bull (looking on). Leviathans and little fishes, but this is
more farcical than effective! Don't see that it brings me any nearer
to my goal—a cheap and plentiful supply of wholesome water.
Wonder if FRANKLAND's "moving organisms"—eugh!—are



A MODEST DISCLAIMER.

The Professor (opening his Wife's Prayer-book by chance). " ' WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS
I THEE ENDOW ' ! WHY, WHEN WE MARRIED, MARIA, I HADN'T A PENNY TO BLESS MYSELF
WITH, LET ALONE TO ENDOW YOU ! "

Maria. " NO, MY LOVE, BUT YOU HAD A MAGNIFICENT INTELLECT, AND ENDOWED ME
WITH THAT — "

The Professor. " NO, I DIDN'T, MARIA ! "

" theoretical paradoxes." A moving organism by any other name
would smell as nasty. Guess these big and rather bounceable
Behemoths want the hook of friendly snubbing through their some-
what uplifted noses. Meanwhile, I still have to pay through *mine*.
Light and airy way in which they handle " Millions " is most amusing;
only the Millions are also *mine*. Capital sport—for the Leviathans.
But I fear I shall have to spoil it. [Exit, dissatisfied.]

The Paradise of Attorneys.

THIS is Ireland, at present. The New Land Act will probably
take between two and three centuries to administer, and the costs of
adjudication will be about one million and a half sterling. In one
district the ground-down tenants recently paid costs to the extent of
three thousand two hundred pounds, and obtained a reduction of
twenty-seven pounds ten in the shape of rent. This is the " sweet
boon " that has been given to the country by the English Government.

NINE HOURS' MOVEMENT ON RAILWAYS.—How many miles an hour?



"HINC ILLÆ LACRYMÆ."

Master Tommy (returning from the Funeral). "WHY DID UNCLE JONAS CRY SO FOR, AUNT! HE CRIED MORE THAN ANYBODY!"

Aunt (grimly). "OF COURSE! MOST OF THE PROPERTY IS LEFT TO HIM, MY DEAR!"

ON THE MUNICIPAL REFORM BILL.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,—In the course of your long and prosperous career you have had many a hearty laugh at the old Corporation of the City of London, but the laugh, though hearty, has always been good-natured, and directed less against what was done by that venerable Body than at the strange, old-fashioned way in which they did it, at the somewhat antiquated customs by which they were surrounded, and the apparently unnecessary tenacity with which they clung to them. Many of their deeds, Sir, I assure you, have been of a highly useful and even generous character, and these, coupled with the fact of the Corporation's continuous existence through at least seven centuries, doubtless contribute largely to that sort of kindly feeling with which they are regarded by the citizens of London.

You will therefore learn, Sir, with much regret that it is in contemplation by Her Majesty's Government to utterly and entirely abolish this time-honoured Institution, and to substitute for it a brand-new Municipality of such gigantic proportions as to be sufficient to provide for all the local wants of a population of four millions of people.

You, Sir, above all people ought to be deeply interested in its preservation, for you would be most unwilling to lose an Institution that has afforded you and your multitudinous readers so much harmless amusement.

Let us, then, first consider what the old Institution is that it is proposed to abolish, before examining what is to be put in its place.

The Corporation is the Local Authority for the City of London, which is probably the richest, the healthiest, the freest, the smallest, and, at night, the least populous metropolitan city in the whole world.

It is a good working model of Local Government. Its constitution is thoroughly democratic. Every Ratepayer is a Voter, and the Election is annual.

Every street, lane, court, and alley is effectually sewered, and cleansed every day, and washed every night, and some £250,000 are spent yearly in widening and improving them. Its Police are the best in the three kingdoms—I do not include the Irish Constabulary, armed for special service—and have great responsibilities cast upon them by reason of the enormous amount of wealth left nightly to their sole protection; and last, but not least, the

death-rate is lower than in any other part of the Metropolis.

Whether all this is sufficient to outweigh what is called the Flunkeyism, and the Bumbledom, and the other absurdities that seem to cling to most very old Institutions, and Lord Mayor's Show, and the old gilt coach, and the gorgeous banquets which all abuse except the participants—in fact, all that may be summed up in Gog-and-Magogism—must be fairly considered. If not, the question may yet arise, whether it is not possible to abolish all the unnecessary absurdities of this old Institution, and yet retain its usefulness.

If you will allow me, Sir, I will return to the subject next week, and am

Yours Truly,

AN UNCOMMON COUNCILMAN.

* We admit the force of this argument. But doesn't the new scheme suggest the creation of a "Deputy Lord Mayor," and what are termed in theatrical parlance *doublures*, or "understudies," for all the other parts? This looks more like adding to the comic material than diminishing it. Yet, on the other hand, a double harlequinade, with two clowns and two pantalons, is a tedious affair, and something of a muddle.—*Mr. P.*

† Why, certainly. And *Mr. P.* will be delighted if Gog and Magog will just drop in any evening, between midnight and cockcrow, and before a comfortable fire, and over a glass of something hot—Log and Grog to keep out Fog—discuss the subject with him in all its bearings.—*Mr. P.*

A SPURT WITH STAGHOUNDS.

AIR—Huntsmen's Chorus, "Der Freischütz."

"HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.—Yesterday the Royal pack met at the Railway Hotel, Taplow, Bucks. There was a large field. * * * GOODALL then took the pack to Stoke Common, where the second deer, an untired one, was let loose, and ran into the pack. After driving the quarry up and down the road, GOODALL, finding that it would not run, drove it on to the Common, and had it destroyed. The going was very heavy, which caused many empty saddles."—*Times.*

BOLD warriors delighting to ride after draghounds
May gallop o'er hurdle and fence without fear;
But hey for a hunt with the right Royal staghounds,
'Mongst Windsor's wild Huntsmen to chase the tame deer.

The swift stag to follow, with whoop and view holloa,
Our meet was at Taplow—the Railway Hotel.
The deer was uncared, just ere noon departed,
At Two Mile Brook, Burnham Road—so far so well!
Chorus—Hark follow, hark, &c.

Our tongues on their tips had the cry of "Tantivy!"
Our game when away from us bounding we saw;
But we held our breath hard, whilst forbearing from chivy

We awaited the usual allowance of law—
A law of detention, no law for prevention
Of cruelty setting brave sport any bounds;
Amidst mirth and laughter we stayed till thereafter:
FRANK GOODALL, the huntsman, then trotted up the hounds.

Chorus—Hark follow, hark, &c.

The dogs on the scent, strong as bloater or bacon,
Having speedily got, chased the quarry like fun;
It made for Stoke Place, passed George Green, and
was taken
Nigh Langley Church, after a brisk but brief run.
Then FRANK to Stoke Common—a stauncher there's no man—

Took the dogs and a deer, number two, which, alas,
A new and untired one, as though to deride one,
As soon as 'twas let loose ran into the pack!
Chorus—Hark follow, hark, &c.

So GOODALL, the road up and down, after driving,
That stag, whose pursuit all spectators enjoyed,
To make it go farther despaired of contriving,
Drove it on to the Common, and had it destroyed.
The rains had been flowing, whence much heavy going;
No few empty saddles the whole of our way
Our pastime attended, and if not a splendid,
We hadn't an unsatisfactory day.

Chorus—Hark follow, hark, &c.

AN 'APPY THOUGHT.—I'll go to sleep.

INVASION OF IRELAND.

"Strong reinforcements for Miss PARNELL have embarked at New York for Queenstown. They consist of fifty young American ladies, who recently volunteered their services to the heroine of the Ladies' Land League. They are expected to arrive on Saturday next."—*Daily Telegraph*, Jan. 12.



RECEIVING THE ENEMY.

THE END OF THE HOLIDAYS.

(By Grandpapa.)

I'm very fond of MARY's eldest boy,
But no one for a moment can suppose
It's pleasant, when he drops a heavy toy
Upon the worst of all my gouty toes.
I dote on little KITTY, she's a lamb,
But in all kindness I beg to state,
I'm not enraptured to find raspberry jam
Benevolently spread upon my pate.

There's TOMMY too, who, bless him! has a turn
For Chemistry, and oft times through the day,
Brings in strange compounds that first blaze and burn,
Then bang! and there's an eyebrow blown away.
While ARTHUR who would like to be a clown,
Will spank the baby with a pewter spoon;
I can't persuade him with my fiercest frown,
That I was not brought up as Pantaloon.

While they are home from school I'm in their power,
For persecution seems their chief delight;
The Poet tells us of the "Children's Hour,"
But here's an hour that lasts from morn till night.
And so when all the holidays are o'er,
And they return to salutary rule,
I smile to think they'll pester me no more,
And feel profoundly thankful there's a school.

A KAISER'S CATECHISM.

(Constitutional History. *New Standard*.)Q. And what was *Magna Charta*?

A. The great instrument by which the growing insubordination of the Barons was checked, the germ of a dangerous representative system stamped out, and the hereditary Absolutism of the British Monarchy secured.

Q. Was any further attempt made in a subsequent age to subvert *Magna Charta*?

A. Yes. OLIVER CROMWELL endeavoured later to set it at defiance, but he was severely punished by CHARLES THE FIRST, who, by a judicious exercise of his prerogative, cut off the troublesome Puritan's head, and in so doing saved the country for ever from the revolutionary peril of voting its own supplies.

Q. Does British history furnish us with any further example of firmness tempered by infallibility being advantageously displayed by the Crown?

A. Yes. GEORGE THE THIRD, by his clear judgment, infinite tact, and constitutional determination, freed the country entirely from the yoke of its American Colonies, reduced the National Debt to vanishing point, and left Parliament, at the close of his reign, in a condition of unexampled purity.

Q. And is it possible to-day to revive and give practical effect to these glorious traditions of the past?

A. Certainly; and Berlin is already looking forward to the experiment with interest and gratitude.

[Exit Kaiser.]

THREE SHADDERS.

(After latest Models.)

He looked and saw!—her hand
From the hollow of her muff
Was peeping—(so, the dove
From the hollow of her
nest)—
And he muttered, "Ain't we
grand!
Them's dimonds on her cuff!
And in her yaller glove
That's seal's-akin—well,
I'm blest!"

She looked and saw!—her purse
From the hollow of her hand
Had darted—(so, the mouse
From the hollow in the
cheese)—

And she murmured, "All the
furs
And feathers in the Strand
I'd rather give than rouse
Such thievish thoughts as
these!"

He looked and saw!—a pound!
In the hollow of her purse?
Or wherefore such surprise
In the "Hollo!" of the
Scamp,

As he muttered—(this was round
The corner)—something worse?
For all that met his eyes
Was Tuppence and a
Stamp!

ROMANZA.

Musically accompanied. Compiled for the benefit of Young Couples and Amateur Pianists generally, by One who knows all about it.

La Bal ("The Ball") : : : A. RUBINSTEIN, Op. 14.
Invitation à la Valse : : : C. M. VON WEBER, Op. 65.



Invitation à la Valse.



Traumescirren.

La Voix du Cœur ("The Voice of the Heart") : H. DUVERNOY, Op. 23.
Au Sortir du Bal ("On Leaving the Ball") : H. DE BÜLOW, Op. 1.
Traumescirren ("Dream-visions") : R. SCHUMANN, Op. 12.
Ich liebe Dich! ("I love thee!") : J. EGGERD, Op. 10.
Confidences du Soir ("Evening Confidences") : F. FERRARI, Op. 32.
Il Bacio ("The Kiss") : ARDITI-CRAMER.
Rêve de Bonheur : J. ASCHER, Op. 29.
Le Départ ("Departure") : L. GERVILLE, Op. 36.
Pensez à Moi! ("Think of Me!") : E. KRISPIN.
Une Lettre d'Amour : CH. WELLS, Op. 18.



Une Lettre d'Amour.



Wedding March.



Throwing the Slipper.

Le Retour : L. VON BEETHOVEN, Op. 81, A.
La Bella Capriciosa ("The Fickle Beauty") : T. N. HUMMEL, Op. 55.
Doux Reproche ("Gentle Reproach") : J. SCHULHOFF, Op. 36.
Sunny Smiles : E. DORU.
In the Chapel : R. VOLKMAN, Op. 24.
The Maiden's Prayer : TH. BADARCEWESKA.
Wedding March : F. MENDELSSOHN.
The Banquet : R. VOLKMAN, Op. 21.
Toast : J. SCHULHOFF, Op. 48.
Throwing the Slipper (*Cenerentola*) : ROSSINI.

QUITE ON THE CARDS.—If by non-interference with the Russian Anti-Jewish Atrocities, the Czar thinks he is not playing on the side of the Nihilists in this game of *Beggar my Neighbour*, he will find the result quite *Wice-Warsaw*.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Nervous Person (speaking at last to his Neighbour). "DO YOU KNOW WHO THAT REMARKABLY UGLY PERSON IS JUST OPPOSITE—TALKING TO THE BLACK-HAIRED LADY, YOU KNOW—UM—EH!"

Neighbour. "THAT, SIR, IS MY BROTHER!"

Nervous Person. "YES! I—I—I BEG YOUR PARDON—I—I—STUPID OF ME NOT TO HAVE SEEN THE FAMILY LIKENESS—A—A—A—"

[Collapses and disappears.]

AN AUSTIN-TATIOUS DRAMA.

EVIDENTLY roused to indignation by the failure of The Laureate's *Queen Mary*, the feeble flight of *The Fulcon*, and the Terry-sotta success of *The Cup* which cheered the gushers, and inebriated the Aesthetes, the other ALFRED, surnamed the Less, known to the poetically-inclined public as Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, whose compositions must be reckoned as among our Standard works, has published a five-act Tragedy—(Hooray for the old legitimate five-act form!)—which, to judge from his modest and unassuming Preface (well worth reading), he wrote with a very practical view to its being performed at one of our London Theatres; but as it has not yet been produced, we are led to suppose that the Managers, blind to their own interests, have declined it with thanks, and have in turn left the MS. with their respective stage-doorkeepers to be called for by the Author himself. Rejected by the Managers, Mr. AUSTIN publishes his play, and says, in effect, to the Public,—“Look here! this ought to be acted you know! You haven't got any Dramas on the stage like this nowadays!” and, we admit, we haven't.

Its title published as a book is *Savonarola*, but from internal evidence we fancy that, for any Melodramatic Theatre, it would have been brought out as

SAVONAROLA;

OR,

THE MAID! THE MONK!! THE MARTYR!!! AND THE MISCREANT!!!!

finishing with a sensation scene at the Stake, unequalled since the final tableau in *Joan of Arc*, at the Queen's.

And to show what a thoroughly practical dramatist Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN is, it is only necessary to mention for example, that the Scenes in the first Act are consecutive “sets,” each requiring the entire stage,—the stage-direction in each case being “the scene shifts.” Managers are shifty people, but they'd be put to a pretty shift to carry out Mr. AUSTIN's arrangement.

The *Dramatis Personae* consist of from about seventy to a hundred

speaking parts, besides several distinct crowds, a large body of Choristers, and some most important Supers. Any Theatre with a moderate company of about two hundred experienced Actors, including fifty Principals, could produce Mr. AUSTIN's *Savonarola* at a comparatively small cost.

Now, as Mr. AUSTIN prides himself (*vide* inimitable Preface) on having written this little play “to be acted,” and not merely as a closet drama, for what theatre could he have intended it? Evidently either the Criterion, the Royalty, or the Folly—and we have no doubt Mr. TOOLE spent many anxious hours over Mr. AUSTIN's MS. before rejecting the part of *Savonarola* merely because a few more extras and Supers would have to be added to his already enormous company. At the Gaiety, of course, it would have been a big draw, but from information received, we imagine Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD's letter on returning the MS. was couched somewhat in these terms:—

DEAR SIR,—Thanks. Capital piece for TOOLE, Criterion, or Prince of Wales's. Could have done it here with TERRY, FARREN, and VAUGHAN, only we don't go beyond Burlesques in Three Acts, regular begin-at-eight-and-put-me-to-bed-at-eleven-thirty entertainment. Doing first-rate business. TERRY might travel with *Savonarola*, he goes into the country when our French season is on.

Yours,

J. H.

P.S.—Might have done it at the Op. Com., but *Mother-in-Law* is a “go.” THORNE wants a piece. Try Vaudeville; or might shove it on at the Gaiety for a *matinée* just to see how it goes, eh?

As to the length of these five Acts, the book consists of three hundred and six pages of average type. When any Manager does produce it, what a real treat is in store for him and the Public! If Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN takes our advice, he would accept Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD's offer, and “try it at a Gaiety *matinée*, just to see how it goes.”

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM on hearing that a certain well-known Aesthetic Poet had gone to New York, observed, “Ah! how everyone will stare at him! he'll be the Sinecure of all eyes!”

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JANUARY 21, 1882.



THE OLD "BUSINESS."

DISMORE (as Clown). "HERE! CATCH HOLD OF THIS, OLD 'UN!!"

THE OLD "BUSINESS"



PUNCH'S PRIZE MEDALS.



FACE

To commemorate a Breach of Promise after Marriage Case. Most Agar-avating!



RE

REVERSE



FACE

To commemorate the appearance of the names of a Duke's younger Son and seven Aristocrats in the City List of Sworn Brokers, or Aristocratic Scions of "The House."



RE

REVERSE



FACE

To commemorate the capital Juvenile Entertainment at the Mansion House, Jan. 13. The Reverse of the Medal represents Back to School again.



RE

REVERSE

DYING WITH LAUGHTER!

(A Suggestion for the afterpart of a Christmas Pantomime.)

SCENE—The Interior of a Hospital. Enter Clown and Pantaloon. They shake up the Patients in their usual manner. Sisters and Nurses laugh, and assist in the operation.

Clown (dragging in a large box labelled "Medical Staff versus Nursing Staff," into the Ward). Hullo, old 'un, what's this?

Pantaloon. Don't know, JOEY, but there's an awful row inside!

[Harlequin strikes box with his wand, when a couple of Kilkenny cats are discovered tearing themselves to pieces.

Clown. Oh, what Guys!

(A Patient is brought in, covered with blankets, &c. Nurses and Doctors turn their backs upon him.)

Pantaloon. Oh, JOEY, here's a poor Gentleman shivering like anything!

Clown. Is he? Then let's touch him up with a red-hot poker! (The usual business. Doctors and Nurses greatly amused at the experiment, the former writing copiously in their note-books.) And now that we've got an interesting case for the *Lancet*, let's put him in a waiting-room, and leave him there for an hour or two, until somebody's ready to look after him?

[The Patient is hurried away, feebly protesting. Harlequin, disguised as a Hospital Official, jumps through a panel containing the Regulations.

Pantaloon. I say, JOEY, do you see what he's a-doing? He's gone clean through 'em, as if he were driving a coach-and-four through an Act of Parliament!

Clown. Why, old 'un, it's as easy as A B C! Come, boys and girls, let's keep the pot a-boiling! (He jumps through the Regulations, and is followed by all the Nurses and Doctors. On returning.) There's nothing like it when you're used to it!

(Two men bear in a gigantic hamper labelled "Game for the Patients, with their Royal Highnesses' kind regards.")

Pantaloon. Oh, JOEY, here's something good! Let's feed the poor Ladies and Gentlemen in bed!

[Clown acquiesces, and the two are about to serve the Patients when the Hospital Officials interfere, and explain in dumb show that they want the Game for their own dinner.

Clown. Oh, ain't you greedy! Well, you shall have 'em!

[Takes birds, and belabours Hospital Officials.

General scrimmage.

Pantaloon (who has been speaking to a Patient). Oh,

JOEY, this poor thing wants some medicine!

Clown. Oh, indeed! Then, Mr. Dispenser, I will

trouble you for a powder!

[Dispenser gives out papers wildly. Clown and

Pantaloon administer the remedies recklessly.

Grand spill and pelt of Medicines, and Poisons

hurled about indiscriminately. Scene changes to

a Coroner's Inquest. Tableau and Curtain!

PROFESSOR BISMARCK'S NEW GERMAN PUPPET-SHOW,
"THE MOVABLE MONARCH."

Quite irresistible. Calculated to make a cat (who may look at a king) laugh, and warranted not to frighten the most timid child. N.B.—Private parties attended. Several other capital tricks on hand. Lessons given to working-men on the most reasonable terms.

A THEATRICAL ANNOUNCEMENT WE SHOULD
LIKE TO SEE.

GREAT ATTRACTION! IMMENSE SUCCESS!

The Most Beautiful Transformation Scene in London.

No Fairies suspended by wires from the "flies!"

No Heavily-ironed Figurantes!!

All the

SPLENDID COSTUMES

made of

PERFECTLY UNINFLAMMABLE MATERIAL!!!

And, from first to last,

No sort of

DANGEROUS EXHIBITION!

AFTER a few more political mistakes, they will probably call him Prince BISMARCK.

POET'S CORNER;

Or, Nonsense Rhymes on well-known Names.

(H.R.H. at Bradgate.)

SAID the Peasants to the Peer,
"The Prince we must cheer,"
SAID the Peer to the Peasants,
"Then he can't shoot the pheasants."

(SAID the Pheasants,
"Hooray!"

When the Prince went away.)

(In re Channel Tunnel.)

SAYS WATKIN to HAWKSHAW,
"We'll start from the chalk shore."

SAYS HAWKSHAW to WATKIN,
"We're not kith and not kin."

(You'll learn from these lines
That HAWKSHAW resigns.)

(Chemical.)

SAYS BARTLETT to WANKLYN,
"Let's go down to Shanklin;"

SAYS WANKLYN to BARTLETT,
"First finish this tartlet."

(Turin.)

SAYS HUMBERT to WILLIAM,

"You think I silly am."

SAYS WILLIAM to HUMBERT,

"Don't want to combat."

(Commercial Treaty.)

SAYS FRANCE to WILSON
(RIVERS),

"We're takers, not givers."

SAYS RIVERS to WILSON to
France,

"Then do take—your chance."

(At Constantinople.)

SAYS the SULTAN to DUFFERIN,
"Lend me a suf'rin."

SAYS DUFFERIN to the SULTAN,
"Hem! I'm an adult 'un."

* Lord DUFFERIN evidently means to imply, as an answer to the SULTAN's request for a loan, that "he was not born yesterday."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 67.



SIR HENRY JAMES, Q.C., M.P.,

IN HIS FAMOUS CHARACTER OF THE BRIBERY-BIRD CATCHER.

CONVERSATION FOR A HOSPITAL.

WHY has the powder which I have just taken such an exceedingly pungent and bitter taste?

Now, that I examine the paper containing the powder, I find a card attached to it, stating it to be "Poison." Is this the usual designation for Quinine?

If there is no special place set apart for medicines, I should be obliged if you would kindly not mix mine with the morphia, aconite, laudanum, and oxalic acid powders in the basket now lying on the table.

If neither the Sister, the Nurse, the House Physician, or the Dispenser are responsible for the proper medicines being administered to me, would you have me removed at once to my own house for further treatment?

Why does the Hospital Dispenser put his Poisons and his Medicines in precisely similar wrappages?

The Doctor and the pretty Sister seem to be discussing my symptoms at considerable length.

I wonder if the Nurse is doing right in bandaging the artisan's broken head with brown paper soaked in solution of turpentine, without consulting the Doctor?

Supposing I am killed in this Hospital, will a Jury bring in a verdict of Manslaughter against anybody?

Now that I have swallowed five grains of Prussic Acid, given to me by mistake for Quinine Powder, perhaps you will kindly have my Executors communicated with, and tell me the name of a good Undertaker in this neighbourhood.

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS.

(A Recreational Tragedy, adapted freely from some current announcements.)

The Coffee-room of a second-class West End Family Hotel. Country Cousin discovered with a daily paper, deeply absorbed in perusal of several columns of theatrical advertisements.

Country Cousin (rising suddenly and flinging up his arms in despair). I thought so! (Reads.) "Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT beg to state that their rights in the Robertsonian comedies will shortly expire, and *Ours, Caste, and School*, therefore, can only be played again for a fixed number of nights." (Repeating the words with icy calmness.) For a fixed number of nights? Ha! it is a terrible—nay, a horrible and thunderstriking announcement! And all London raving—must even now be struggling for places. It is useless, evidently to try to get in at the Haymarket! And on all sides the same appalling story of delirious success greets me. Yet must I leave Town to-morrow. I see it! I can get in nowhere. I shall see nothing.

[Collapses over paper, and bursts into tears. Waiter (gently). Do not be downhearted, Sir. It isn't quite so bad as that: for there is a bit of room somewhere. Now, I've heard that at The Wells—

[Is proceeding to explain the quickest way of getting to Islington, when another Country Cousin rushes in wildly, without his hat and umbrella, and his collar off, and flings himself exhausted into a chair.

First Country Cousin (approaching him eagerly). Ha! You have returned! And alive! Well,—and you have got?—

Second Country Cousin. Nothing! The Advertisements only too graphically—and too accurately—tell the fatal truth. The success is widespread and colossal; and this is all I have been able to secure. See! a couple of dress-circle places for a *matinée* at the King's Cross, for next October! [Produces the tickets.

First Country Cousin. Alas! It is not much. Yet I looked forward to the "terrific excitement" promised by the Sole Proprietors of the Adelphi! Look! (He points fiercely to the advertisement.) The acting is splendid: the scenery is magnificent: the mechanical effects are marvellous: the music is by Mr. KARL MEYDEE: the whole is produced—mark you—produced under the direction of Mr. CHARLES WARNER, and there [are no fees for booking! Ha! ha, what cruel mockery, when there is evidently nothing left to book!

Second Country Cousin. Evidently nothing! (Bitterly.) Yes, success that is surging on all sides proves, we must fairly confess it, too much for us. The first-class theatres are all surrounded, from morning till night, by well-dressed but armed and angry mobs of pleasure-seekers, whose crowded ranks it is impossible to penetrate; while Pantomime is only to be witnessed at the risk of life itself.

First Country Cousin. True! You are right! (Throws down advertisement sheet.) But the papers shall warn us. We will relinquish the West, and, doing five inferior East-End music-halls in one evening, return to-morrow to our native hills—possibly sadder, but wiser men! We will not struggle with success!

Second Country Cousin. Yet the ballet at the Surrey is advertised as "chaste," and there is, we are told, throughout the cultured fun of Messrs. CONQUEST and MERITT, "nothing to offend"—not even the permanently hysterical roar of the man in the Box-Office, who, having once looked in for a few minutes at the back of the



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Hairdresser. "HAIR CUT, SIR? YES, SIR. WALK IN, SIR. AN ARTIST WILL ATTEND TO YOU IMMEDIATELY!!"

Dress Circle during a Morning Performance, became instantly convulsed, and, though destined, like DEMOCRITUS, to live to the age of 109, never got over it.

First Country Cousin. Ah! yes. But happier—far happier, was the lot of Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, who visited Covent Garden, and found the entertainment as graceful as it was diverting, but entitled, alas! to a most liberal extension of popular support, which has but too surely closed every avenue of access to its brilliant beauties, to the unhappy provincial outsider. But, I forget; there is yet old Drury Lane. Perhaps better luck has attended our heroic brother, who went at break of day with a bludgeon, to reopen the siege for places at its ever classic doors. (Uproar without.) See! he comes! Ha! he lives!

[*Third Country Cousin* is brought in by Policemen on a stretcher, surrounded by a mob. *First and Second Country Cousins* (together). What! your things torn from your back, and you are badly wounded? Have you tried, as in the palmy days, to get in with an order after seven? If not, why—why is this?

Third Country Cousin (feebly quoting from the Managerial announcement). Simply in consequence of the unparalleled success of *Robinson Crusoe*, and the enormous rush for

seats. That is why I am reduced to this. (Displays his tattered clothes.) But I fought, ha! ha! valiantly in the breach! Armed with a fire-escape and a stout pickaxe, I managed to secure a copy of the *Children's Book*, free of charge.

The others. Then the theatre is besieged? *Third Country Cousin.* Yes—as the advertisements have it—it is. See (Shows a rent in the back of his coat reaching from the neck to the tail) I have suffered severely. There have been some ugly tears. But this is, I am told, the biggest thing ever done at Drury Lane!

First C. C. Nay, but ten such performances in one week, though combining the effects of two first-class Pantomimes, would be serious and expensive. Let us elsewhere!

Third Country Cousin. Be it so! To the Savoy then! For there the fun, I promise you, is fast and furious. Listen (quoting from Managerial invitation). "A herd of wild buffaloes suddenly turned loose among the intricate details of the fine Woodland Scene of the second Act of *Patience*!"

[Continues quotation, but coming to the conclusion, with *First* and *Second Country Cousin*, that such a bill of fare must mean "every place gone for six months," gives it up as hopeless, and, finally abandons the idea as a wild dream of joy never to be realised, and returns with them to Loamshire, sad and unrecruited.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

HIS PORTRAIT, BY HIMSELF.*

I dawdle down at one or two—
I'm loath to quit my pillow—
And run the daily journals through,
In easy chair, by GILLOW.

I warble little lazy lays,
I rhyme without much reason,
I babble in club-window bays,
I chatter through the Season!

With many a jest my Chief † I fret,
And many a pun provoking;
While many an idle cigarette
I languidly am smoking.

I warble, warble to and fro—
To kill time I endeavour,
For men may come and men may go,
But I laze on for ever!

I steal ‡ along down Rotten Row,
I ride a lazy pony;
He's sleek and fat, his pace is slow,
They call him "Lazzarone."

I loaf, I lounge, I laze, I moon,
Among the busy workers;
I saunter through the afternoon,
The shirkiest of shirkers!

I murmur as I go along,
And jostle saint and sinner;
I linger o'er a lazy song;
I loiter back to dinner.

And then my harp is hush, § although
To kill time I endeavour,
For men may come and men may go,
But I laze on for ever!

* Very likely: it's so flattering,—and he seems to be "by himself"—a sort of "Tom All-alone."—ED.

† Who's his "Chief"? Mis-chief! He's wandering—which accounts for our never being able to catch a glimpse of him.—ED.

‡ "Steals" does he? Where are the Police?—ED.

§ We never saw him with a harp, and don't believe he has one, unless it is a "Jews' harp"—which is only—ahem!—a bit of a Lyre.—ED.

"CRI" AND LAUGH.

THE revival of *The Great Divorce Case* ought to prove as great a success for the Criterion as it did when first produced. It is immensely funny, it goes with roars of laughter, and Mr. WYNDHAM's Company act this sort of piece better than even the Palais Royal



Here's the Dog, after "Where's the Cat?"

Actors—at least, for our audiences, who want the essence of fun given them in the shortest possible time. The dialogue in the First Act is smart, and to the point; though in the other two Acts the action is so rapid, and the bustle so continuous, that there is scarcely time for speaking or listening.

Mr. MALTRY, as *Grandison*, the made-up old beau, with a failing memory and an invincible propensity to sleep directly he sits down, is as good a bit of acting, of course of an exaggerated and farcical character, as can be seen in town.

Mr. KNIGHT's *Pilkie* is a capital contrast to the boisterous *Geoffrey Gordon* of Mr. WYNDHAM. If Mr. KNIGHT could only give up sliding over the carpet, instead of walking, and throwing, inconsistently, melodramatic emphasis into the part, it would be faultless.

The great thing in this class of piece is "go;" and Mr. WYNDHAM certainly does keep it going, and keep them all going, and the theatre going too, till, on reflection—but you can't reflect, except when it's all over—it occurs to us that the keep-going may be a bit overdone, and the same result might be obtained at a less sacrifice,



"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?"

which must ultimately tell on the physical condition of the Actor, and leads the audience to demand increased exertions in every new piece at this theatre. There is the danger. The excitement must be kept up: reaction is fatal. Be this as it may—and the case is as we have put it, we are certain—those who, in these realistic days, want to enjoy a real laugh at real rollicking fun—in fact, who simply want to be amused after a day's work, can't do better than see *The Great Divorce Case* at the Criterion.

Mrs. RAM is deeply concerned about the condition of Birmingham, which she understands is represented by BLIGHT and CRIBBLAIN.

"MOVING ORGANISMS."

[DR. FRANKLAND reports that the Thames water sent out during December by the West Middlesex and Southwark Companies, was much polluted with organic matter. The Grand Junction Company's water contained moving organisms.]

OH, it's sad to read what FRANKLAND of the London water writes, And too awful are the visions that our fancy sees at nights; Though it may be bright and sparkling like a sunbeam sent through prisms,

Those are colours of putrescence and of "moving organisms!"

If the Companies so treat us, 'tis becoming very clear, We shall have to give up water and drink nought but wine or beer; For consider how in families what angry rows and schisms, Will arise from that Grand Junction with its "moving organisms."

All the Companies o'ercharge us, and, in quite a playful way, They send bills just after Christmas which are due at Lady Day: And they care not for our protests and our angry criticisms, While they poison us with sewage and with "moving organisms!"

"*Agaveo jly Bap*," PINBAR said in song in ancient days, And no doubt the Grecian water well deserved the poet's praise; But in these times we can only mourn the ghastly cataclysms That are likely to befall us from these "moving organisms!"

* The Grand Junction Company sent out bills early in January, saying that the amount is due to the Company for the supply of water to Lady Day, 1882: that is to say, nearly three months before the said supply is completed. This is certainly a *moving organism*!

"UPROUSE YE, THEN, MY MERRY, MERRY MEN!"

A FEW Gentlemen not altogether unknown in literary and dramatic dress-circles met together about ten days ago, in *camerâ obscura*, to discuss the possibility of establishing classes corresponding to the *Etudes Dramatiques* at the Paris Conservatoire. There is much that is good in the idea as an idea, but we are afraid it is impracticable. Painters have their Academy, Musicians have theirs, and are to have a College, like Surgeons; but Authors and Actors must get on as they can. Let the Actors have a school by all means, as they say they want it, and they must be taken as knowing best their own educational deficiencies, but as to Authors, let all set themselves to procure an amendment of the Copyright Law, and let the Dramatists agitate for a Dramatic Authors' Society legally established as it is in France, and they will no longer be the slaves of foot-lamps, compelled to serve ABANAZAR the Manager, or ALADDIN the mushroom Proprietor, but be independent spirits and busy bees gathering money all the day from every little shining treasury whose yield used formerly only to benefit the Manager. To that band of Brothers we say, Uprouse ye, then, my merry, merry men, and bestir yourselves! "Who will be free," &c. But strike—and quickly.

From a German Party.

"THE May Laws," which should always have been known as "The Mayn't Laws," will probably be rescinded, and the War-to-the-Knife-and-FALCK between Conscience and Kulturkampf in Germany be decided in favour of the former.

THE *Daily News* had a paragraph headed "A Miracle Play in Worcestershire." Londoners need not go so far for a Miracle Play, a sample of which, written by that Unconscious Celebrationalist, Mr. MONEYSPINERO, may be seen every night till further notice at the St. James's. The only thing about the Miracle Play at the St. James's connected with Worcestershire is its "source," which Mr. MONEYSPINERO refuses to acknowledge.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

No more colour-blind people as Engine-drivers who can't distinguish red from green, and who invariably make white into black before the end of a journey. No: let our Artists turn Engine-drivers, and to begin with, the very man for the place would be, evidently, WHITLEY.

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM is studying the history of Literature, and goes on with her teaching in the Sunday School. She gets a little mixed now and then. "My dears," she said, the other day, "don't forget what I told you about ESAU. You recollect he was a Dairyman who wrote fables, and sold the copyright for an MS. on potash." The children couldn't follow her, and the Vicar put it all right.

OUR RECREATIONS; OR, HOW WE ADVERTISE NOW.

(For further Specimens, see Daily Papers.)

THEATRE ROYAL WALHALLA.

COCK ROBIN. EVERY EVENING AT 5.

FRIGHTENING SUCCESS.

PRODUCED BY NOUTHEN WOLKUP.

THE EFFECTS OF MORE THAN FIFTEEN first-class Pantomimes.

THE LONGEST THING EVER DONE AT THE WALHALLA.

BEGINS THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY.

NEVER ENDS AT ALL.

ROWS ON ROWS OF RESERVED SEATS SOUND ASLEEP.

NO WAKING ANYBODY.

NO GETTING THEM OUT.

PROSTRATING SUCCESS.—In consequence of the sheer impossibility of stirring, for the first time in the annals of the Walhalla, twenty-seven performances have been given in one week to the same Audience.

UNPARLIAMENTARY LANGUAGE IN THE UPPER CIRCLE.

LIGHTHEADEDNESS IN FAMILY BOXES to hold eight.

FRENZY IN THE SLIPS.

CURSES, NOT LOUD, BUT DEEP, OUTSIDE under the Portico.

THE THEATRE TAKEN BY ASSAULT.

REAL POLICEMEN TORN TO PIECES.

THE PRESS HORSEWHIPPED.

PEOPLE ON THE FREE-LIST LYNCHED in the Lobbies.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF

THE HORRIBLE SUCCESS OF

COCK ROBIN,

H. R. H. FIELD-MARSHAL THE H. DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE personally complimented Mr. NOUTHEN WOLKUP on having contrived, on the principal Staircase, a most realistic, vivid, and truthful Picture of Modern Warfare, reminding him forcibly of the battle of Inkermann; and stated that, although, from report, he had heard how wonderfully realistic was the representation, he had no idea, until quite unexpectedly involved in an awkward struggle for his opera-hat and life, that it was so eminently disagreeable.

COCK ROBIN.—A Colonial Archbishop, who has threatened proceedings "if his name is again put on to Six-Foot Posters," writes: "Chaste! beautiful! thrilling! It is almost as good as one of my own after-dinner Sermons; and I only wish the whole of the rising generation could get in *gratis* to the Upper Boxes. Believe me, I should be glad, if there were nothing whatever to pay, to make one of them."

ROYAL SANITARY.

THE HOUSE FOR INVALIDS.

ELECTRIC SHOCKS.—The Management, anxious to keep pace with the march of modern improvement, and having laid all over every portion of their auditorium a complete network of highly charged wires, trust that, as every seat is now supplied with one of BYRNE'S PATENT SPINAL GALVANISERS, they may be regarded as having considered the health as well as the comfort of their audience.

ROYAL SANITARY.—Special attention is directed to the costly Calisthenic Apparatus attached to the ceiling of the airy and spacious Gallery. Lots of room. Freedom and privacy ensured.

ROYAL SANITARY.—The expensive and elegant Upholstery, which is provided with superior flock stuffing, and has been supplied by a leading Edgware Road House, will be found carefully aired. The back legs of the Chairs by BURLINGHAM & Co.

ROYAL SANITARY.—No fees for bath attendants. No charge for fire-escapes. An Undertaker on each tier. Shortest way into the Thames over the Embankment.

ROYAL SANITARY.—A daily paper says:—"A herd of wild buffaloes suddenly let loose among the cautious audience assembled to enjoy Messrs. STYPTIC and SERAPHIN'S wonderful Sedative, might empty the theatre for a month or two, but would not affect its sanitary advantages."

POLYGON THEATRE.—A Scurrilous Tragedy.

POLYGON THEATRE.—Howls of anguish. Hair torn out in handfuls. Hysterics in every part of the house. Come early, with *sai volatile*.

ROYAL DIMITY THEATRE.—Astonishing Attraction. Colossal double entendres. Gorgeous refreshments. Well-bred orchestra. 4,950th night of POPINETTE, supported by a powerful Company of the Executors of original cast. No use booking. Everything gone for years.

THEATRE ROYAL PORTICO.—The management have infinite pleasure in announcing to their distinguished friends and patrons, that having concluded arrangements with a large number of members of the House of Lords to appear, in their own parts, in a new and original comedy, full of real British noblemen, specially adapted from the French for the purpose. The present programme must shortly be withdrawn. THE MILLER AND HIS MEN, can, simply only be given for a limited number of nights.

DUCHESS'S.—THE SIGHTS O' LONDON.

With faces wan and gloomy
That told of temper's goad,
Two weary country cousins
Tailed down the Cromwell Road,
They sought from town some exit,
And chose the longest way,
But didn't mind—not taken
To see another play!

O well-billed crams of London, if humbug went not down
What would you do for victims! O sights of London town.

DUCHESS'S. THE SIGHTS O' LONDON.

BOLSTER THEATRE.

THE WARM BATH.

GIGANTIC SUCCESS.

UPPER BOXES FULL BEFORE SEVEN.

THE ENTIRE PUBLIC SENT AWAY NIGHTLY.

THE WARM BATH AT EIGHT.

THE WARM BATH.—See the unanimous Press.

THE "MORNING MERCURY" says: "Still we managed to sit it out."

THE "DAILY HERALD" says: "It ought to go—and the sooner the better."

THE "EVENING CHRONICLE" says: "Never saw anything like it before, and hope we never shall again."

NOTICE.—Notwithstanding the unprecedented success of THE WARM BATH, owing to recent outstanding arrangements, it must positively be withdrawn on Saturday next.

THE WARM BATH.—LAST THREE NIGHTS.

HYPERION.

ANOTHER HYPERION HIT.

HE'S GOT 'EM OFF.

KILLING COMEDY, in nine Acts, adapted from the celebrated Palais-Royal success, *Les quatre Maris de Madame Piffe-paffe*.

HYPERION.—Innocent Mirth.

HYPERION.—Parents, take advantage of the Holidays, and bring your little ones with you by the dozen.

HYPERION.—NOTICE.—The difficulty with the LORD CHAMBERLAIN having been satisfactorily adjusted, the Management has much pleasure in announcing that—

HE'S GOT 'EM OFF will be performed Every Evening as usual.

CORINTHIAN.—HYDE PARK CORNER.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A real Corinthian Success.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—Mr. CLEENING SHORT says: "Nothing like it!"

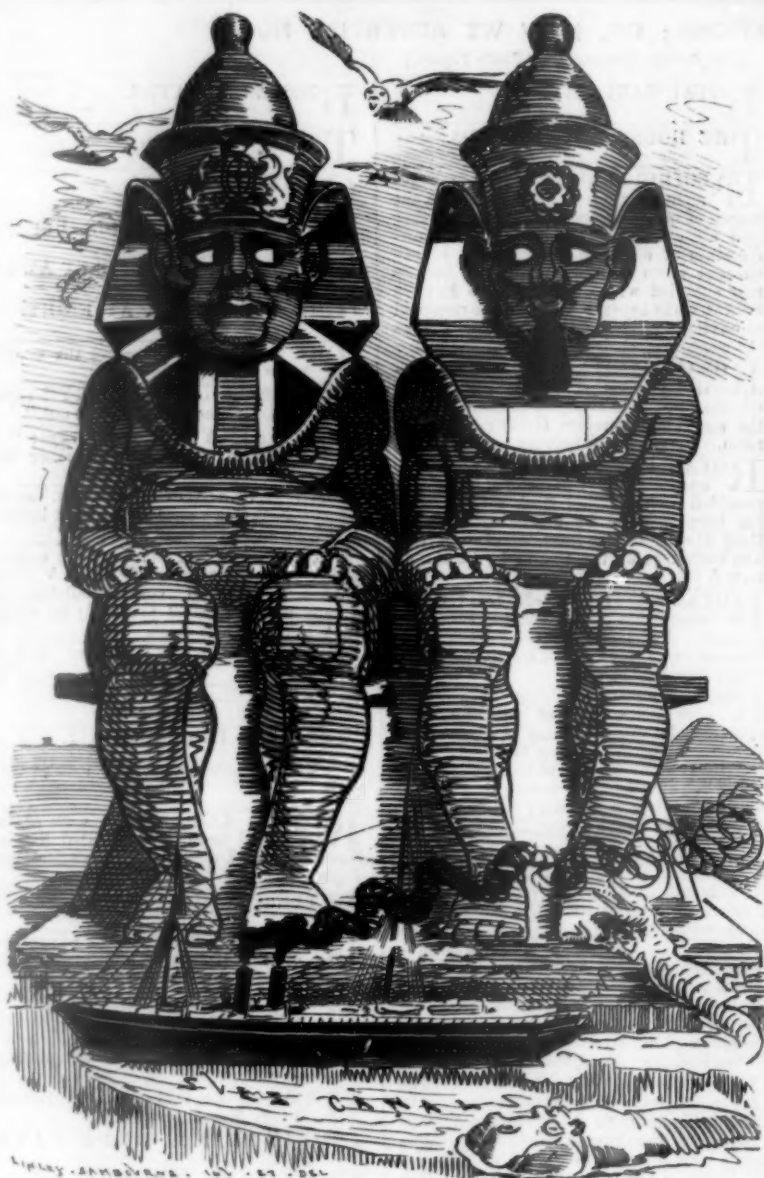
HYDE PARK CORNER.—See the Starvation Act.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—Mr. JONES ADOLPHUS BURGAS says:—"Well—I never!"

THE ELLESEDEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. ROSCIUS SWYNE.

THE TWO NOSES.

THE ELLESEDEUM.—The *Oldham Reporter* says:—"Mr. ROSCIUS SWYNE came here on Saturday last with his Two Noses; and when, in a financially confidential speech, he announced that '£3 14s. and a bad sixpence had been taken at the doors,' the house, waving five pocket-handkerchiefs in all directions, fairly roared to him."



THE TWO MEMNONS—JOINTLY NOTING.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN BURLESQUE.

SIR,—The new piece called *The Cynic*—which no doubt you have already criticised—seems to me to be an entirely new burlesque of GOETHE'S masterpiece. Why should not the two HERMANN—Messrs. VEZIN and MERIVALE—develop this idea?

Hamlet, put into sixteen-shilling trousers, the registered paletôt, and the age of stucco, would probably be even a greater success in this new vein of adaptation. The title might be *Poppinborough, The Wicked Uncle*. The Queen-Mother would be the Duchess of POPPINBOROUGH, of Poppinborough House, Piccadilly, and Ballspond Hall, Poppinborough, Hert. The King would be the Duke of POPPINBOROUGH, the brother of the murdered Duke; and, to make the resemblance to the original play more close, he should have seized the Duke-dam, and ousted the young Lord from his title, at the same time that he murdered his brother (the young Lord's father), and married the Duchess, the young Lord's mother.

The play-scene could be retained, and made much more effective, than it is in the original piece by a very simple process. In imitation of those Palais-Royal farces, in which the Actors come amongst the Audience, and carry on the action simultaneously, both before and behind the curtain, a large stage-box could be reserved every evening for

the ducal party, in which the Duke and Duchess could show the agonies of remorse, while witnessing the Gorgonzola drama on the stage.

The part of the *Gravedigger* would require very little alteration, except to harmonise the dialogue with the chickaleary tone of the period. A Spade dance might be introduced, if necessary. The other characters might easily be measured for modern clothes, and the Cemetery Scene would be a decided novelty.

In the present disgraceful state of the Copyright Laws, this valuable idea once printed and published is anybody's property but those who use it will at least have the decency to acknowledge the source, and send a donation to some charity—say the Asylum for Idiots. Yours, . . .

TWO TO ONE.

(A Villanelle.)

LOVE, you are Utter, I'm Too-too,
Yet we are one in some things. Say,
Am I not therefore dear to you?

You love the green that shades to blue;
I like the blue that's somewhat grey—
Love, you are Utter, I'm Too-too!

You to the sunflower are true;
I love the lily, loved of May—
Am I not therefore dear to you?

And I can place myself askew,
And you are plastic-ally splay—
Love, you are Utter, I'm Too-too!

And you delight in nought that's new,
And I like nothing like decay—
Am I not therefore dear to you?

And dearer yet that I can woo
In metres of an ancient lay!
Love, you are Utter, I'm Too-too!
Am I not therefore dear to you?

BUMBLEDOM-ON-SEA.

BUMBLEDOM has long governed the earth, and the waters under the earth, and preparatory to making a combined attack upon the sky, it is now trying to govern the sea. The Town Council of Dover, for reasons best known to themselves, are jealous of the one or two projected tunnels under the Channel, and they have resolved to oppose the grant of parliamentary power applied for by those interested in these impious schemes. They profit by the game of pitch and toss which daily enlivens the Straits of Dover, and they are going to fight for their hand. The Town Council of Brighton, not to be behind their more Eastern brethren, have also resolved to oppose the scheme of a new and sensible "Kursaal" on the Brighton beach.

THE CLÔTURE.—Object to it because it's French? So is Premier. But if we want good forcible colloquial English why not call it "The Shut-up"? The SPEAKER would be the "Shutter-up." And the new arrangement, if adopted, would be known in future as "The Latest Early Closing Movement."

MRS. RAMBOTHAM who is never behind the time of day, and now uses the word *Æstheticism* freely and fearlessly, says she is sorry to hear that Mr. GLADSTONE wishes to introduce all this twaddle about Culture into Parliament. That's her view of Clôture.

AN AMERICAN WAG.

"A local legislator in one of the Southern States of America has introduced a proposal to make it obligatory to inscribe the name of the physician on the tombstones of deceased persons."
—*Scotsman*.

WHAT did he die of, say, oh say,
Carcinoma or Enteritis?
Did he come to the fatal day,
By the aid of Pericarditis?
Here they name his medical man;
Was he of drugs a neat concocter?
Did he do all a doctor can,
And if he did, why blame the doctor?

Was the patient a sober soul,
Never imbibing rum or brandy;
Or did his eyes with ardour roll,
Seeing the Bourbon whiskey handy?
Did the doctor remark, with pain,
That he would reach his final haven
If he should touch Old Rye again;
For if he did—let that be graven.

UNDERNEATH some of the best photographs of those Beautiful Beings, the LOTTIES and TOTTIES of the Theatrical World, is written the name, "Downey." It is not spelt correctly, but the idea is evidently most appropriate.

"Ah!" said Mrs. RAMBOTHAM, shaking her head over the "good old times."—"you may write 'Knickerbocker' over them, for their glory is departed."



CANDID

Counsel, "WHY ARE YOU SO VERY PRECISE IN YOUR STATEMENT! ARE YOU AFRAID OF TELLING AN UNTRUTH?"
Witness (promptly), "No, Sir!"

YOUNG STAGERS (AND THEIR GUARDIANS).

YESTERDAY being the first Official Monthly Meeting of the Executive Committee of the newly-established School of Dramatic Art, the proceedings, in consequence of the natural surprise of nearly everyone of the Members at finding himself on the Committee at all, were of an unusually interesting character, and there was a large attendance.

After Miss LE THIÈRE, the Lady Matron of the School, had given in her Report, in which she made a very strong and reasonable protest against the advisability, even in the interests of Art, of continuing the usual property banquet, which has hitherto been served to the one Student of the Establishment, in lieu of the principal meal of the day, upon the Chairman intimating that a special Sub-Committee would be appointed to subject the diet to the test of prolonged personal experience, the usual vote of thanks was passed, and the proceedings were about to terminate, when several Members, among whom were Lord WHARNCLIFFE, Lord LYTTON, Lord ROWTON, the Hon. A. YORKE, and Mr. C. C. BETHUNE, sprang suddenly to their feet, and, amidst some altercation, endeavoured to catch the Chairman's eye.

On order being restored, Mr. C. C. BETHUNE, who had persistently claimed a hearing, said that "he felt he could put into a very few words all his honourable colleagues wished to express." They had, with him, one common question to ask the public, and that question was, "What on earth are we doing here?" (Cheers.) For his own part, he could only reply, "For the life of me, I can't tell you!" (Laughter.) People, owing to a political crisis, had heard of Lord ROWTON—"Yes," from Lord Wharncliffe—but who in the world has ever heard of "Mr. C. C. BETHUNE?" (Loud and prolonged cheering, which lasted for several minutes.)

Mr. H. GARDNER rose. He said he considered Mr. COMYNS CARR and Mr. E. M. UNDERDOWN a couple of amateurs.

Mr. COMYNS CARR—"You're another!" (Roars of laughter.)

Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON protested against wasting the time of the Meeting in frivolity. They had met for business. He had brought with him a new design of his own for the academical dress of the Principal. He had, he admitted, used flesh-colour largely; but, slashed with HOOKE's green at the shoulder, violet satin drawers, and the usual College cap in Genoese plush, he considered the costume commanding and appropriate. ("Hear!")

Mr. A. W. DUBOURG asked, diffidently, whether it wouldn't be cold. The Hon. L. WINGFIELD—"Perhaps the honourable Gentleman is himself afraid of another frost." (Loud laughter.)

Sir COUTES-LINDSAY rose. He said he thought the best way would be, after the evident feeling manifested in some quarters, to take the

sense of the Committee, if possible, by a Motion. He wished it to have a still wider and more cosmopolitan character. He proposed that in addition to the present list of names there be added those of the Duke of NORFOLK, Messrs. CROSSE and BLACKWELL, Mr. ENO, Mr. ALFRED G. VANCE, the Editor of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, and the surviving Executors of the late Madame TUBAUD. (Uproar.)

Mr. LIONEL TENNYSON, amidst indescribable confusion was understood to say, he thought nobody had ever heard of him. (Cries of "Right!" "That's so!" and cheers.)

CAPTAIN HENRY HOZIER rose. He said he felt himself to be an excellent fellow—(cheers)—but he wanted to know what he and several other worthy Members were supposed to know about the Stage? He proposed that his name, together with those of Mr. EDMUND ROUTLEDGE, Mr. FREDERICK LOCKER, Mr. E. FIGOTT, and Mr. SCOTT GATTY be struck off in a lump. (Roars of laughter, in which the Motion was carried unanimously without a division.)

On the confusion again subsiding, and Mr. HAMILTON AIDŕ, expressing somewhat warmly his surprise that he had not been included in the last resolution, the meeting was adjourned by general consent and the proceedings terminated.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Vive la France! and not now, as of old, *Vive la guerre!*

Although Neptune may greet us with cynical smile,
We shall suffer no more from that sad *mal de mer*,
When we've linked by a railway fair France with this isle.
And though WOLSELEY express some undignified fears,
We shall fearlessly tunnel the Channel, and find,
When the work is achieved by our smart engineers,
That the labour's been done for the good of mankind.

Then let's hope that the Tunnel may prosper, in vain
Let the croakers talk on, there's a prize to be won;
With the strong hand of science we tunnel the main,
Though the years will roll on ere the great work is done.
But we look to the future with confident glance,
And one day, when two nations' neath ocean shall fare,
Will not Europe in envy exclaim "*Vive la France!*"
And applauding our energy, "*Vive l'Angleterre!*"

SCHOOL-BOARD AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—In rehearsal, *The Ladies' Battle*.

HALF-'OURS' WITH 'THE DUTCHMAN' AND 'THE CYNIC.'

Or the audience that crowded the Haymarket last Thursday night, it may be safely affirmed that the majority came specially to see Mrs. LANGTRY as *Blanche Hays*, and not merely to witness the revival of *Ours*. The part was well chosen for this well-known lady's professional debut, after her trial trip as *Miss Harcastle*. A good actress can make something of it, an indifferent one cannot hurt it. A clever actress can profit by the strongest situation of the piece to her own individual advantage, but the effect of this situation does not depend on her; and on this occasion judicious stage-nursing saw the debutante safely through the only ordeal—namely, at the end of the Second Act—which can make any serious demand on an actress's histrionic capabilities.

Had the novice been Miss SMITH or Miss JONES, equally unknown to London, her performance would have been dismissed by the journalistic critics in a few words which would, probably, have informed the Public that Miss SMITH or JONES had still a very great deal to learn, and might have gone on to express some surprise that a Management, supposed to pride itself on rivalling *The Français* in the completeness of its ensemble, might, with the resources at its command, have selected a more experienced representative of even such a comparatively unimportant character as that of *Blanche Hays*.

Beyond saying this, the subject, as a question of Dramatic Art, is not worth another line, or another thought. The curiosity of "The Town" has been aroused, and the Haymarket Management will reap the benefit of an astute speculation.

As to the piece (unfortunately, a secondary consideration), Mr. ARTHUR CECIL made the sort of comfortable Russian Prince who would be easily captured in the first Crimean skirmish by anybody capable of running a trifle faster than a tortoise; Mr. PINENO was a melodramatically villainous *Sir Alexander Shendryn*; Mr. CONWAY



Scene from "Arlequin 'Appy 'Ours; or, The Magic Pudding-Cloth and the Apron of the cold Pie-anearl."

a gallant *Angus* (one must always speak of Mr. CONWAY as a "gallant" something); Mr. BANCROFT an amusing *Hugh Chalcot*, with excellent imitations of the late Mr. BUCKSTONE (scarcely appreciated by the present generation), and his Pantaloon business with the jam-pot and leg-of-mutton in the Third Act, was evidently the result of a thoroughly conscientious and exhaustive study of the Oldest Masters in this line; Mr. SMEDLEY was an officer-like *Captain Samprey*; and Mr. C. BROOKFIELD a soldier-like *Sergeant Jones*. But this last actor is a thorough Artist.

Miss LE THIÈRE was an admirable *Lady Shendryn*, that is if *Lady Shendryn* was ever intended by the Author to be anything like Miss LE THIÈRE; Mrs. NOVICK was a passable *Blanche Hays*; and inimitable Mrs. BANCROFT was as good as ever as *Mary Netley*, whose fun, spirit, and "go," have always saved the limping Third Act, and with it the piece, of which only the Second Act is worth anything at all; and the working up of that to its climax of the departure of the troops with the band playing the National Anthem, is a masterpiece of stage-craft.

A propos of debutantes, a version of *Le Mari de la Débutante* is to be done at the Court Theatre after the present run of *Engaged*.

Her Majesty's.—Capital performance of *The Flying Dutchman*. A genuine success. Good chorus—better band, and very excellent singers. Mr. ROMA has our best thanks for thus preparing our musical digestions for the heavier Wagnerian banquets promised us in the Spring, and should the success of the twin enterprises in store for all good Wagnerites equal that obtained by Monday's performance, the Composer's lot's indeed a happy one—happy one.

As *Vanderdecken*, Mr. LUDWIG is as picturesque and accursed-looking as any *Senta*—even a Head-centre—could desire, and as good a singer as any Public could wish for. Miss VALLERIA's *Senta* is

almost without flaw; she is the *Senta* of attraction, and we should say that a better exponent of the part does not exist. The comic old man, *Daland* is hardly in Mr. HERBERT D'EGVILLE's line; he is



Chorus of Doubled-up Dutchmen in a Squall.

only really funny when he wishes to be impressive: he possesses, however, a fine voice, and knows how to use it to advantage. He promises well, but as yet his performance is not equal to his promise.

Mr. KANDOGGER guided the vessel skilfully over various shoals and quicksands, and brought her safely to her doom. How grand

are the billows through which the Dutchman wrecklessly sails! A shilling a night per billow—boy these must be at least; which comes expensive, unless there's a reduction on taking a quantity. Poor *Eric*! if he hadn't sung out strongly once and away, his performance, rather a jerky one, might have resulted in hyst-eric. But it didn't: on the contrary, he narrowly escaped an encore.



"I'm looking at you!"

Senta and *Vanderdecken* rising from the deep, deep sea, sing, "Here we go up, up, up!" while the phantom, but muscular crew, which belongs to that one nation which cannot be mentioned to ears polite, sing, "Here we go down, down, down O!" as the Demon Ship is engulfed in the shilling-a-nighters, and is seen no more.

The Globe.—Mr. MERIVALE's *Cynic* is the work of a clever writer who has got a great idea on the brain of turning the Old Faust into a "Modern Faust," just as Mr. Dick had King CHARLES's trouble in his head, only without the relief that had been invented for Mr. Dick, namely, of putting King CHARLES's trouble into one book, and his own work into another.

Absolutely nothing comes of this meddling with *Faust* except muddling. Mr. HERMANN VEZIN, as *Count Lestrangle*, looks something between a crushed tragedian and a professional conjurer—"evening parties attended"—who, like the official from the *Heralds' College* when he got the procession into a hopeless tangle, "does not even understand his own stupid business."

The motive of the play is the desire on the part of a certain *Lady Luscombe* to obtain from this sham-Mephistopheles, but real stage villain of the old type, some letters of hers, the publication of which, as she is a widow with a very queer character, cannot do her much harm. *Faust* is represented by *Guy Fauché*, the rapid pronunciation of whose name perpetually recalls the Fifth of November. The equivalent for *Gretchen* is Mrs. Brent, a larky grass-widow (Miss LITTON), who has a strong love-scene with the above-mentioned Guy. The Crushed Tragedian has several good things to say, and a style of occasionally sermonising,—after the

tin-pot-and-tinsel-Evelyn-in-Money fashion, — which would be quite enough to throw a damper over the most cheerful pic-nic party, warranted to empty even a smoking-room in a country-house on a wet day, and



Professor Hermann Vexin in his Modern Magical Entertainment. No deception. Pass!—three to the Pit!

drive the guests to the study of Bradshaw. But for the "Shadow of the Old Legend" which has darkened the prospects of this play, *The Cynic*, with a strengthened plot and sharper incident, might have achieved con-



Guy Fox and Daisy Grapes.

siderable success. Much of the dialogue, though somewhat forced, and far too elaborated, is, exceptionally good. The puzzle is to find the Cynic. Which is the Cynic?

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

A Song with a Light Catarrh Accompaniment.

Atishoo! atishoo! You ask me to write?
I'm coughing all day and I'm sneezing all night;
My eyes are so tearful I scarcely can see,
And pens, ink, and paper are poison to me.
Atishoo! atishoo! My nose is quite red—
Pray how can I write with a cold in my head?
Atishoo! atishoo! You ask me to laugh?
When hot water-gruel I gruesomely quaff;
E'en warm mustard plasters can scarcely inspire
This dismal old Rhymer who groans by the fire.
Atishoo! atishoo! Your feelings are dead,
To think I can laugh with a cold in my head?
Atishoo! atishoo! You ask me to joke?
When any exertion impels me to choke;
My chilly brain reels at the thought of a pun,
And frozen is all my perennial fun.
Atishoo! atishoo! My brain is like lead—
For pray who can joke with a cold in my head?
Atishoo! atishoo! You ask me to sing?
And think I can carol like lark on the wing;
My harp is unstrung, and I can't sing a note,
But ruefully groan with a horrid sore throat.
Atishoo! atishoo! I should be in bed—
For how can I sing with a cold in my head?*

* Plenty of room for it.—Ed.

PUNCH'S PRIZE MEDALS.



Medal in commemoration of the success of Postmaster Fawcett's scheme for Employing the Girls.



Medal to commemorate Mr. W. E. G. picking up a bit of real Derby. The Reverse is Grey's Elegy.

ACCORDING TO REGULATION?

SCENE—A Battle-Field. Enter British General at the head of the British Army.

British General (producing a little Red Book labelled "Field Exercises"). Now, my lads, I trust you will be worthy of the reputation for discipline and steadiness gained by your ancestors some seventy years ago in the Peninsula. You will be careful to keep your dressing. Remember that your front is that what you see before you until you are turned about, when your new front will not be your front at all, but your rear. Now, I hope you clearly understand me.

Aide de Camp (interrupting). Beg your pardon, Sir, but I think the enemy is advancing.

British General (angrily). Silence, Sir! How dare you address your Superior Officer? (Turning to Army.) Then, as you know, your right hand is not your left hand when you have your proper front. When you are turned about, however, your right hand will then be your left hand, and your left hand will be your right hand. Your right your left, and your left your right, don't you see?

Aide de Camp (faintly). Please, Sir, I am mortally wounded by a rifle-bullet fired at two thousand yards' distance.

British General. Very sorry to hear it. You can lie down, but take care not to lose your dressing. (Turning once more to the Army.) When you have to deploy, you will do it by fours when so directed.

Enemy (suddenly appearing). Boo!

British General (startled). Hallo! You have come too soon! I say, go back! (To Officer commanding Enemy.) Retire your men, Sir! (Wildly referring to Red Book.) Deploy to the right on No. 1. I should say change front to the left. (First cannon-ball—British General loses his head figuratively.) Here, hi! Keep your dressing! Break off files to the right! Stop, I say! Give me time to find the proper page!

[Second cannon-ball—British General loses his head actually. The Scene and the Enemy close in upon the British Army together. Curtain!]

MR. BRADLAUGH, M.P., says it is his positive intention to present himself at the table of the House at the earliest possible moment on the afternoon of the 7th of February. Will he take his oath of it? Already the Sergeant-at-Arms is going through his drill preparing to receive BRADLAUGH. "Chuckers-out" may apply.



A REBUKE.

Fair Bride of Nineteen Summers. "WHAT CAN THEY ALL SEE IN HER! I'M SURE SHE'S OVER THIRTY; AND NO WOMAN IS WORTH LOOKING AT AFTER THAT!"

Matron (age unknown). "NOR WORTH SPEAKING TO BEFORE, MY DEAR!"

A CRY FROM CHRISTENDOM.

WHOSE ear is so dull in its deafness, whose heart is so callous and cold,
As to turn from the cry of the wronged, ringing forth as so often of old,

Though uplifted by alien lips?
Or what matter whence under Heaven the piteous plaint cometh forth;
As of late from the plains of the East, as to-day from the snows of the North,

Sable-ahadowed with Hate's dark eclipse?

Stay question of race or of creed, let the spirit of Party shrink mute,
Whilst a greater than it standeth forth, and espouseth the suppliant's suit

In imperative accents and stern;
For the things that are told in her ears, and in ours, are the records of shame,
Black stories of slaughter and lust, make the cheek of the coldest to flame,

And the heart of the gentlest to burn.

"Hep! Hep!"—the old cry has gone forth, and the Hebrew is hounded again,
In the name of the Cross. Can it be that its tenderest teachings are vain,

Where its merciful rule is men's boast?
Oh, out on the Tartuffes of Creed! Let the Spirit of Christendom speak
Plain words of unfaltering truth for the cause of the helpless and weak,

In the teeth of brute Tyranny's host.

For the wise of the earth are but fools, and its mighty but little of soul,
The Teuton's grim truculent Chief, striding on to his much-desired goal,

Would trample a people as dust;

And the Muscovite, mouthing the name of humanity, closes his ears
To the wails from the homes he has wrecked, to the pleadings of women in tears,

From the revels of murder and lust.

No respecter of race or of faith, let Humanity lift up her plea,
Like a *Portia* who pleads for the Jew, since the wronged and the hated is he

Who so hated and wronged in the past.

Put aside all the pitiful plaints, the reproaches, half malice, half fear,
When the frenzy of rancour is stilled 'twill be time for cool reason to hear,

And for Justice to settle at last.

But the horrible rage of brute hordes by the slack hand of Power let slip,
The cold Mephistopheles smile on Authority's cynical lip,—

These Christendom fearlessly brands:

Tells Emperor, Prince, or dull Peasant 'tis playing a ruffian part,
To share in such revels of shame, with the throb of black hate in the heart,

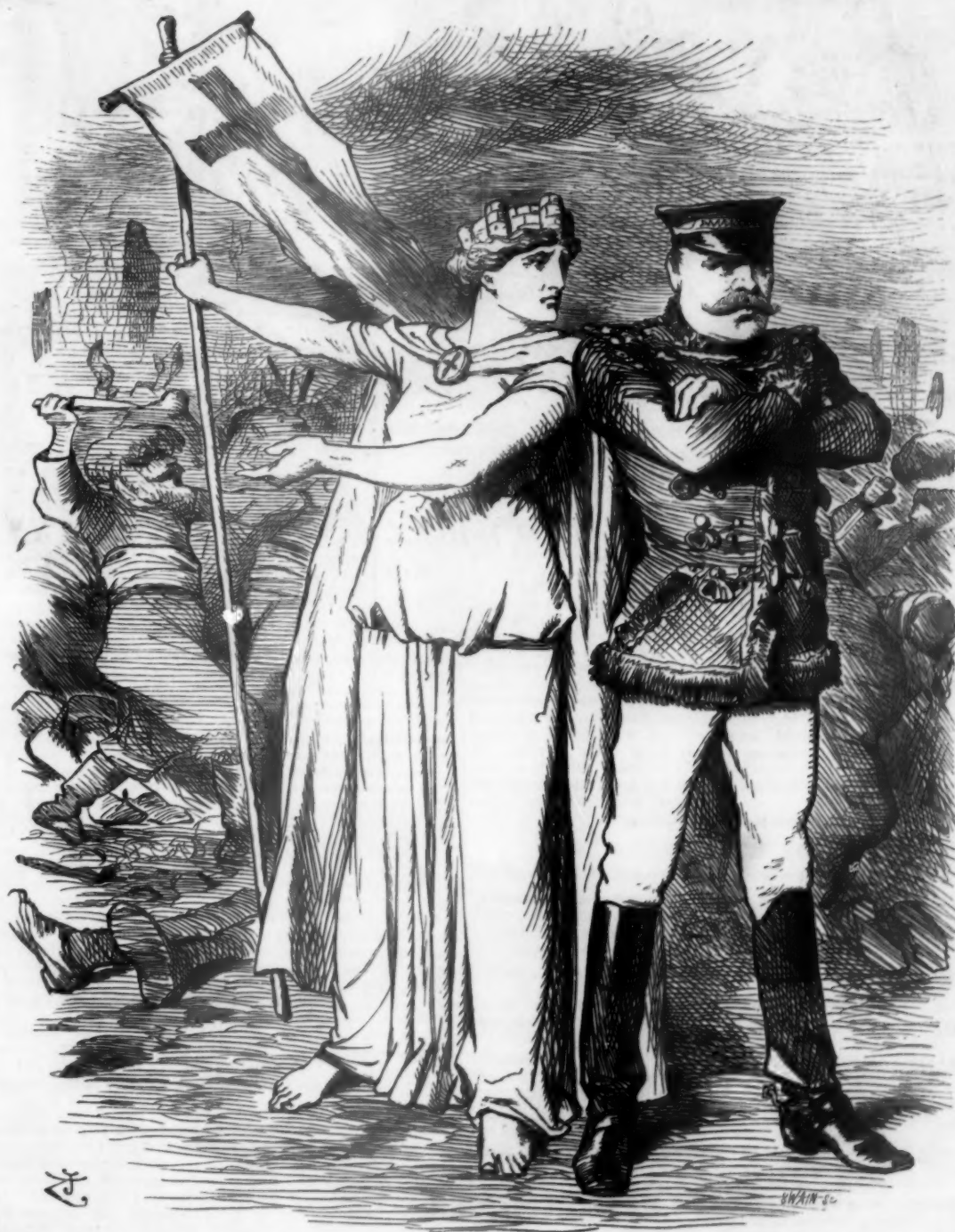
And the red stain of blood on the hands.

A PUZZLER.

THE *Globe* (Jan. 16), in commenting upon the fact that some of the new buildings in Northumberland Avenue are built beyond the line of frontage, says:—

"Any one standing between new buildings should be put back and rounded off DRUMMOND'S and COCKS'S will see at once that the differently to the works in progress, so as to secure uniformity and an uninterrupted view."

We confess we do not quite see what the writer is driving at. But it certainly seems rather rough on inoffensive people who stand between new buildings. If they are trespassing we can readily understand they should be "put back;" but why, in addition to this, they should also be "rounded off"—unless to convert them into advertisements for our globular contemporary, it is impossible to say.



A CRY FROM CHRISTENDOM.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

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A COURSING MATCH—FROM THE HARE'S POINT OF VIEW.

LOOKING IN THE CRYSTAL.

INVITED to assist at some experiments, by the Chairman and Directors of the United Asbestos Company Limited, Your Scientific Commissioner took himself to the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the 14th of January last. He was prepared to test everything placed before him. He had a small but complete case of chemicals in his left-hand coat pocket, and several electrical batteries in other sartorial receptacles. He was ready to give the fruits of many years of earnest study, to any matter requiring his attention. His head was as clear as a bell, his hand as steady as a mountain.

On reaching Sydenham, he was informed that the experiments had been postponed, to suit the convenience of the LORD MAYOR of London who was most anxious to be present at the luncheon. "The Luncheon!" murmured Your Scientific Commissioner, and returned with increased attention to the card of invitation that had been forwarded to him. It was then that he read the following satisfaction-creating words, "Luncheon at two o'clock in the Marble Hall, at the south end of the Palace. Experiments immediately afterwards." The announcement did not take Your Scientific Commissioner altogether by surprise. He had heard that the experiments were to be connected with "the devouring element." Your Commissioner felt that he was quite capable of representing the Devouring Element. Your friend Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM might have said "Elephant."

It was not difficult to find the Marble Hall. Placards pointed the way in all directions, "to the Asbestos Luncheon," and assisted the guests in the discovery of the viands upon which they had been invited to experimentalise. A goodly crowd soon congregated in an ante-room, and were urged to apply "the devouring element" upon some sherry and biscuits. While this interesting "illustration" was going on, circulars on green paper, giving the "list of invited guests," were distributed, so that those who were present should learn the names and positions of their fellow-revellers. Then it was that the guests found that "— JONES, Esq." was to be of the party, and the delight became almost delirious. Then it was that a "Mr. BROWN" and a "Mr. SMITH" were both identified in the catalogue, and the joy grew quite hysterical.

"Gentlemen," said an aged reveller, "be kind enough to follow the LORD MAYOR and myself."

The scientific body moved like one man, and soon had seated themselves at tables covered with dainties.

The first experiment had to do with soup. Two sorts were placed before the *servants*—mook-turtle and *jardinière*—and both disappeared with equal rapidity. Then came five sorts of fish, which yielded as readily to "the devouring element." Then followed *entrées*, removes, and sweets. All vanished as if by magic. Hook, sherry, and champagne were laid on, but without any great effect. The work of destruction seemed rather to increase than to decrease as the liquid played into the glasses. Everyone seemed satisfied with the experiments. Captain SHAW, the Life (Insurance) Guardsman, tested the strength of the jellies to the utmost, and the LORD MAYOR seemed quite at home in knocking down the crusts of the rhubarb-tarts. The Stage was ably represented by "HARE AND KENDAL," the well-known firm of Solicitors—beg pardon—Theatrical Managers.

Later on, another semi-anonymous personage (who apparently was "quite an amusing rattle") put in an appearance—a gentleman who signs himself "MONCKTON," and who, Your Commissioner was informed, is the Town Crier, or the Town Clerk, or something of that sort, in the City. Altogether, the experimentalists formed a very merry family.

After the luncheon had been subjected to a thousand thoroughly searching tests, the Chairman rose, amidst much cordiality, to announce that there would be no toasts. He added something which did not catch the ear of Your Scientific Commissioner, and the party separated highly delighted with all they had seen, heard, and—last, but not least—had tasted.

On the following day the papers contained some interesting accounts of the doings of the United Asbestos Company Limited. No doubt there was a good reason for these favourable reports. The luncheon was excellent, consequently it is more than possible—nay, highly probable—that the Fire-Proof Paint was quite inflammable. At least this, after much careful consideration, is the deliberate opinion of Your Scientific Commissioner, who subsequently got into the wrong train, went fast asleep, dreamt that he "dwelt in marble halls," and woke up at Croydon.

THE BALLAD OF THE BAROMETER.

[On January 17 the Barometer was higher than it has been for forty years.]

"Oh, what will be the weather?" the scared Householder would cry, When seeing that his aneroid was waltzing up so high;

"There's nothing that's remarkable about my calm thermometer, But, hang me, if I know what's come to-day to that Barometer!"

"What's next?" the British Farmer said. "Here's one day wrapt in gloom,

One cold and frosty, then one day strange flowers are out in bloom. I test the strength of my cows' milk with what's called a lactometer, But that ne'er dances up and down like this insane Barometer."

"The weather's queer," the Tourist said. "One day my wraps I need, The next I stroll along without my coat, from trammels freed; I measure every stride I take by accurate pedometer, And that I well can understand, but not this wild Barometer."

The Meteorologist was charmed to see it upward rise. Quoth he, "This curious incident will cause some folks surprise.

But those who read the signs of storms, and use the electrometer, Are not alarmed to see the tricks now played by the Barometer."

But quiet folk exclaimed, "Oh dear, we're very much perplexed! What horrid atmospheric change can now be coming next?

Does this portend a fall of snow, the advent of a comet, or A fearsome storm? What does it mean, this rise in the Barometer?"

PANIC ON THE BOURSE.—An English stock-broker writes from Paris to say, that, though he doesn't understand French, yet he was quite capable of appreciating the exclamation, uttered in various tones on January 19, "O mong Share!"

POET'S CORNER;

Or, Nonsensical Rhymes on well-known Names.

("The Lily and the B." at the Haymarket.)

SAYS the Lily to the B.,
"We'll make £. s. d."
SAYS the B. to the Lily,
"We're a Merry Family!"

(The Great Billiard Match.)

SAYS COOK to ROBERTS,
"My pocket this job hurts."
SAYS ROBERTS to COOK,
"I've made a big book."

(The Cynic.)

SAYS VEZIN to MERIVALE,
"My part went very vell."
SAYS MERIVALE to VEZIN,
"You're Mephistopheles in."

SAYS MISS LITTON to HERMANN,
"I like Gretchen in German."
SAYS HERMANN to MISS LITTON,
"But mine's so well written."

(A Scene in Court.)

SAYS FIELD to COCK,
"My feelings you shock."
SAYS COCK to FIELD,
"I only appealed."

New Books.

REMARKABLE Hall. By the Author of *Strange Chapman*.

North Riding Election. By the Author of *Jem's Hopes* and *How they were Realised*.

What's that to You? By the Author of *Who's Who?*

A Reality at Marlborough Street. By the Author of *A Romance of Regent Street*.

AN irritable Correspondent writes to us "The Ladies on the School Board are becoming a nuisance. Can't they be removed?" Yes, one of our eminent caricaturists will take them off.

THE Electric Light is to be used at Waterloo Place, Piccadilly Circus, and Regent Street, where they are now Laing it on.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 68.



SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

IN HIM THOSE WHOLLY ANTIQUE HOURS ARE SEEN,
TO ART AN ORNAMENT, HIMSELF, AND TRUE,
LEAVING TO CRAZY LIMBERS PALE SAEN GREEN
TO CLOTHE LIMP LANKY FORMS OF SICKLY HUE.

BUT HIM AS FOR A MAP DOETH NATURE STONE,
TO SHOW FALSE ART TRUE CHIVALRY OF YORE.
Sonnets by Will Shakespeare. (New Version.)

THE NEW CLUB RULES.

(Dedicated to All and Sundry.)

1. That the Club be started for the purposes of gambling.
2. That gambling being a means towards making money, no foolish obstructions shall be placed in the way of this laudable end.
3. That every Player shall be provided by the proprietor with a trick-coat.
4. That every Player shall provide his own Cards.
5. That no Player shall be allowed to cut, shuffle, deal, or in any way interfere with another Player's cards.
6. That the game be Baccarat.
7. That if a Player prefer to sit on the table while dealing, he shall do so.
8. That if a Player choose to shuffle the cards under the table, he shall do so.
9. That should Members count the refuse cards at the end of the game and find too many, the same be not considered a sign of aught unfair.
10. That the discovery of any number of nines in a Player's sleeve or on a Player's lap shall not militate against that gentleman's character as a man of honour.
11. That the Game be played on strictly ready-money principles.
12. That I.O.U.'s be considered ready money.

Sandringham Sonnet.

TAKE the bells and ring 'em
TOOLE'S played at Sandringham.
Who will come next?
BANCROFTS I s'poses
Not the *Two Roses*.
Won't BRUCE be vex'd!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM'S coachman got into a difficulty, and then into a police-court. "Poor man!" said the charitable lady, "he doesn't know the difference between *meum* and *teum*."

MUNICIPAL REFORM.

MR. PUNCH'S Sanctum. TIME—12'30 A.M.

MR. PUNCH discovered, hospitably entertaining GOG and MAGOG.

MR. P. Well, Gentlemen, I should much like to hear what, from your long experience, you think of the proposal to abolish the old Corporation?

MAGOG. Abolish the Corporation! then abolish the House of Lords, abolish the Monarchy, abolish the Rights of Property, abolish all grand old customs, abolish us!

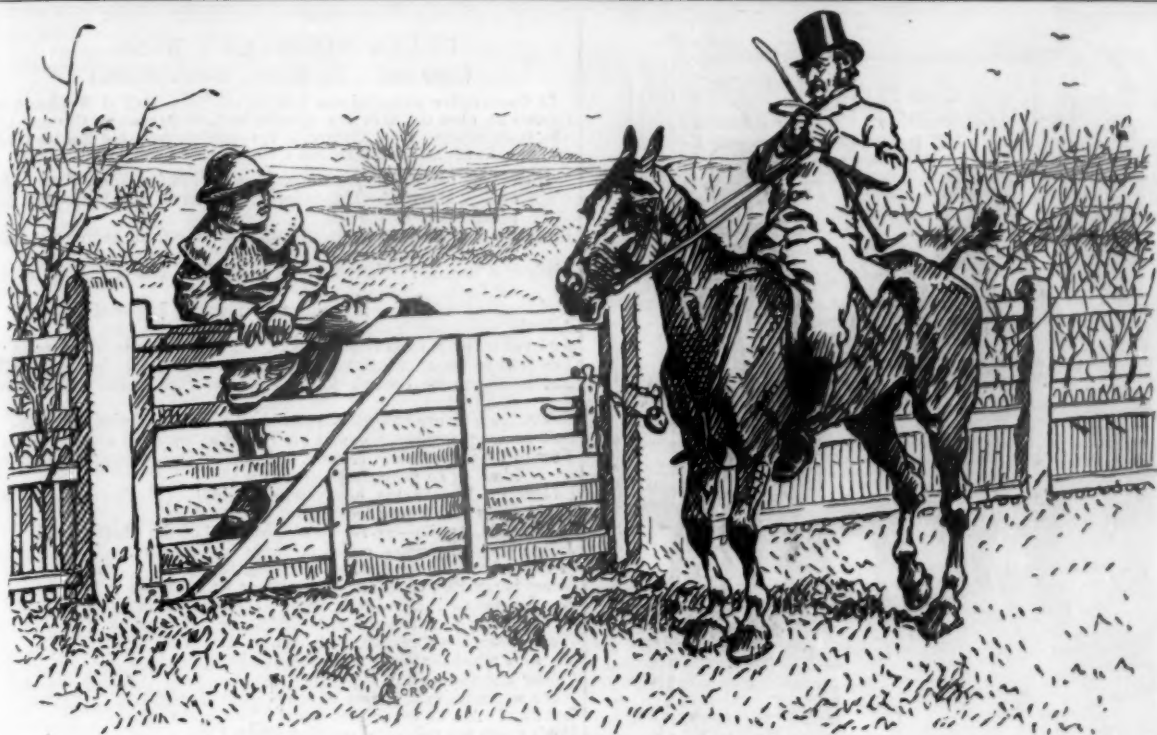
MR. P. Ah, that would be sad indeed, especially if it included the annual custom of counting the six horse-shoes and the sixty-one nails, and the chopping of the faggots! But what say you, Mr. GOG?

GOG (who helps himself as directed, and then fires away). Well, Sir, you see MAGOG is just a little impetuous, p'raps arising from his always being on the hot side of the Hall, whereas, my place being on the North side, I am naturally cooler, and can take a more rational view of things, and I've long seen that something was coming, and, in truth, that something ought to come, but abolition would be simply monstrous. My Masters ain't perfect, no set of men can be, I suppose, but from what I hear and see, they do a wonderful amount of good in a quiet unpretending way. The Improvements

in the City Streets during the last twenty years or so are something wonderful. MAGOG and I generally take a stroll about once a month or so to see how things are going on, and its really something extraordinary. Look at Cannon Street, and Gresham Street, and Ludgate Hill, and the Poultry, and the Holborn Viaduct, and think what they must have cost, when I've sometimes heard 'em say they've had to give a sovereign a square foot for some of 'em. And then, how beautifully clean they're kept! I've got a list here of some of the things as they've done during the last fifteen years, which perhaps you'll allow me to read. (Reads.)

"They have, during that time, rebuilt Blackfriars Bridge. They have purchased Southwark Bridge and freed it from toll. They have erected three large Markets. They have housed 1,000 people in comfortable healthy dwellings. They have restored their historical Guildhall to all its pristine beauty. They have erected a magnificent Free Library and Museum, that were visited last year by nearly 400,000 persons, the Library having had more readers than even that of the British Museum. They are erecting a large and handsome building for their admirable City School, on a site valued at £20,000, which said school has had, and is having, a most brilliant success, equal to that of any public school of modern times. And all this has been done without the cost of a single shilling to the Ratepayers either of the City or the Metropolis."

MR. P. And they have also erected, have they not, a worse than



SCENE—At a Locked Gate.

Timid Sportsman on weedy mount (to Rustic on gate). "NOW THEN, M' LAD, TAKE THAT GATE OFF ITS HINGES, WILL YER?"

Rustic. "WHAT 'LL YER GIV' ME?"

Sportsman. "A COPPER, F'ERAPS."

Rustic (preparing to cut). "THEN I'M BLESSED IF YER AIN'T AS BIG A SCREW AS YER 'OSS!"

[Cuts off.]

useless Memorial at Temple Bar, surmounted by a Griffin perfectly awful in its ugliness.

Gog. But which, Sir, thanks to you, has contributed largely to the amusement of mankind.

Mr. P. You have taxes upon Coals and Corn and Wine, have you not? Surely these seem anomalies in these days of Free Trade?

Gog. Well, you see, Sir, money must be found somehow for improvements; and as a man may eat 150 half-quartern loaves and drink a dozen bottles of wine before his taxes amount to one penny, that is not a very heavy burden. (Reads.)

"With their small tax of fourpence per ton upon coals, they have made Cannon Street and the magnificent Holborn Viaduct, and with the proceeds of a still smaller tax upon foreign corn—so infinitesimal that a man must consume 75½ quartern-loaves before his tax amounts to a single farthing, and in exchange for which they willingly sacrificed a revenue of £9,000 a year—they have been enabled to complete the purchase of a beautiful Park of 80 acres at West Ham, one of the poorest parishes in the whole Metropolis, with a swarming population of 130,000 souls, to purchase beautiful Burnham Beeches, the delight of our Artists and all lovers of Nature when seen at her very best, to promise a contribution of £5,000 towards 'Paddington Park,' and, far beyond all, to secure for ever for the healthful recreation and enjoyment of the People, no less than 5,600 acres of Epping Forest, doubtless the noblest recreation-ground in Europe!

"In addition to this, they have under consideration the preservation of Cusledon and the neighbouring Commons, of Banstead Downs, and of Dartford Brent; and the mere knowledge that they are always ready to come forward in all similar cases, prevents similar attempts being made elsewhere.

"The Freedom of the City, although it may not be literally true that, as the Marquis of SALISBURY said, 'it is an honour greater than any in the power of the Crown to bestow,' yet it is no doubt an honour highly prized and highly appreciated by all public men."

Mr. P. True. (They mix, and sip.) You are very wealthy, are you not?

Gog. Well, I suppose we are what a poor devil of a Barrister would call rich, but what many of our Dukes and Earls would call poor. I

am told that if the whole of it was taken from us and given to the entire Metropolis it would not save 'em more than a penny in the pound.

Mr. P. Why not devote more of it to the encouragement of Art?

Gog. We do devote a considerable portion of it to Art. We have the finest collection of Modern Sculptures in the Kingdom, we have lately established the most successful School of Music in the Metropolis, if not in Europe, and are about to establish a School of Art for Painting and Sculpture.

Mr. P. Well, Gentlemen, I am much pleased with your visit, but will not trouble you further to-night.

Gog. There's one other matter, Sir, I should like to allude to. *Mr. Punch* and his illustrious ancestors in Italy have always been in favour of a greater mingling of classes than at present exists. Now what can be a greater step toward that desirable end than the election of a tradesman of the City of London to the office of Lord Mayor?

Mr. P. How so, Mr. Gog? Explain what you mean.

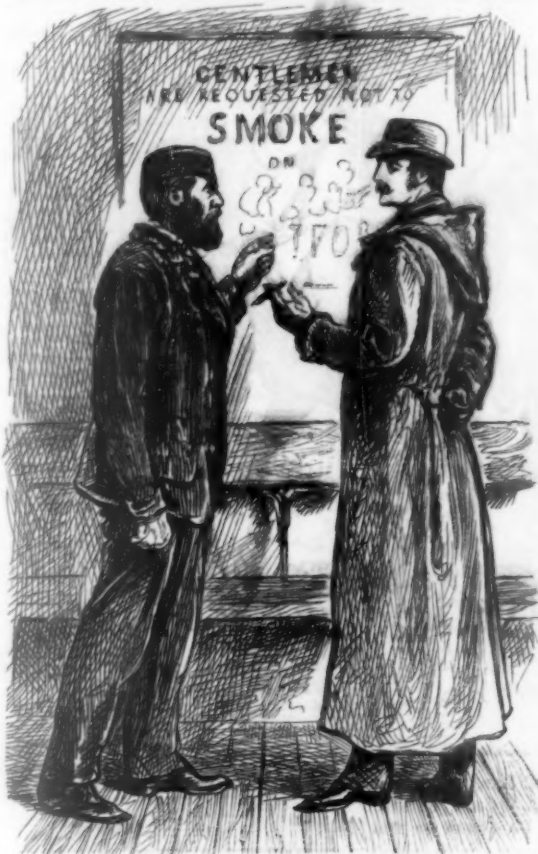
Gog. Certainly, Sir. A man who is elected Lord Mayor, steps out of his warehouse, or out of his counting-house, or out of his shop, into the Mansion House, and then receives, as his guests, Royal Princes, Ministers of State, Judges, Bishops, and even Marquises and Dukes.

Mr. P. Come, come, Mr. Gog! I think you are going a little too far—are you not? Surely, no Lord Mayor steps from his shop to the Mansion House!

Gog. Oh yes, he does, though, and sometimes hasn't far to go. I remember very well when the QUEEN first came to Guildhall, Mr. COWAN was Lord Mayor, and he sold candles just opposite the Mansion House. He was a very small man, and when the QUEEN first saw him, she turned round to Lord MELBOURNE, and said, "What a nice little Lord Mayor!" I suppose she sympathised with his small stature, for she afterwards made him Sir JOHN COWAN, Bart., despite his candle-shop.

Mr. P. Well, there really is something in what you say, though perhaps not quite so much as you seem to think; however, I am very glad to have seen you, and no doubt—

[Cock crows, and Gog and MAGOG disappear.]



A DEFINITION WANTED.

"BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT DON'T YOU SEE THE NOTICE?"

"YES, MY GOOD FELLOW, BUT I NEVER SAID I WAS A GENTLEMAN!"

MONTE CARLO.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

To leave the fogs and mud of London, to leave the sombre gaieties of English holiday time, and to exchange for them the warmth and brilliancy of a Mediterranean winter, the laughter-loving life of the children of the sunny South; this, indeed, is what the happy man does who hurries *via* Paris and Marseilles to the delectable spot where I am located. I am writing after a dainty, delicate, *déjeuner*, which reminds me in its contrast to the monotonous, uninviting, breakfasts of home, by an open window. Around it cluster pomegranates, honeysuckle, and passion-flowers. The scent of jessamine is strong on the balmy breezes, and the roses, and the myrtles, the lilies, and the violets lend their fragrance. Before me are the calm, bright, blue Mediterranean waters, reflecting a sky as azure as themselves. Here and there are seen the white sails of the graceful feluccas. Nature renders this one glorious paradise. And whom have you in London left? Carriage after carriage rolls by containing all that is great and good and beautiful in society. Darling duchesses of England, fair princesses of Russia, sweet gräfinns of Germany, ravishing marquises of France, are all represented. The Jockey Club has sent a strong contingent, the Guards must be empty. The pigeon shooting promises to be admirable, the racing will be equal to that of Liverpool, and the tables are surrounded by an eager, joyous crowd. No more at present. I will hear the nightingales sing in the orange groves.

By Telegram.—Wrote above before I started. Weather beastly. *Lobelia* broke down when winning. Gun beats bird and bird beats gun, always at wrong times. Not a soul here except cads. Advocate strongly the abolition of gaming-tables. They ought to be put down. My hotel most uncomfortable. Send me money at once, as I am in pawn. Send it at once.

UNDER WOODCOCK'S WING.

(Scene from "The Birds"—Modern Version.)

[A Conservative gathering was held in the Town Hall at Woodstock on January 20, when the chair was occupied by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who, in introducing Lord LYTTON to the meeting, remarked that his Lordship's public life had gained for him a world-wide reputation.]

Woodcock (perching prominently and pluming himself proudly, aside). Hurroo! This is jolly! What folly to pooh-pooh my prospects of ruling 'em! Birds are not all of them gulls, but there's nothing more easy than fooling 'em.

Birds of a feather? Ha! ha! Of the Walk who'd expect to see me Cock,

And trotting out under my wing this imposing Imperial Peacock? A little, alert, longirostral, impertinent pecker like me, too!

And yet playing Juno to him. Ah! old Aquila really must see to The fowl he thought infinitesimal. As for our Owl, he's no go at all, Not longipennate enough for a leader of birds; can't e'en crow at all.

Saturnine Vulture of Hatfield can claw and tear carrion decently. Still he is squeezable, yes, and has bowed at my altar quite recently. Now for my Peacock! (Aloud.) O Birds, just consider the tail of him! (To Peacock.) Spread it!

(Aloud.) List to his honey-toned voice! (To Peacock.) Fire away! Do your trotter-out credit.

Peacock. Aquila—gr-r-r! he's the chief of the Chatterers, Jay in prigged plumes, called an eagle by flatterers.

(I never borrow, nor feathers nor song-tunes.)

Sweet is my Pan-pipe, and never plays wrong tunes.)

Aquila—br-r-r! He Jove's bird? He would skimp us

Of space and plume-feathers. He'd narrow Olympus

Clean down to a dunghill, and then he'd not crow on it.

He's all white feather. My plumage has glow on it;

Colour and sheen; my appendages caudal

Have won admiration from BEAKEY—and MAUDLE.

BEAKEY! Ah, he was a bird now! He spotted me,—

Don't mean my tail—and position allotted me

Near the far East's new Imperial Juno,

And how I sustained that high dignity you know.

Aquila!—eugh! He's a prig, predatory,

Robbed me of my perch, and our realm of its glory.

O my ornithological friends, I beseech you

To let his two years of base blundering teach you

He's far more rapacious than any black Raven,

Than any poor Quail more confoundedly craven,

More crass than a Goose, though more proud than a Turkey,

Than silliest Ostrich more shifty and shirky.

Less original much than a Bullfinch or Mocking Bird—

In short—as my friend Woodcock whispers—a Shocking Bird!

Do pray turn him out of his nest and your graces,

Of him and his brood we can well fill the places,

While the Eagle-King's post, which with him is absurd,

My dear Woodcock is ready to fill—

Woodcock (promptly and emphatically) Like a Bird!!!

SKETCHES FROM "BOZ."

(Adapted to Popular Characters.)



H.R.H. the Duke of C-mbr-dge, as
Major Bagstock in "Dombey and Son."



Mr. H-rb-rt G-l-dst-ne, as
Herbert in "Great Expectations."

VERY LIKELY!—The Irish Land Act will probably be known as the 44th and 45th of Evictoria, Cap. 49.



CHEERING.

Dentist. "WELL, SIR, THEY TALK ABOUT COMING AT TEN ELEVENTH HOUR; BUT IT'S A QUARTER TO TWELVE WITH ALL FOUR TEETH, I'M AFRAID!"

DISTINCTLY PRECIOUS PANTOMIME.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
 HERE'S A LETTER from "AN OLD CLOWN," which recently appeared in your Contemporary, is all nonsense. Clowns, if they wish to keep their place upon the stage, must go with the times. They must become *Æsthetic*. A long-haired Clown, a flabby Harlequin, an intense Pantaloon, and a Burnes-Jonesian Columbine, would be a great success. Fancy a lugubrious Clown singing the following version of

HOT CODLINS.

SOME foolish young people, quite famous they got
 By posing, and talking—rot, rot, rot!
 They made themselves Guys, not fit to be seen,
 And they painted their walls a sad sage green;
 They worshipped in silence their white and blue,
 And their friends all said they were quite—
 Da-do, daffodilly, silly-billy,
 Sunflower, Botticelli, quite Too-too!

These foolish young people, they cared not a jot;
 They thought they knew what was what, what, what!
 They painted poems they averred were good;
 They sang sweet pictures that none understood.
 And though it was said they had no common sense,
 Everyone declared they were much too—
 Da-do, daffodilly, silly-billy,
 Sunflower, Botticelli, quite Too-too!

Would not that be splendid? I may inform you, in the strictest confidence, that Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD is going to write, for the Drury Lane Annual next season, *Harlequin Dado and the Sighing Sunflower*; or, *the Languorous Lilies of Linsphire*, in which there will doubtless be an ample field for the display of the talents of
 Your obedient Servant,
 Bedford Park. A YOUNG CLOWN.

GAMBETTA's latest move will probably be known as "GAMBETTA's Gambit;" i.e., sacrificing something to gain everything. *Nous verrons.*

HAMLET ON THE SITUATION.

(Perplexed Premier ponders.)

CLÔTURE or no Clôture? That is the question:—
 Whether 'tis better, on the whole, to suffer
 The waste and worry of malign Obstruction,
 Or to take arms against the plague of Spouters,
 And, by mouth-closing, foil them? To rise—to vote—
 No more;—and, by a vote, to find we end
 The boredom and the thousand wanton "blocks"
 The Session's heir to. 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To rise—to vote—
 To vote! Perchance to gag. Ay, there's the rub;
 For from that Vote what tyranny may come,
 When we have wriggled from Obstruction's coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the consideration
 That makes endurance of so long a life.
 For who would bear the quips and quirks of BARTLETT,
 Tart BIGGAR's tongue, O'DONNELL's contumely,
 The gibes of gadfly GORST, WARTON's delay,
 The cheek of callow CHURCHILL, and the spurns
 That patient FORSTER of rude HEALY takes,
 When he to them might their quietus give
 With a bare majority? Who'd night-sittings bear
 To yawn and faint for twenty weary hours,
 But that the fear of after-hurt to Freedom,—
 That glory of our Country, whose wide bourn
 No Liberal would limit, clogs the will
 And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we may not measure?
 Thus Caution does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the Statesman's native resolution,
 Is hampered by the cobweb coils of doubt
 And politicians of great pith and prowess,
 From this reform their faces turn aside,
 Dreading the name of—Clôture!

"OH, THE SONG OF THE WOODEN SPOON!"—*Cantabile* Ballad, written for the Last of the Wranglers, on the occasion of the disappearance of the gallant Senior Wrangler-ship in the waters of Oblivion.

SKETCHES FROM "BOZ."



Oscar Wilde as Harold Skimpole.



Lord Alfred Paget as Captain Cuttle.



Sir Wilfrid Lawson as Mark Topsy.



J. G. Biggar, M.P., as Quilp.



"ATTITUDE OF M. GAMBETTA."

"WARE WIT!"

"Yesterday morning, while I was reading the English papers in one of the leading *cafés*, two detectives entered, and requested that all copies of *Punch* should be handed over to them immediately. Much to my regret, they left with them in their pockets. Just imagine the progress which the German bureaucrats have made! They now actually understand English jokes written in the English language!"—*Daily News Correspondent at Berlin.*

"*Si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit*" is an old *cruz*,
And it would not seem that Wit has yet contrived
O'er the Teuton's mental chaos to send forth that *fiat lux*!

Which stupidity has never long survived.
How one pities these poor Prussians, high or low, all humour-blind,
Whom stern duty makes assayers, watchers, testers
Of that Jack o' Lantern, Wit! Who is much surprised to find
That the Philistines are down on Jews and Jesters?

Geist well drilled is well enough, if it doesn't take to mocking
Great Panjandrum when they play the fool—'tis often;

But the *nous* that satirises—or succeeds—is simply shocking—
An offence that neither race nor grace may soften.

The alien who prospers, or who pleasantly pokes fun,
Has committed the unpardonable sin,
To which the sole rejoinder of each Great official Gun
Is the *Dogberry* ultimatum, "Run him in!"

Pruss *v.* Proteus? "Twill not do. Leave the Jester and the Jew,
Both too subtle for all bonds mere force can forge.
What can Iron do 'gainst Irony, or Blood against the True,
Though its fancy-winged defiance raise your gorge?
There's a strength that's more enduring than the brawny might
of Edom,

Brute oppression pales at last before its star,
In the old eternal conflict, still renewed, 'twixt Force and Freedom,
Truth and Wit are ever contraband of War!

PROVERB FOR POOL.—A ball in hand's worth two in baulk.

"THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD BOY YET."

(New Version. Dedicated to the Directors and Shareholders of the London and South-Western Railway Company.)

"SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO A RAILWAY PORTER.—On Saturday last the oldest porter at Richmond Station, JAMES ISTD by name, better known as 'Old JIMMY,' was knocked down whilst in the act of crossing the line, and sustained serious injuries which will incapacitate him from further duty, if indeed he should eventually recover, which is somewhat doubtful. . . . ISTD, who is sixty-one years of age, came to Richmond Station in 1847, the line having been opened to this town on the 27th of July, 1846. He was first employed at Nine Elms, and after that was sent to Hampton Court, from which station he was transferred to Richmond, where he has remained ever since, a period of about thirty-five years. The Company make no provision for their old worn-out employes, who may go on till they drop, or are knocked down and run over; but alive to the importance of filling up the gap, they have put on a boy, in the room of the old man, at more economical wages."—*Surrey Comet*.

For thirty-five years he has served them well,

Though he's only a porter still,
"Old JIMMY" who's well-nigh worked his spell;

He can't work, but someone will.
His duty's to swell the dividend—
He's part of the common "plant";
He may come like a cur to his worldly end,
If he's told to work, and can't.

For the jolly Directors must rule the line,
And the Shareholders pocket their due;
But a man who is spent, and his back rack bent,
Is not thought of at Waterloo.

For thirty-five years he has battered along,
Mid snow-storm and rain and fog:
When Steam was but weak, he was stout and strong,

And now he must die like a dog.
Now that Steam is strong, he's worn and grey,

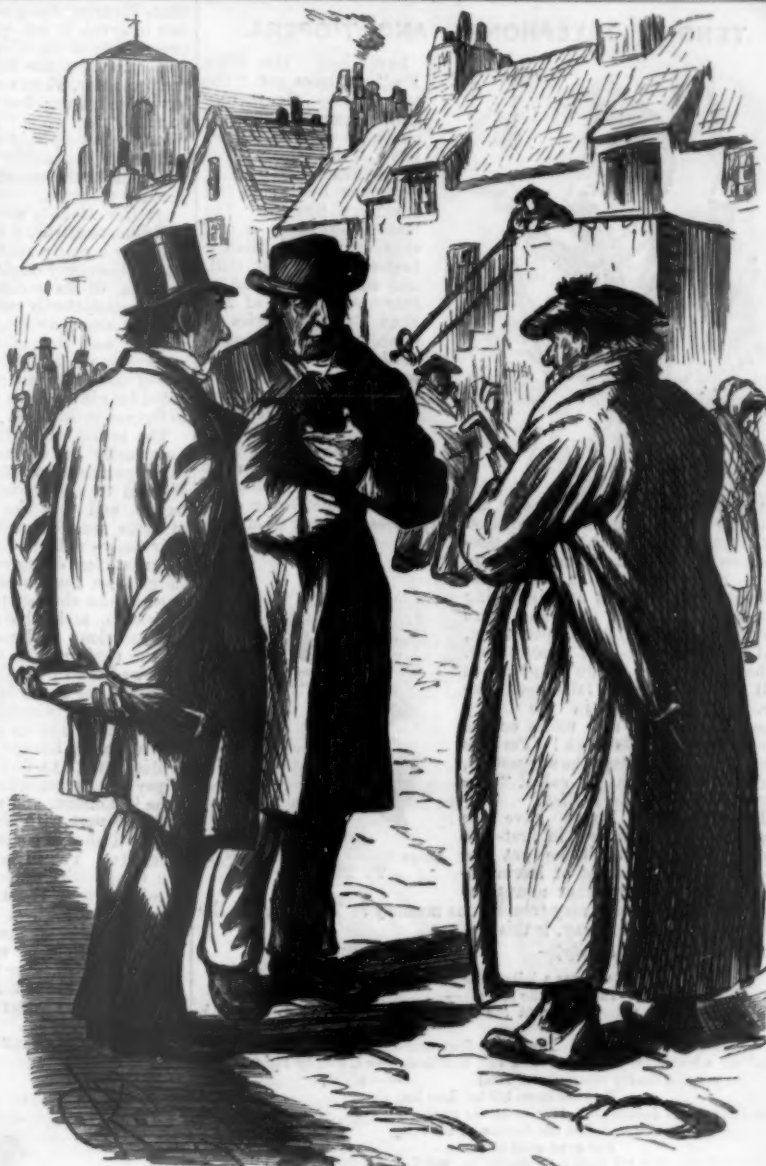
He has lost his manhood's prime,
And a stripling can do his work, they say.
Yes, he's quite outlived his time.

For the jolly Directors must have their fees,
And the Shareholders get their "per-cent."
Since the life of a man is only a span,
What matter if he be spent?

A SLOW-COACH RAILWAY COMPANY.

SIR,—It is with unmixed feelings of pain and regret that I tell you my pitiful story; a story of the woes of a constant traveller on the South-Eastern Line from London to Woolwich and back again.

For me, time is money, and I try to catch the hours as they fly, and turn them into golden guineas, or half-guineas, as the case may be. But for the Directors of the South-Eastern, and, I presume, for the Shareholders too, time is *not* money. They are not slaves; so for the ridiculous sum of half-a-crown, I am leisurely conveyed to Woolwich, a distance of about ten miles, in something over an hour, and as leisurely brought home again. Twenty minutes of the hour are occupied on the journey (including stoppages, unaccountable or otherwise) to Cannon Street, where ten minutes are allowed, for refreshment, presumably; as, for aught I know, the Directors have some such contract with the owners of the refreshment-bar as exists at Swindon and other half-way Stations, where delay is com-



"THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH" (OR SCOTCH).

Minister. "WELL, JOHN, AN HOO DID YE LIKE MA SON'S DISCOURSE?"

John. "WELL, MEEENISTER, AH MAUN ADMREET HE'S VERA SOOND, BUT, OH MAN! HE'S NO DEEP! HIS PRONOUNCIATION'S NO VERA GWEED; BUT AH 'VE NAE DOUBT HE 'LL IMPREV'!"

pulsory. From Cannon Street a slow progress, diversified by stoppages at and between Stations, renders the journey a memorable one, and tends to impress vividly on the mind the various conspicuous objects of an extremely uninteresting country, until arrived at Woolwich, wearied with repeated delays, and sorely tried as to temper, the unfortunate traveller finds that it is about time to commence his return journey. Thank Providence, I have no further experience of this dilatory Company; but should this line of conduct be extended to their other routes, the sooner the conduct of this line is amended the better.

Railway travelling, however suited to the practical study of geography, was not originally intended for this sole purpose. Why not make the Directors of this Slow-Coach Company Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, and let them hand over their duties to men with a more intimate knowledge of Railway Management? Yours, RUSTY CURS.

THE MATHEMATICAL TRIPPO.—Mrs. RAMSDOTHAM is very glad to hear that the distinguished foreigner, Signor RAWOLA, has been banished from Cambridge, where, she says, every title should be thoroughly English.

TENORS, TELEPHONES, AND T'OPERA.



E have had "the three F's," we have got "the two G's" — GLADSTONE and GAMBETTA — (*absit omen!*) — and now we have "the three H's" — HERBERT GLADSTONE, HERBERT BISMARCK, and HERBERT REEVER. The last appeared as a real chip of the old block — first-rate block too, still, and such a real head of hair — at the first of Mr. SIMS REEVER's series of Concerts at St. James's Hall. The great tenor was unable to sing all the music set down for him, but what he did sing, viz. — "My Pretty Jane" and "The Bay of Biscay" — was given in his own inimitable style; and vocally, as effective as ever.

the latter was, both dramatically and vocally, as effective as ever. Madame MARIE ROZE was enthusiastically Mr. NICHOLSON as a mocking-bird perched on his own flute, and hopping from note to note in the most delightfully impudent and irritating manner. Shut your eyes, and there was the Mocking-Bird; open them, and there was Mr. NICHOLSON. What a pity he couldn't appear in full plumage, with a false head like Mr. ARRY JACKSON in the Drury Lane Pantomime, and tootle on the flute through his beak! Perhaps after this he will adopt the suggestion, and the duet might be called "The Rose and the Mocking-Bird."

Mr. BARITONE FOOTE gave the popular "Jolly Miller" in first-rate style; but why can't he get the words by heart instead of having to refer to them every other minute to refresh his apparently very treacherous memory? The effect of the song, as given in this way, is this:—

Mr. B. F. (*sings lustily*)—

There was a jolly Miller once
Lived on the river—

(Suddenly forgets where on earth the Miller lived, and refers to book—oh, yes, that's it)

He worked and sang from morn till—

(Let me see—up to what hour did the Gentleman—oh, yes, by referring to the printed book I remember it was)

No lark more blithe than he.

(Looking round boldly and cheerily at the audience)

And this the burden of his song

For ever used to be,

"I care for nobody, no, not I—"

(Let me see—is it "AND nobody cares"?—ah!—of course—where is it?)

Ah, yes, that's it—"I care for nobody, no, not I—"

—sings defiantly—
If nobody cares for me."

In the intervals of the Concert we contrived to get to the Bristol Hotel and avail ourselves of the United Telephone Company's invitation to ear-witness the performance of *The Mascotte* through the telephone. We heard one of Miss CAMERON's songs, and a chorus, perfectly; the only defect being that there seemed to be the gruff voice of a grumpy person trying to join very jerkily in the music which came in at our left ear, and didn't go out at the other. Whether the fault was with ourselves, or with the machine, or with somebody in Mr. HENDERSON's company, we were at a loss to determine. Could the gruff person's attempt have been the voice of that eminent vocalist, Mr. LIONEL BROUGH? It might have been so, as we heard his dulcet tones most distinctly at the commencement of the dialogue, when, by the way, everybody dropped the telephones with a sigh, and resumed the conversation which had been interrupted by the necessity for silence during the per-telephonic performance of the music.

BLAKE's carbon transmitters are fixed at the back of the Proscenium on the right and the left, yet we didn't hear a single sound when the Act-Drop was down and the carpenters must have been setting the next scene. Of course, unless Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON's



Sims Reeves in his Farewell, or Ta' Ta' Concerts.

Stage Manager has given the very strictest orders as to silence during this interval, it was quite on the cards, though not included in the programme of the telephonic entertainment, that a few energetic expressions from the Stage Manager or the master carpenter, or from the prompter, when somebody or something wasn't quite ready might have reached us; but we might have been present at the burial of Sir JOHN MOORE, when "not a sound was heard," so mute was everything and everybody until the Orchestra began to tune up. Altogether we can safely affirm it to be the first and only time we have experienced the sensation of a real "singing in one's ears" with genuine pleasure.

At *Her Majesty's*.—To announce a popular Opera like *Carmen* is sufficient to attract a big house; to let it be known that the public will hear a really good all-round performance of it from Mr. CARL ROSA's Company ought to be enough to double the attendance on the occasion of its second representation. Shortcomings there must be in satisfactorily carrying out such a difficult enterprise as this, and we sincerely trust that Mr. ROSA's efforts will not go unrewarded, and that at no very distant time, as there are theatres springing up in all directions, one of them at least may be devoted for nine months in the year to Operas in English.

The notion that Operas must necessarily be in Italian, that their performance must be restricted to singers with foreign names, and that the enjoyment of them must be confined to the extremely well-to-do class, is, we trust, fast dying out; and to judge from the crowded appearance of the cheaper part of *Her Majesty's*, and, above all from the judicious applause bestowed on the performance, it is certain that we have in London a public as capable of appreciating a good operatic entertainment, as discriminating, and as demonstrative as any in Europe.

Miss LILLIAN LA RUE played the Gipsy Girl for, we believe, the first time in London, and achieved a marked success. She throws herself into the part with thorough abandon, and is not afraid of bringing out its flashes of comedy, nor of giving full play to its melodramatic intensity. Yet in her anxiety not to lose a point she throws into the Gipsy Girl somewhat too much the *chic* of an *Opéra-bouffe* heroine, whose second nature is a habit of perpetually posing in some attitude which she thinks would suit her best in a likeness taken of her in costume by GRÉVIN, or by the Downey photographer. A touch of this *chic* occasionally is quite in character, but it should not be the pervading tone. This trifling fault we hold to be mainly attributable to the high-heeled shoes. Miss LA RUE's first two Acts were musically better than her third; but she finished well, and all's well that does that.

Mr. FRED. C. PACKARD sang *Don José* better than he played him,

being rather too dignified and unimpulsive for a lover. But we are not prepared to deny that this may be the more correct reading of the part of the dashing Young Sergeant, who has abandoned a dying mother, thrown over an affectionate cousin, and deserted from his regiment, for the love of *Carmen*, if the character be regarded from a moral and military point of view. His regimental training would naturally make him stiff, and conscience would be perpetually giving him twinges, to which the agony of tight patent-leather boots on a Regent Street pavement in July would be nothing by comparison.



Giving the Toreador a little assistance in the air, Horn accompaniment.

Mr. WALTER BOLTON, as the Toreador, disappointed us both in singing and acting. There was no heart about the great song; and the Chorus, apparently depressed by the Toreador's manner, joined in it



Cooling down, or Carmen herself with a fan.

"Here's (La) Rue for you."—Hamlet.

mechanically, but without the slightest enthusiasm. He seemed to be considerably embarrassed by a cloak which he carries, professionally, over his arm; and we frankly own that great as would naturally be our confidence in a *Toreador*, yet had a bull made for Mr. WALTER BOLTON as the *Toreador*, Bolting would have been his name, and we should have bet confidently on the bull.

MISS JULIA GAYLORD is a great favourite with the public, and scored—very kind of her to do this, as Mr. RANDEGGER was conducting and could have "scored" for her—every time. The duet, "*Childhood's Days*;" or, *Let me Kiss him for his Mother*," sung by Miss GAYLORD and Mr. PACKARD was one of the best things of the evening.

Mr. CHARLES LYALL was very funny as the Comic Gipsy who, with his friend *Dancario* (Mr. SNAZELLE), is clearly first cousin to the two eccentric robbers in *My Diavolo*.

MISS GIULIA WARWICK and Miss CLARA TRENT were the two other excellently wicked little gipsies.

Mr. HERSE has done his rather difficult work as librettist very well; but why make them all talk as Quakers? "Thou hast ceased to love me." "It is certain I love thee less than formerly." "Thee" and "Thou" are necessary for the songs and recitatives, but this Quakerism makes the spoken dialogue sound absurdly stilted. On the whole we heartily congratulate M. CARL ROSA, and strongly recommend the public to see this his latest production of *Carmen*. Only—wake up, Mr. *Toreador*! or else we shan't be "contento." On Saturday was produced *BALFE's Moro*, which will be given again To-Moro, Thursday.

A BRITISH HOLIDAY;

Or, Something to be Proud of.

A public thoroughfare in a quiet suburban district of the Centre of Civilisation. Time, Sunday morning. Several Flowers of Enlightenment discovered loafing about, waiting the official hour for the sale of inferior gin.

First Flower of Enlightenment. Well, this 'ere work's bloomin' slow. What game's a Toff to be on, I should like to ask yer, where he's nothink to do? Let's come and alither into sum'mat.

Second Flower of Enlightenment. Winders?

[Picks up several promising-looking fints.]

First Flower of Enlightenment. Winders—or 'eads. (Noticing people coming out of a neighbouring church). Why, not 'eads? 'Kro's a prayin'-shop a-emptying. Let's ketch a couple of 'em alone in the lane, and 'ave a lark. (Collects several brick-bats, and retires together with other Flowers of Enlightenment, and waits sulkily the arrival of a "couple of 'em," who are sufficiently unprotected, in a private road.)

Enter a couple of Earnest Believers in the Moral Tendencies of the Age, engaged in philosophic and absorbing converse.

Earnest Believer Number One. Yes, as I was saying: the gradual spreading of intelligence in the masses; the mutual respect of class for class; but, above all, the humanising attitude of Society at large, which every day is giving still more solid proofs of—Oh!

[Is hit on the head by a brickbat, as is also Earnest Believer Number Two. Tableau, as Scene changes to another spot in the Centre of Civilisation, and discovers a motley rabble of fanatics parading up and down a series of dirty back-streets, shouting hymns of questionable taste, and generally disturbing the public repose. Re-enter Flowers of Civilisation as before, but now well supplied with paving-stones, and strongly recruited.]

First Flower of Enlightenment. Crier! 'ere's a bloomin' go! Bless if the Captin ain't out with 'em on a 'arse! We'll break 'is jaw for 'im, any'ow. Now, thin!

[Makes a rush with other zealous Flowers of Enlightenment. Tableau as before, the "Captin's" jaw being broken, and several foolish but cruelly-used people left, badly hurt and wounded, in the adjacent gutters, as the Flowers of Enlightenment, still finding "nothink to do," depart in search of further recreation, which, now that the darkness has fairly set in, is afforded them by accommodating police regulations, freely and without interruption, in one of the leading thoroughfares of the Metropolis.]

PUNCH'S PRIZE MEDALS.



FACE



REVERSE

In commemoration of the difficulty between Mr. Justice North and Mr. Powell, Q.C., and their subsequent happy reconciliation. Mr. Powell henceforth to be known as "The North Powell."



FACE



REVERSE

Complimentary Medal struck by the Foxes and presented to the Fenians in commemoration of the latter having succeeded in Boycotting Hounds, and in preventing the Empress of Austria's return to Ireland for Hunting.



FACE



REVERSE

To commemorate the seizure in Berlin of all numbers of *Punch* for Jan. 21, containing a Cartoon representing Prince Bismarck as Clown and the Emperor as Pantaloon.

First Flower of Enlightenment (who is now, together with his gang, hulking about in the shadows of the Thames Embankment, armed with a bludgeon, and watching two adonecing Foot-passengers). 'Ere, you Toffs, git your belts ready, and we'll give these two 'ere blokes a taste. (Standing in their way and addressing them.) Now, thin, where are yer a goin' to? (Sportively.) Praps yer knows someone in the City? Yah!

Second Flower of Enlightenment (continuing in same light vein). Do yer come from Lambeth? Oh, yer do—do yer? Thin, take that!

[Fells one of them with the blow of an iron buckle across the face.]
First Flower of Enlightenment. And there's another for yer. (Stabs the second Pedestrian in the head with a knife.) Oh, Onions! Ain't this 'ere a bloomin' lark! (Helps, together with other Flowers of Enlightenment, to overpower and throw down the unoffending and defenceless men, and the Police still being obligingly round the corner, they continue trampling on both of them, till one is senseless and the other kicked to death, the final tableau occurring before Mr. SAMUEL FRANCIS LANGHAM, Deputy-Coroner for Westminster, when at an adjourned inquest held at the "Black Prince Tavern," Chandos Street, the other day, the Jury dealing with the above case, returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown.")

N.B.—For further edifying and encouraging particulars, see Daily Papers.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

SCENE—Mrs. Montgomery Morris's Drawing-room just before Dinner.

Mrs. Sidney Mountjoy (to Hostess). "OH YES, BIARRITZ WAS ALL VERY WELL, BUT WE GOT INTO A QUARREL WITH SOME PEOPLE THERE—A DREADFUL COUPLE, WHO BEHAVED MOST SHAMEFULLY! I'M TOLD THE HUSBAND, A CERTAIN MR. HAMILTON ALLSOP, MEANS TO PULL SIDNEY'S NOSE WHENEVER AND WHEREVER HE MEETS HIM, AND HIS HORRID WIFE ACTUALLY DECLARES SHE'LL—"

Footman. "MR. AND MRS. 'AMILTON HALLSOP!"

THE UBIQUITOUS FRENCH PRESS.

SCENE—The Central Newspaper Bureau at Paris. Telephones radiating to the Sandwich Islands, Salt Lake City, Madrid, Calcutta, &c. Departments marked "Comic," "Literary," "Financial," "Society," &c. Polyglot Pressmen at desks, and Polyglot Devils coming in for copy or with proofs.

Director (arriving from the Quay d'Orsay in a "massacring humour"). His dinner disagreed with him again, I suppose; with that corpulence why does he dine at all?—or he never could have objected to our last investment in the Moscow Kremlin. Why, the Czar will be crowned there in two or three months; and what a precious advantage it will be to give the most flattering description of the ceremony precisely in the journal which advocates a Russo-French alliance against the world. However, wilful Premier must have his way. Russian Director, whom have we on the Moscow Kremlin?

Russian Director. I was just thinking of putting on a good logician, say JOHN LEMOINE, to prove that Belleville hadn't the slightest sympathy with Nihilism *ou fond*—.

Director. *Au bas fond*, you mean—.

Russian Director. But LEMOINE has just been laid on the Egyptian Gazette, to demonstrate to the KHEDIVÉ that French Codlin's his friend, not English Short; and he says that what with that and his propaganda in the *Pekin Pioneer* in favour of a French Protectorate over China, he has his hands full—and his ink-bottle empty.

Director. Well, it doesn't matter, as it happens, and so put anything in the Moscow paper, a JULES VERNE feuilleton, say; but mind he makes it *against* science, not for: none of your confounded progress here—we've got a bad name enough as it is. (To German Director.) I am not at all satisfied with the way in which you are conducting those thirteen Berlin papers. We don't pay seven

millions for newspapers for you to simply gird at BISMARCK. No; you are paid to back him up hill and down dale, back him till he feels compelled to go to the deuce at once. And mind you give 'em a good deal of ZOLA. Talk about our corruption, do they: we'll soon see what becomes of them after a brief course of EMILE. Now then, what is the matter?

Irish Director. Oh, it's about the last three journals bought in Ireland. I can't get SAINT-GENEST to go over there, and take the direction of the *Skibbereen Meteor*, although I told him they were suppressing papers and arresting persons there to an extent that would make it seem quite like home to him.

Director. Oh, yes, let me see—we advocate despotic coercion in Skibbereen, don't we? and Red Rebellion in the *Dublin Dodderer*. Well, send SAINT-GENEST to the *Constantinople Kaleidoscope*, to prove to the Porte that we are really defending his authority on the African continent; and let JULES VALLÉS have the Irish papers. He'll be able to take the two sides, and make them as effective as broadsides. But he is to carefully avoid demanding a French landing—as yet. We must wait to see how Tunis turns out. That is, whether we are obliged to turn out of Tunis.

Telephone from England. Awful news from here. HENRI ROCHEFORT and PAUL DE CASSAGNAC (*redacteurs* of the *Times*) have just come into collision in Fleet Street. A ring made, but not the kind of "ring" we favour just now—a ring where everything is square, and nobody squared. Although EDMOND ABOUT and FRANCISQUE SARCEY, reporting on the *Telegraph* and *Standard*, have almost succeeded in acclimatising the noble art of duelling among English journalists, a brutal Police, which we have not yet succeeded in writing down, still interferes at these little affairs—and I regret to say that the *Times* cannot appear to-morrow, for the reason that its two leader-writers, ROCHEFORT and DE CASSAGNAC, are both locked up. What is to be done?

Director (through Telephone). Buy *Punch*. Thirty milliards, and the rest is ours!



A NEW PIECE.

MR. BULL (*Manager of the Theatre Royal, Westminster*). "CLÔTURE! HM! DON'T LIKE THE NAME! ADAPTATION FROM THE FRENCH! WELL—WE'LL READ IT TO THE COMPANY AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON."



THE JOURNAL

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VULGARIAN OUTRAGES AND MORE RUSHIN' ATROCITIES.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

(Draft Copy—subject to Alteration.)

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I MUCH regret that, owing to pressing engagements of a public character, I am prevented from following the former constitutional usage of opening the new Session of my Parliament in person. But the regret is

tempered by the consideration that this Speech will be read to you by our well-beloved Cousin and trusty Counsellor, the Lord PUNCH, High Commissioner of Common Sense in these Realms, and Keeper of the Nation in Good Humour. I may remark, in an aside, that if the counsels of my Lord PUNCH were more scrupulously followed, when found in his weekly addresses, your labours as a legislative body would be considerably lessened. A people wise, happy, and prosperous would want no new laws.

My relations with Foreign Powers continue to be friendly and harmonious. There has been a little trouble in France, where M. GAMBETTA has dis-



covered that it is easier to criticise rulers than to govern nations. Egypt has been in a ferment, perhaps more or less remotely connected with the Stock Exchange. Herzegovina is, like Parliament Street in mid-Session, "up" again. Prince BISMARCK has been bearding the people, and confiscating the People's Friend, PUNCH. I have, however, in a manner not recently familiar, been attending to my own business, keeping my fingers out of other people's pies, and looking after the earlier and later stages of the development of my own.

In Ireland I have now sufficient to occupy my attention without devoting any portion of the passing day to thrusting my advice on other nations, as to how they should conduct their affairs, whether internal or external. The Land Court is at work; but hitherto there has been more work than Land Court. I trust that with the turn of the year the proportions may become more equalised.

Outrage has not ceased in that part of my kingdom, though no effort to grapple with it has been spared. The disclosures at a recent trial in Cork make it more than ever clear that the murders and mutilations which disgrace one of the fairest parts of my kingdom are the result, not of a popular movement, but of the action of those "village tyrants" and "dissolute ruffians" whom the Secretary to

the Lord Lieutenant once denounced. I mean, with your assistance, to deliver the Irish people from this incubus of cowardly guilt.

Strange as it may appear we have not at the present moment any little war on, of course always excepting Ireland. I cannot recall any recent occasion when I have been able to meet you under similarly cheerful circumstances.

You may at the outset have an uncomfortable feeling that since we are not shooting anyone anywhere, or being shot ourselves, the honour of England is being dragged in the dust. I am glad to assure you that that is a perfect delusion.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

The Estimates of the Services of the coming year are in a forward state of preparation, and will be speedily laid before you. Mr. GLADSTONE tells me he is likely to have a pretty popular Budget.

I have pleasure in announcing that my youngest son LEOPOLD has contracted a matrimonial alliance in every way suitable. He will now begin to appreciate the kind consideration which, on his coming of age, led you to make him an allowance of £15,000 a year. That, with the dowry coming to him with his bride, will make a nice income for the young couple. If more is wanted, my children will know where to look for help.

I hope you mean to do a little more work and make a little less talk than last Session. To that end a scheme will be propounded for the amendment of the rules of debate. The discussion of this will afford a favourable opportunity of showing how brief and business-like may be your debates.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

When the Scheme alluded to has passed the House of Commons, it is proposed that you should buckle to, and make up some arrears in the business of the nation. Many Sessions have passed since you had that opportunity in a full measure. When it has not been Ireland it has been India; when it has not been India it has been Africa; and when it has not been Africa it has been Ireland. It is time to remember that there are other portions of the Empire. One is England, another Scotland, and the third London. We have had enough of Ireland for this generation, and sufficient of Africa and Asia for what remains of the century. There is plenty of work to be done at home, and I commend it to your consideration.

Among the subjects you will be asked to deal with this Session are the Local Government of Counties, the Government of London, Local Taxation, the Bankruptcy Bill, the Conservation of Rivers, and the Preventing of Floods. There may be others that will be brought forward in the course of the Session. But if you will settle these, you will do more for neglected portions of the Empire than has been done during the preceding Sessions.

Now,

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, get to work forthwith, and

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, don't begin by squabbling.

MRS. RAM is getting on with her French. She says she detests Communists, with their motto about "Propreté c'est la loi."

A POET'S DAY.

(From an American Correspondent.)

OSCAR AT BREAKFAST! OSCAR AT LUNCHEON!!
OSCAR AT DINNER!!! OSCAR AT SUPPER!!!!

"You see I am after all, but mortal," remarked the Poet with an ineffably affable smile, as he looked up from an elegant but substantial dish of ham-and-eggs. — Passing a long, willowy hand through his waving hair, he swept away a stray curl-paper with the nonchalance of a D'ORSAY.

After this effort, Mr. WILDE expressed himself as feeling somewhat faint; and, with a half-apologetic smile, ordered another portion of

HAM AND EGGS, in the evident enjoyment of which, after a brief interchange of international courtesies, I left the Poet.

Later in the day I again encountered the young patron of Culture at the business premises of the

CO-OPERATIVE DRESS ASSOCIATION. — On this occasion the Poet, by special request, appeared in the uniform of an English Officer of the Dragoon Guards, the dress, I understand, being supplied for the occasion from the elegant wardrobe of Mr. D'OYLEY CARTE'S *Patience Company*.

Several Ladies expressed their disappointment at the "insufficient leanness" of the Poet's figure, whereupon his Business Manager explained that he belonged to the fleshly school.

To accommodate Mr. WILDE, the ordinary lay-figures were removed from the show-room, and, after a sumptuous luncheon, to which the *élite* of Miss *****'s customers were invited, the distinguished guest posed with his fair hostess in an allegorical tableau, representing "*English Poetry extending the right hand to American Commerce*."

"This is indeed Fair Trade," remarked Mr. WILDE, lightly, and immediately improved a testimonial advertisement (in verse) in praise of Miss *****'s patent dress-improver.

At a dinner given by "JEMMY" CROWDER (as we familiarly call

him, the Apologist of Art had discarded his military garb for the ordinary dress of an

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN,

in which his now world-famed knee-breeches form a conspicuous item, suggesting indeed the Admiral's uniform in Mr. D'OYLEY CARTE'S *Pinafore* combination.



ARIADNE IN NAXOS; OR, VERY LIKE A WAIL.

DESIGN BY OUR OWN GREENKERT-YALLERY-GROSVENOR-GALLERY YOUNG MAN, IN HUMBLE IMITATION OF THE PICTURE BY PROFESSOR W. B. RICHMOND, SYMBOLISING "THE GRIEF OF ÆSTHETICISM AT THE DEPARTURE OF HER OSCAR."

"I think," said the Poet, in a pause between courses, "one cannot dine too well,"—placing every one at his ease by his admirable tact in partaking of the thirty-six items of the menu.

It is not till after dinner that Mr. WILDE shows his wonderful power as a raconteur and observer of mankind. I noticed that he has a way of avoiding repartee by carrying on his conversation uninterruptedly. He has been intimate with GLADSTONE, and considers him a meritorious politician, though he finds fault with his views on HOMER. He prattled glibly of his friend Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and expressed himself generally in harmony with the leaders of Continental nations.

When asked, "Whom do you consider the greatest living Poet?" our illustrious guest deprecated so personal a question, but frankly avowed his conviction that his well-known predecessor, W. SHAKESPEARE, was in many respects quite valuable. Questioned as to Contemporary Poets, Mr. CARTE'S latest novelty said

"ALFRED TENNYSON is a prolific, though somewhat old-fashioned writer, whose verses, I am given to understand, have an extensive sale, but who does not appear to advantage in a court suit.

"SWINBURNE, though in some respects in sympathy with myself, has, I fear, contracted a fatal taint of Bohemianism, perhaps from living in an

unaristocratic neighbourhood. BROWNING is a conscientious, though somewhat uneven writer. As to MORRIS, his verses are prosy, but his wall-papers are eloquently poetical." The Poet spoke in terms

* From the constant mention of this well-known English *Entrepreneur's* name and his entertainments, we are almost induced to believe that the Gifted Æsthetic simply appears in America as a sort of Peripatetic Showman's Advertisement of Mr. CARTE'S numerous ventures.—Ed.

POET'S CORNER;

Or, Nonsense Rhymes on well-known Names.

(With the Licensor of Plays.)

SAYS CHAUMONT to PIGOTT,
"Tiens! you're no bigot!"
SAYS PIGOTT to CHAUMONT,
"Attendez un moment:"

(Continued.)

"Now, as in Divorçons
There isn't a coarse song,
If you change the last Act
You may play it intact."

(In Paris.)

SAYS FRANCE to GAMBETTA,
"You're upset, my Upsetter!"
SAYS GAMBETTA to FRANCE,
"I'll wait my next chance."

Improvement in Ireland.

It is announced that Concerts and Balls are to be given in the large towns and other places in Ireland, in aid of the fund for the support of the political prisoners. From bullets and boy-cotting to balls and concerts the transition is undeniably a change for the better. May we not, perhaps, reasonably attribute it to the humanising influence on Irish practical politics exerted by the lovely members of the Ladies' Land League?

'ARRY the 'Airdresser, who is, like all barbers, an enthusiastic pole-itian, wants to know if we consider the modern Radicals as the Hairs of the old Whigs.

ÆSTHETIC ZOOLOGY.—The *Æsthetic Insect*—The Be-utter-fly. The *Æsthetic Bird*—The Tou-toucan. The *Æsthetic Beast*—The Dadodotamus. The *Æsthetic Fish*—The Kosmic Sole.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 69.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G.

"THE 'BLUE,' THE FRESH, THE EVER FREE!"
"The Sea."—(Old Song.)

THE DISTRICT SURVEYOR.

THE manners and customs of the District Surveyor are well worthy of study, as those who have been favoured by intimate dealings with him can testify. But he is a modest being, who by no means courts publicity. He is quite content not to be seen, when invisibility pays. He is equally satisfied *not to see*—when blindness is judicious and profitable. But that fierce light which does not beat upon a Jerry-Builder might reveal unsuspected things if it were fairly turned on to the District Surveyor. It might, for instance, reveal some of the reasons why the building of Bubble Houses—houses which, in the popular idiom, are "blown together," and sometimes also blown asunder again at the earliest opportunity—proceeds so merrily, with immunity and profit to the Bubble Builders and—others. Those "others" are certainly not the Public. Could the District Surveyor enlighten us a little as to who they are? Mr. Punch pauses—a little while—for a reply.

"DELEENDA EST CARTHAGO."

HANNIBAL DILKE has vowed the destruction of the Corporation of the City of London. "And this," says GOG to MAGOG, with a sigh, "is the man who was known as 'Citizen' DILKE!"
"Right you are!" says MAGOG.

"COLOUR-HEARING."

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask us whether the following question has anything to do with this interesting scientific theory, viz., "Are the Blue Books intended to be Red?"
[We don't know; ask BROWN.—ED.]

of general approval of Art, the Moon, Wine, and Republicanism, to which latter, it is no secret, that he has sought to convert English Royalty. Asked whether it was not part of his mission to cement the *Friendship between England and America*, the Poet replied, "Why, cert'nly!" with a slightly nasal English accent. He says that at the present moment he is undecided as to whether or no he shall pass the remainder of his days with us.

FEE-SIBLE?

It appears that the Authorities in China, in a decree which a Correspondent justly defines as a "model one for a Paternal Government," inasmuch as in it "argument, entreaty, oburgation, exposition, threats, are all mingled in due proportions," have been interfering with the Doctors' fees, and the price they charge their patients for the hire of their chair-coolies. They also have intimated their disgust at the Medical Profession in general, for their hesitation about getting up at all hours in the night, and coming out in any sort of weather; and are further incensed at the fact that they object to make their "round of calls" before One P.M. daily. In some respects we seem decidedly in advance of our Mongolian brethren. No English M.D. who has an eye to business, as yet minds a night call or a rainy day. But here the contrast ends. Unluckily, from the patient's point of view, there is nothing to protect him from the apparently increasing scale of fees, as the modest old-fashioned guinea is rapidly disappearing from the bit of folded newspaper altogether. Cannot something be done on the Pekin lines? Surely, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, the opportunity is a promising one.

OMITTED IN GRAMMARS.—Liquid Letters, "B and S."

GAS AND WATER.

If the Irish Land Act—(the 44th & 45th of Evictoria, cap. 49) should prove a success, there is no reason why the Legislature should not push further in a similar direction. What is sauce for the Irish goose, ought to be good sauce for the English gander. The abolition of freedom of contract, the interference with the supposed rights of property, the settlement by Act of Parliament—as in the beautiful Hackney Carriages Act—of the price which one man shall ask and another man shall give—ought not to be Government luxuries bestowed only on ungrateful Ireland. Let England—of course, by the kind permission of Mr. PARNELL—be treated to a little molly-coddling legislation in exchange for a vast amount of direct, indirect, and local taxation. Gas and water are the two first interests to be experimented upon for the benefit of the multitude.

If the past misconduct and rapacity of certain Irish landlords can justify the reduction of rentals from 25 to 50 per cent. under the new Irish Land Act, surely the greediness of Gas and Water Companies who have failed to serve their victims with either the quantity or quality expected, would justify a similar suspension of economic law. The autocratic tone of monopolist advocates like Sir EDMUND BECKETT ought to encourage those weak-kneed Legislators who still cling to certain Free-trade crutches. Considering the way the public are treated by the Gas and Water Monopolists, the proposed measure might be called The NEW SALE OF POISONS BILL.

A BURNING QUESTION.—The London Water Companies' Difficulty. Wanted, a new plan to set the Thames on fire.



INNOCENT ENJOYMENT.

Citizen. "DID A GOOD STROKE O' BITTNEETH YETTERDAY, MO'! THO I TREATED THE MITEITH TO THE MOOTHIC-HALL LATHT NIGHT—STHOOD HER A BOTTLE O' THROEDONE, AND SHE THOUGHT IT WAS THAMPAGNE!—"TOOK IT DOWN BEAUTIFUL!"

JUSTICE IN THE FUTURE.

ACT I.

SCENE—The Court for Criminal Cases at an Assize Town. Prisoner in dock, Judge, Sheriff, Chaplain, Barristers, Witnesses, &c., &c., and Audience.

Judge (severely, to the Counsel for the defence). Is it worth your while, Mr. BLANK, to address the Jury? What defence can you possibly make to the charge?

Counsel for the Prisoner. My Lord, the defence is that the Prisoner was at least ten miles away from the scene of the crime at the time it was committed. Therefore—

Judge (interrupting). Stop stop! This is most improper! What right have you to state such a thing as that, *without evidence*?

Counsel. My Lord, I submit that I am here as the Prisoner's mouthpiece—

Judge (angrily). And as such you'd better hold your tongue! Don't you know, Sir, that the Judges have decided that Counsel engaged for Prisoners may not state anything on behalf of their clients unless amply supported by evidence?

Counsel (astounded). But—my Lord—what I have said comes from the Prisoner himself.

Judge. I don't care *who* it comes from.

Counsel. If the Prisoner were undefended, my Lord, he could state the fact himself.

Judge (testily). But, being defended, he can't state it through you, that's all.

Prisoner. My Lord, I am quite innocent. I was—

Judge. Hold your tongue! Don't you understand that you have the advantage of being represented by Counsel?

Counsel for the Prisoner (perseveringly). My Lord, as the Prisoner is unable to speak, I feel it my duty to speak for him, and to say—

Judge. This is shockingly irregular. (*Shouting.*) Have you evidence?

Counsel. No.

Judge. Then hold your tongue, or I shall commit you for contempt.

Counsel. It so happens, my Lord, that the only witness I can possibly call to the whereabouts of the Prisoner at the time of the crime is the Prisoner himself.

Judge. And of course he can't give evidence.

Counsel. Of course not. And what I would ask is, whether there is absolutely no way of placing the Prisoner's version of the story before the Jury?

ONLY A PAUPER.

[A letter was read the other day from the Contractor of Coffins to the Horsham Guardians, stating that owing to the tremendous size of one of the paupers who died last week, he had had to cut up about double the quantity of stuff usually required to make a coffin, and asking that the Board would recompense him. — *Simmins's Weekly Advertiser*, Jan. 21.]

DIED the pauper, as all die,
Prince and poor man, peer and peasant,—

Some one wiped a tearful eye,
Though perchance no friends were present.

Then the coffin-maker made
Grave complaint about his figure;
Quoth he, "I should more be paid
When I make a coffin bigger."

Ah! the irony of fate,
Here a man dies unregarded,
Left it seems disconsolate,
By his early friends discarded.
He who lived for ceaseless toil,
When he came to shuffle off, in
Penury, his mortal coil,
Needed a too costly coffin!

"WHAT I like at a theatre," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "is to see what the French call a little *lever du rideau*—a 'something to raise a laugh,' you know." Evidently Mrs. R. must be on the School-Board Committee.

LOCAL TAXATION.—A Poll-tax.

Judge (smiling). None whatever, till after the verdict is pronounced. (*Suddenly remembering himself.*) You can, Mr. BLANK, invent as many *Hypothetical Defences*, true or not, as you like, but mind and be very careful not to hint that any one of them is the Prisoner's own story. His mouth is shut, and we've just shut yours—that's our new rule. So now (*turning to Jury*), Gentlemen, you can consider your *Verdict*!

ACT II.

SCENE—A Convict Prison. Enter Warder and Convicts, the latter chained together, and dragging small cart-loads of bricks behind them.

Warder (to a particularly sickly-looking Convict). Now then, 463 A! Look sharp! If you don't want the cells and bread and gruel again for a week, just use your muscles, will you?

Convict (bursting into tears). I am innocent! I have told you so often, and I say it again.

Warder (collaring him). Oh, that's your little game, is it? Come along to the Governor!

[*Is dragging him off, when—Enter Messenger from the Home Department, who whispers Warder aside.*

Warder. You don't say so!

Messenger. I do, indeed. He must be liberated at once. The newspapers—

Warder (ruminating). Now, how strange! He said he was innocent. Perhaps we have been too hard on him. But—(*recovering himself*)—it would never do to confess ourselves in the wrong.

Messenger. Oh, never! Our Department never does that. You can, however, communicate to him the intelligence that he is now free.

Warder. Here, Number 463 A! I have to tell you that—well—we have discovered that you—ahem!—in fact that you are—innocent!

Convict (clasping his hands). I know it.

Warder. Yes, but then, you see, you've only been in here five years, and your father and mother have only died from broken hearts; so that—well—if we let you go home now, eh?—I suppose you won't complain?

Convict. I have no home left to go to. Shall I have no compensation?

Messenger. Ah well, in consideration of your long period of incarceration for a crime which you never committed, the HOME SECRETARY has authorised me to award you—

Convict. Yes—what?

Messenger. A new suit of clothes, a good breakfast, and a couple of guineas to take you home again! [*Curtain.*]

PIPES OF ALL PEOPLES.

PIPES of all peoples! Here's a strange collection,
Made by one BRAGGE, the pipes of every clime,
Arranged in cases offered for inspection
To all the virtuosi of our time.

Others have gathered china, insects, pictures
Of modern men or masters old and ripe;
Here is a man who, scorning sneers or strictures,
Has gathered, to astonish us—the Pipe.

Here are queer pipes from Burmah and from Java,
From Turkey, Russia, and from far Japan,
Some made of wood, of ivory, and lava,
Some that belonged to pre-historic Man.
From Mexico come pipes of terra-cotta,
That hapless MAXIMILIAN kept awhile,
And 'mid the whole Collection there is not a
Pipe that's more strange than this from near the Nile.

Then come the pipes wrought skilfully of metal
The Red Man's calumet, or pipe of peace,
Pipes that were smoked o'er many a camp-fire kettle,
And others hailing from the hills of Greece.
Pipes made of reed from Amazonian valley,
With meerschaums from Vienna of to-day;
Pipes that would grace the huge mouth of "Aunt Sally,"
The welcome cutty formed of humble clay.

All these and many more are here before us,
That once in smokers' mouths were in full blast.
Light up cigars and pipes, and cry in chorus,
"We'll smoke as men have smoked in ages past."
Havannahs whisper, "Try us and consume us."
Tobacco tempts in variegated stripes.
Then "Gloria," we echo, "Mundi fumus,"
And here's to BRAGGE and all his wondrous pipes!

Bumbledom and Fires in Theatres.

THE staff of the Metropolitan Board of Works scarcely feel equal to the task of surveying nearly five hundred London Theatres and Music-Halls, and they have therefore appointed two temporary Assistant-Surveyors at a salary, we believe, of three guineas a week each. This being about the pay of a stage-doorkeeper, is calculated to secure the highest order of efficiency. The public may now take their pleasure in perfect security.



THE POST-MASTER ABROAD.

[Curate (to Suffolk Labourer) down with Fever, and his Wife away). "WELL, JAMES, AND WHEN IS YOUR WIFE COMING HOME? HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO TELL HER HOW SADLY YOU ARE?"

James. "WHY YES, SIR, THAR 'A' HEV',—BUT THE LUTTER COME BACK TWO OR T'REE DAYS ARTERWARDS FROM THE DED H'US,* SOO THAN I SENT HER A POOST-ORFFICE ORDER,† AS HOW SHE MUST COME D'REC'LY!"

* "Dead-Letter" Office, perhaps.

† "Telegram," surely.

SHOT AT!

Or, the Frig's Pot-Shot and the Plucky Peeler. A Carol of Clapton.



Medal struck in commemoration of the plucky conduct of Constable REANEY, as reported in the papers, February 2.

PEELER.

SHOT at! An old tale;
Folks may think it's getting
Just a trifle stale,
Though a bit upsetting,
Heard first off. Of course,
'Tis a nine days' wonder.

Perils of the Force?
Bit of mere stage-thunder!
P'rhaps. Yet STAPLETON,
Constable of Clapton,
Didn't twig the fun,
Of a trigger snapt on
Him; and at the sight
Of the barrel's "cover,"

CLOVER didn't quite
Feel himself "in clover."
So that burglar brace
Slung their hooks, with slack knees;
Bobbies then gave chase
O'er the Downs—of Hackney,
When, like JACK's alive,
REANEY, stout and supple,
(N. Two Thirty-Five)
Ups and stops the couple!
FRANKLEN's pistol out,
Means the job to settle,
REANEY, smart and stout,
Is of tougher mettle.
Knight who falcion gripped,
Ne'er grabbed sharper, bolder.
Bang! His sleeve is ripped
Slit from cuff to shoulder.
Now the Reaney day
Has arrived, crib-cracker,
Pistol-less, gives way,
Falls, a fair square "backer."

What, I ask's this here—
Whether that there Peeler,
With his scorn of fear,
And his neat back-heeler,
Don't deserve his "Cross"
Most as much as many?

MR. PUNCH.

Certainly! Let's toss
Bumpers! Here's to REANEY



"ABOUT AS HOT AS THEY MAKE 'EM."

THE CORPORATION CASKET.

THE gold casket voted by the Common Council to Mr. GLADSTONE, as a receptacle for the illuminated address presented to the PREMIER a short time ago, is now finished, and is quite a chaste thing. An eloquent description has been supplied to the daily papers, which if it has a fault, deals too exclusively with the material envelope. There is, if we may say so, too much body and too little soul—too much casket and too little illuminated address. For example, it is said, "the design, which is of pure classic character, has its severe lines broken by Tuscan columns at either end." This is emblematic, and what it means is clear enough, though it might just as well have been explained. The "severe lines" are obviously those of the

Ministerial majority, which are from time to time broken at either end by Tuscan columns, led by Lord RANDOLPH or Mr. HEALY.

"The trophy is approached from either side by silver steps, with figures in gold at the four corners representing respectively Eloquence, Justice, Industry, and Law."

Persons approaching are requested to notice the mats at the feet of the steps, and to use them diligently. It is only a rich Corporation like that of London that can afford to have its trophies approached by silver steps, and it is to be hoped there will be no "nicking" with knives or other sharp instruments. Eloquence is of course represented by Mr. GLADSTONE; Justice, by the HOME SECRETARY (observe the bandages round the eyes); and Industry by Mr. CHILDERS. The other figure shows that the Casket was



SUBTLETIES OF BRITISH SNOBBISHNESS.

HOW IS IT THAT NEITHER JONES NOR ROBINSON (WHO ARE USUALLY SO POLITE) RUSH TO PICK UP AND RESTORE TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER THE POCKETHANDKERCHIEF WHICH THE LADY IN THE FOREGROUND HAS JUST ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED? SIMPLY BECAUSE THE LADY IN THE FOREGROUND HAPPENS TO BE NO LESS A PERSON THAN THE DUCHESS OF PENTONVILLE—AS BOTH JONES AND ROBINSON ARE AWARE—AND EACH IS AFRAID OF APPEARING, IN THE OTHER'S EYES, A TOADY OF THE ARISTOCRACY!

designed some time ago, Mr. LAW having since retired from the Ministry.

"In the front is a monumental tablet, bearing upon it the crest, arms, and motto of the PREMIER, surrounded by the victor's wreath of laurel, enamelled in proper colours, and flanked by female figures intended for the City of London, Commerce, Ceres, and Ireland."

We are glad that the colours are proper, and have little doubt the female figures are not otherwise. It is a pleasant change to have Mr. GLADSTONE flanked by Ireland. Sometimes he has been outflanked by Irish Members.

"The reverse front has in its centre, supported by the City dragons, the following inscription."

This was a fine opportunity of doing honour to the much-abused Griffin; and we are glad it has been seized.

"The lid is decorated with shields in proper colours, in gold and enamel, with the arms of the City, Britannia, and British Lion, the Royal Standard, the Union Jack, and the bust of HOMER, Mr. GLADSTONE'S ideal author; while the ends bear emblematic references to the PREMIER'S varied gifts."

The British Lion and HOMER, Mr. GLADSTONE'S ideal author, go very well together. But we are not sure about the appropriateness of the Standard. We should have thought that in this connection the *Daily News*, as being the only newspaper in London steadfast to Mr. GLADSTONE when he was in adversity and the Corporation were voting caskets to Lord BEACONSFIELD, would have been more appropriately honoured. That, however, is a mere flash of hyper-criticism, which shows that we are accustomed to criticise *objets d'art*. The ends bearing emblematic references to the PREMIER'S varied gifts, seem a little contradictory.

"Surmounting the whole is the Lamp of Learning, with the Owl, the bird of Wisdom, perched on the handle"—

—or 'owlding on, as one of the figures flanking the casket would put it. On the whole, perhaps the finest effect in the whole design is the expression on the face of the Owl, which, being shortsighted, does not read the daily papers, and is evidently totally at a loss to make out what it's all about.

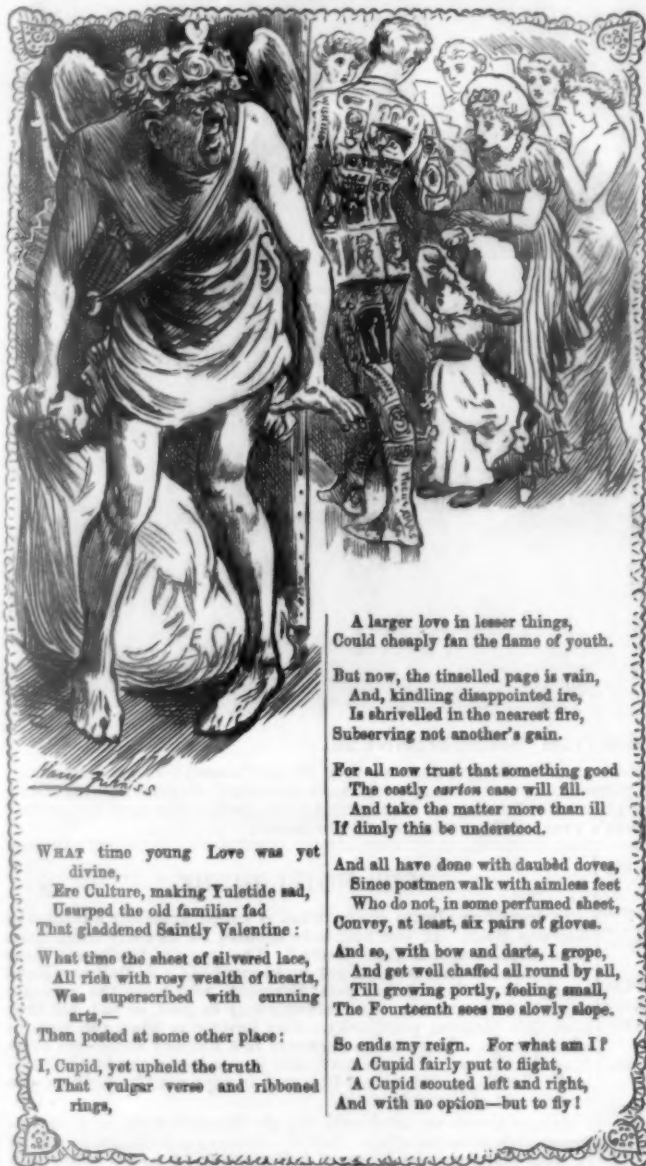
OUR HOTEL GUIDE.

In travelling always choose what is called generally a Station or Railway Hotel. If you wish to be aroused for an early train, there is no occasion to tell the "Boots." The luggage traffic will keep you awake, so that you can get up at any hour. A Railway Hotel nearly always belongs to a great Company, who leave the management of it to servants. The servants may be good, or bad, but they have this pleasant peculiarity,—they never care when you come or when you go. There is no fussiness in a Railway Hotel—no overdone cleanliness. You are not bowed in and bowed out by the landlord or landlady, and are not expected to wipe your boots when you come in out of a muddy street.

Always choose an hotel with a high Mansard roof, or some imposing style of architecture. There is always a satisfaction in paying in your bill for a cloud-capped belfry-tower, of no use to anybody but the architect and builder. You may think that a decent barber's department in the hotel—a luxury confined to about four hotels in the United Kingdom—would be of more practical value than the belfry; but do not write to the papers, and say so. Nothing is got by writing to the papers. More than a quarter of a century ago, the late Mr. ALBERT SMITH ran a tilt against hotel charges, and especially the system of "tipping" servants. What has been the result? Tipping is not put down except in the bill under the name of "attendance," and the traveller has to tip the servants as before.

When you require food, always order a fried sole and outlet. It saves a deal of trouble. If you do not order them you will be sure to get them. You know they are cooked with sawdust, which is not an unhealthy though scarcely an appetising sauce, and it is always well to know what you are eating. Dry sherry, as provided at most hotels, is a good penitential drink, and light hocks can be taken to vary the physic. Coffee is like that sold at three half-pence a pint in Bethnal Green and Whitechapel. People in these days really travel too much, and anything that tends to disgust them with travelling is probably a benefit.

OLD CUPID ON VALENTINE'S DAY.



A larger love in lesser things,
Could cheaply fan the flame of youth.

But now, the tinselled page is vain,
And, kindling disappointed fire,
Is shrivelled in the nearest fire,
Subverting not another's gain.

For all now trust that something good
The costly carton case will fill.
And take the matter more than ill
If dimly this be understood.

And all have done with daubed doves,
Since postmen walk with aimless feet
Who do not, in some perfumed sheet,
Convey, at least, six pairs of gloves.

And so, with bow and dart, I grope,
And get well chaffed all round by all,
Till growing portly, feeling small,
The Fourteenth sees me slowly slope.

So ends my reign. For what am I?
A Cupid fairly put to flight,
A Cupid scouted left and right,
And with no option—but to fly!

WHAT time young Love was yet
divine,
Ere Culture, making Yuletide sad,
Usurped the old familiar fad
That gladdened Saintly Valentine:

What time the sheet of silver lace,
All rich with rosy wealth of hearts,
Was superscribed with cunning
arts,—

Then posted at some other place:

I, Cupid, yet upheld the truth
That vulgar verse and ribboned
rings,

HOW IT WOULD READ IN ENGLISH.

(Translated from the Russian.)

AN enthusiastic crowd was gathered round the burning houses in Houndsditch. Roars of laughter followed the murder of every Jew. Now a Grenadier Guardsman pulled out the white beard of an old clothesman by the roots, now a costermonger pitched a Hebrew baby on to the spikes of an adjacent area. The fun grew fast and furious. The police, to a man, were amused, and added in no small degree to the prevailing merriment by turning stolidly a deaf ear to the prayers and entreaties of the struggling Jewish maidens. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

"I will larn you to be a pawnbroker!" shouted a swell-mobman to a venerable Israelite, as he hacked off the head of his victim with a pocket-knife.

"You keep a public-house, do yer?" shrieked a rough, as he bored a hole through the heart of a respectably dressed but prominent-nosed personage with a red-hot poker.

A yoll of laughter followed each of these pleasantries. The fun grew faster and more furious. Death followed death so quickly that at last the undertakers

began to murmur; they had laid in a good stock of coffins in anticipation of the coming carnival, but at the rate the massacre was progressing it seemed not unlikely that the demand for their articles of trade would exhaust the supply. But the mob paid no heed to their half serious, half joocular remonstrances, and continued their work right merrily. The houses were burned and the Jews murdered with ever-increasing heartiness.

By this time Houndsditch was consumed, and Old Jewry, Shoreditch, and the other Hebrew quarters were blazing fiercely. Suddenly an official on horseback rode into the midst of the mob. He held up his hand for silence. The crowd, weary of their exertions, paused for a moment to listen to him. He smiled at the scene around him, and then began to speak:—

"My friends," said he, "I am sorry to interrupt you, but I have come from Whitehall with a message. The HOME SECRETARY thanks you very much for all the trouble you have taken in this matter, and begs to say that he intends to inquire into the disgraceful conduct of the Jews, which has merited this very just punishment. And now continue your innocent amusement. And I hope you will enjoy yourselves."

With this the official rode away, leaving the mob to return to their murdering and burning with renewed cheerfulness, energy, and ingenuity.

AN IMPASSIONED APPEAL TO THE PREMIER.

(By a very Common Councilman.)

GLADSTONE, spare that Tree!
(Of course I means the Corporation.)

Touch not a single bough;
(That is, neither the Court of Aldermen or the Court of Common Council.)

In youth it sheltered me,
(When I was bound a Prentice.)

And I'll protect it now.
(Now that I'm a full-blown Common Councilman.)

'Twas my forefather's hand
(A jolly long time ago, when the Saxons and Danes was here.)

That placed it near this spot;
(At the bottom of King Street, Cheapside.)

Then, GLADSTONE, let it stand,
(Till it's blowed down as well as blowed up.)

Thy Ax should harm it not.
(Ax of Parliament, of course.)

Of, when a careless child,
(Summut about 17.)

Beneath its shades I heard,
(Guildhall, of course.)

The woodnotes sweet and wild,
(But rather expensive.)

Of many a foreign bird.
(From the Italian Opera.)

My Mother kissed me there,
(In the Chamberlain's Office when I took up my Freedom.)

My Father pressed my hand,
(With a sovereign in it, the first I ever had:)

I ask then with a tear,
(Of course, that's all my eye.)

To let the old Oak stand!
(Too obvious to require explanation.)

I've crossed the foaming wave;
(Dover to Calais—oh, Steward!)

I've braved the cannon-shot!
(Figuratively at the Tower:)

While I've a hand to save,
(That is, till I've lost 'em both,)

Thy Ax shall harm it not!
(Ax of Parliament, as before.)

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, who writes from a Hydrographic Establishment in Yorkshire, tells us her Cousin is going to be married shortly, as he is quite tired of a chalybeate life.





NUTS TO C



CRACK.

FEBRUARY

THE

I'll sing
Who's a
Who's a
Who's a

He'll sing
If his T
At his f
When t

He round
To see
He will
To simp

He will
He will
He will
When

He will
He'll
He's t
As he

THE FINE YOUNG LONDON GENTLEMAN.



I'll sing you a fine new song all about a fine young spark,
Who's a fine Young London Gentleman quite up to any lark;
Who takes supper very early, and breakfasts in the dark;
Who's a real "dear old chappie," as I needn't p'raps remark
Of a fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style,

He'll bet in "monkeys," "ponies," though he has seldom ready
cash;

If his Tailor isn't paid, yet he has rings and pins to flash;
At his fav'rite burlesque theatre he's known as "such a Maah,"
When to a fifth-rate Actress he bouquets down will daah.
Like a fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

He round the corner hurries when the sparkling piece is o'er,
To see his favourite Beauties coming out by the stage-door;
He will jostle with his fellows to obtain a smile—nay, more,
To simply stare at her he's seen some hundred times before—
Like a fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

He will hie him off to Hurlingham to join the dove battue;
He will "plank his pieces" down to join in battle with the Jew;
He will seek the same antagonist his "paper" to renew,
When he's had the bank at baccarat, or "lost the quids" at loo,
Like a fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

He will say that port and sherry his nice palate always cloy;
He'll nothing drink but "B. and S." and big magnums of "the
Boy,"

He's the darling of the Barmaid, and the honest Waiter's joy,
As he quaffs his Pommery "extra sec," his "Giesler," or "Ivyroy,"
Like a fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

On a Racecourse he imagines that he knows what he is at,
He talks so scornfully of "mugs," and says he knows a "flat";
So wisely speaks of "roping," and he always "smells a rat,"
But it very often happens that he's put "into a hat,"
Is this fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

But there comes a time when barmaids and when theatres are no go,
When the "Boy" is voted nasty, and burlesques considered slow,
When ev'rything too stale is, and when life has lost its flow,
And the spirits once so high become dull, sluggish, bad and low,
Of the fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

Then he recognises sadly there are others come, like he,
To make merry with the "fizz," and likewise quaff the "S. and B."
He is growing old and weary, having just turned twenty-three,
Existence is so tedious, all "life" a vast ennui
To the fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

—THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION
QUAKED WITH A MIGHTY CONSTERNATION.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin.

"In view of the declared intention of the Government to deal with London Municipal Reform this Session, the Corporation have determined to introduce a Bill dealing with the subject from their own point of view."—*Daily Paper.*

If this is true, what will the Corporation's own Bill be like?
Will it be at all like this?—

Clause 1.—Abolishes the Metropolitan Board of Works.

Clause 2.—Makes the Corporation the Governing Body for the whole of London.

Clause 3.—Gives the Corporation power to impose whatever Rates it thinks fit.

Clause 4.—Gives it the power of spending the money so raised in any way it chooses.

Clause 5.—Provides that the Lord Mayor shall be an *ex officio* Member of the House of Peers, the Court of Appeal, and the Upper House of Convocation.

Clause 6.—Provides for the best Turtle-Soup being laid on in pipes from the Mansion House to the private residences of the Aldermen, free of cost.

Clause 7.—Settles the qualifications of an Alderman satisfactorily—ability to put up Griffins, and to put down Reformers.

Clause 8.—Provides for the national observance of Lord Mayor's Day.

Clause 9.—The "Lord Mayor's Court" to be the chief seat of judicature in these kingdoms.

Clause 10.—All little boys who laugh at the Lord Mayor's Coachman to be liable to penal servitude.

Clause 11.—In conclusion, empowers the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, in case of any newspaper venturing to suggest doubts of the divinity of the Corporation as an institution, to at once apply the principle of the "*clôture*" to that newspaper.

LORD ÆSCULAPIUS.

WHEN a Life-Peerage is vacant, it usually falls to the lot of a lawyer who is useful in the Court of Appeal in the House of Lords. But why should not a Doctor sometimes be appointed? Why should a Baronetcy be the highest honour ever awarded to members of the medical profession when, as the *British Medical Journal* pertinently remarked the other day, Lord NAPIER is rewarded with a pension and hereditary rank for defeating a king of savages? Mr. SPENCER WELLS asked in a recent address, "Is JENNER or PAGET less worthy of a Life-Peerage than any one of the eminent men who now sit on the bench of bishops, or any of the lawyers, soldiers, or sailors who have been rewarded by Hereditary Peerages?" And the answer must be, that these and other distinguished physicians are certainly not less deserving than members of the more fortunate professions, of the highest honours which the State can bestow. Our Royal Family owes much to the medical profession—notably His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES. Let him look to it one day, then, that great physicians are admitted to the Peerage.

"LAWRENCE V. TOWNSEND."—Tell that to the Marines, and see how they like it.

DARWIN ON THE ORIGIN OF MAN.—The latest "Candal Lectures."



"VERB. SAP."

Maimed Veteran (reading Notice Cards). "HUM—!" (Complacently.) "HA!"

[Stumps off.]

MORE O' BALFE.

(At Her Majesty's and Elsewhere.)

BALFE's new Opera has for hero *Sir Antony More*; and to give some notion of this Artist's popularity, it will be enough to mention that at the end of almost every important piece more was called for. The much-abused encore-system is then in full vigour. "*More oh!*" is the rather too facetious title of the work; the name



The Scenic Artist at Her Majesty's; or, the real "Painter of Antwerp."

being apparently intended to remind the public that we have not yet heard the last of BALFE.

If, indeed, we are to have all BALFE's Italian Operas of the last thirty or forty years presented to us in an English dress, there will not, for some time to come, be an end to so-called "new Operas" by this composer—one of the most prolific of his day. No "leading motives," no "continuous melody," no "speaking orchestra," no Wagnerian nonsense of any kind in "*Moro*," which is a good, old-fashioned Italian Opera of the year 1854, full of what are vul-

garly called "tunes," accompanied for the most part in the "monster guitar" style, so much despised by the great RICHARD.

The Opera was conducted by Mr. CARL ROSA, who must have found the score distressingly full of those "easy things to understand" which the hero of *Locksley Hall* could not abide. The temptation of *Sir Antony* by the beautiful *Olivia Campana*, and his persecution by the cruel *Duke of Alva* (whitened as *Alba*), form the subject of the work; and the three principal personages are represented with good effect by Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN (who for this occasion stepped from the concert-platform on to the stage), Madame VALLERIA, and Mr. LESLIE CROTTY. The action of the piece takes place in the Low Countries, where the base (or rather baritone) *Duke of Alva* is, of course, quite at home. The exigencies of the drama require, in order to bring him into close relations with the painter-tenor, that he should show himself a generous patron of Art; and *Alva* orders pictures freely from the future *Sir Antony*, who, on one trying occasion, is called upon to paint, for the wicked Duke, the portrait of that *Olivia Campana* whom he himself loves.

Not that *Olivia* has nothing to do but to sit for her portrait. She has to marry *Count d'Arenberga*, one of the *Duke of Alva's* followers; to feign death, and invent an epitaph for her tombstone; to enter a convent, undergo a trial for conspiracy, and get sentenced to the scaffold; to repel the advances of the *Duke of Alva*—which recall those of the *Count di Luna* to *Leonora* in *Il Trovatore*; to take part in more than one love-duet with *Antonio Moro*; and, in the end, to sing one of those final rondos, without which in ancient days no Opera was thought complete. The motive of the last Act might have been set to a once popular song and introduced into the Opera as a solo and chorus, thus:—

"*Alva* would a wooing go,
Heigho, sings *Moro*,
Alva would a wooing go,
Whether *Olivia* liked it or no,
With his scowling, growling, *fortis* but naughty,
Heigho, sings *Antony Moro*."

If a Parliamentary return could be moved for of the number of Operas which, from the first performance of ROSSINI's *Cinderella* until the establishment of the influence of VERDI, were made to terminate with a *rondo finale*, the return would, in the first place,

PLEA OF PADDINGTON.

(With apologies to the Shades of Canning and Frere.)

THE Board of Works, a thrifty crew,
Oppose, in cold, heart-saddening tone,
The Park! Ah! BUMBLE may pooh-pooh,
But "Let us have it!" is the U-niversal prayer of Paddington.

Non possumus? Nay, that won't do!

Pray drop official fadding tone!
Builderdom's selfish boah eschew,
And listen kindly to the U-niversal cry of Paddington.;

Asphyxia on our Town, too true,
Weighs yet in many a maddening ton;

Give us another "lung," pray do,
Is now the hearty, ardent U-niversal plea of Paddington.

Are Cockney souls as dull of hue
As Babylon's pervading tone?
"Let's look upon the heavenly blue

From one more vantage," is the U-niversal wish of Paddington.

Posterity, on its turf pursue-
ing pleasant sports, in gladdening tone

Will bless the foresight, wise and true,

Which timely listened to the U-niversal prayer of Paddington.

UNION GÉNÉRALE.—In France the name of a bank (probably sand-bank); in England the name of a workhouse, where nobody works. The definitions are widely different, but the things are much alike.

HEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES.—The Cabinet of Washington has nearly recovered from the effects of an irritating Chili-Blaine.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 70.



"THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT."

"AND I WILL BE YOUR—BALLANTINE." (Feb. 14.)

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS"—IN A SURVEYOR.

WHAT terribly ignorant people some of the principal Surveyors of London must be! I sometimes find three of the most respectable members of that highly respectable profession swearing solemnly that in their judgment a particular property is worth say about £16,000. Then three equally respectable members of the same highly respectable profession swear that in their judgment it is not worth a farthing more than £9,000; and the Jury, apparently not paying the least respect to the opinions or judgment of any of them, say it is worth about £13,000!

Of course it is only a scandalous suggestion to say that the puzzled Jury add the highest valuation to the lowest, and divide the amount, and find a verdict accordingly, though the figures stated would seem to bear out the possibility of such a statement containing a considerable amount of truth.

It almost tempts one to suggest that the Jury should settle the value, without the expensive assistance of six eminent Surveyors, as they don't apparently attach the slightest weight to their opinions, although I am informed they cost about seventy guineas each.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

Apt Quotation.

Lines from George Coleman's "Broad Grins," addressed, with Mr. Punch's Compliments, to a certain Correspondent of the New York Tribune and other papers.

"THEN, Sir, shake hands, and part! No breach,
No difference 'twixt us, I beseech!
Although our business varies:
Thine is detraction, mine is jest—
Which occupation, pray, is best,
Thy spite, or my 'Vagaries'?"

not be granted. But if statistics on the subject could be obtained, it would be seen that a very large proportion, indeed, of the Operas produced between 1813 and (about) 1853 were brought to a conclusion by a highly florid air for the heroine, whose heart was "bounding" with "joy astounding," or "dancing" with "love entrancing," or "leaping" with "no more weeping." When, at the close of her adventures and perils, Madame VALLERIA comes forward and sings an air in triple time, expressive of her delight at everything having come right at last, people smile at the familiar vocal tag. But they also applaud, for the piece is very effective; and Madame VALLERIA sings it brilliantly.

Opinions differ as to the treatment that the Duke of Alva has received in the new Opera; for while one critic declares that he has been made worse than ever—the librettist representing him as a would-be lady-killer as well as a slayer of men—another maintains that the pleasant, genial strains which BALFE has written for the part have had the effect of rehabilitating him. Mr. CROFT's singing is in every case much better than the Duke of Alva's conduct.

This Opera contains one or two very dramatic scenes; and the meeting of the Council of Blood would be terrifying—the villainous-looking ecclesiastics with balloons on their heads are enough to frighten the boldest person—but for the light and agreeable music by which the proceedings are enlivened. A pretty *divertissement* was not the less welcome because the dancers wore Spanish costumes and danced in the Spanish style. History is mute on the subject; but it is quite possible that the stern and savage Duke of Alva may have taken with him to Antwerp a troop of Spanish dancers.

The work was received with great demonstrations of delight; and

while devoting himself with commendable exertion to the task of popularising WAGNER, Mr. CARL ROSA deserves great credit for not neglecting the already popular BALFE.

Mr. BOOSEY's "Night w' Burns" was very Scotch; Scotch by its ballads, and Scotch also by the mist which filled the hall. The congenial fog had no effect, however, but that of stimulating the audience to applause, renewed again and again. Miss HOPE GLENW, of the Italian voice, made on this occasion her first appearance as a Caledonian vocalist. Fortunately the Scotch accent, so difficult to acquire, can, by singers not to the manner born, be easily unlearned.

"Colonel" Coghlan was one year old last Thursday. Mr. BYRON's Boys were two or three years old before they retired. As Mr. BANCROFT's property in the Robertsonian Series is fast expiring, the present piece might be called The Last Ours of the Haymarket. Though expiring it is doing remarkably well by all accounts, specially those of the Haymarket Treasury.



Colonel Coghlan, one year old, February 2.



A DIPLOMATIC ANSWER.

Lady Godiva.—"BUT SURELY, DOCTOR, YOU DON'T APPROVE OF THOSE HORRID AESTHETIC FASHIONS IN WOMEN'S DRESS?"

The Doctor.—"MY DEAR MADAM, SO LONG AS A WOMAN IS BEAUTIFUL, SHE MAY WEAR WHATEVER SHE LIKES, FOR ME; AND IF SHE ISN'T, WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHAT SHE WEARS?"

[Lady G. thinks the Doctor a most delightful person, and quite agrees with him!]

RED FIRE FOR BLUEMANTLE.

REFERRING to the composition of the Special Deputation recently appointed by the German Emperor to convey to the SULTAN the insignia of the "Most distinguished and lofty Order of the Black Eagle"—the Garter of Prussia—a Contemporary points out that not only is it remarkable in the matter of rank, since it includes a Prince or two, and apparently a Monarch, and some ancient dynasty alluded to in the official list as "Captain HENRY XVIII.," but that considered in its highest light as a bit of diplomatic theatrical display, it is perhaps quite unsurpassable.

"As regards soldierly physique, and variety and impressiveness of uniform, no better selection of special Envoys could have been made, and the Oriental mind, they say, is singularly susceptible to outward magnificence and show."

It is to be hoped that after this European *coup de théâtre* in the very heart of Stamboul, the reviving foreign Bondholders will get their promised half per cent. regularly. Meantime, might not the Authorities at Herald's College take a hint? It is admitted on all hands that the ceremonial connected with the investiture of our own time-honoured Garter, when conducted by commission in a Continental capital, never fails, by reason of its wildly grotesque characterisation, to produce peals of laughter, spite every effort of local etiquette to take the honour seriously. Garter King-at-Arms, in full dress, is apparently irresistible; and the other day at Madrid it is well known that everybody concerned was in uncontrollable fits. As the ceremony is about to be, if not already, repeated in the case of His unoffending Majesty the King of SAXONY, could not something be done on the Prussian lines in the way both of "physique" and of "variety and impressiveness," too? Why not, in addition to the usual official announcement that the

"Earl of FIFE and Sir ALBERT WOODS will be accompanied by Mr. GEORGE COCKAYNE, Lancaster Herald, and Mr. EDWARD BELLASIS, Bluemantle Pursuivant of Arms,"

can it not be intimated that "H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, a couple of Beefeaters, the Hall-Porter at the Criterion, and the LORD MAYOR, firmly secured on the back of one of Mr. SANGEE's largest and freshest elephants, also joined the distinguished party at the last moment." Such a following, together with a little judicious red fire let off at intervals during the progress of the proceedings, could not fail to impress everybody. German "ideas" are always worthy of respectful attention; and if it is not too late, and His Saxon Majesty has not already been holding his sides, while the Earl of FIFE has been shaking in convulsions over his Royal knees, something might yet be done to rescue the most honoured and ancient distinction in Europe from that region of broad farce into which it seems slowly but surely to be settling.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

THE GAY FOGGRAPHER.

BELIEVE me, I'd shatter the indolent fetters
That long have enchain'd me and held me too fast;
I'd earnestly try to reply to my letters,
That should have been answered the week before last;
I'd get up betimes, and I ne'er would be surly,
Nor slumber till Twelve like an underbred hog;
I wouldn't play pool, and I'd go to bed early—
But can't on account of the Fog!

I'd square up at once with that man in the City,
And even I'd ask Uncle FOOZLE to lunch;
Oh, I would be wise, as I always am witty,
And finish at once those smart papers for *Punch*.⁺
No more at the weather would I be a railer;
No longer our climate I'd ceaselessly slog.
I'd settle at once with my hatter and tailor—
But can't on account of the Fog!

I'd go and take part in the dreariest of dinners,
The prosiest praters I'd ne'er try to snub;
And BOREWELL would find me the best of all grinders
At all the old stories he tells at the Club.
At slow Kettledrums I would often be present,
And talk like a fool or a prim pedagogue;
To rudest relations I'd sometimes be pleasant—
But can't on account of the Fog!

I'd pay all those calls I so long have neglected,
And highest opinions deservedly earn;
And do proper things such as none e'er expected—
That borrowed umbrella at once I'd return.
I'd browse in a pasture of virtuous clover,
I cannot detail all the long catalogue
Of countless new leaves I would gladly turn over—
But can't on account of the Fog!

* The evidence of his wisdom and wit is in this line.—Ed.

† What does he mean by a "smart paper"? Does he want to start as a furnishing Poet in opposition to Mr. MORRIS? Let him continue to furnish us with verses; that's all we want from a minstrel: none of his "smart papers."—Ed.

‡ "That borrowed umbrella"—no—those umbrellas, but not borrowed—only, of course, "taken by accident." Return, and all shall be forgiven.—Ed.

UPS AND DOWNS.

Three Extracts from the Diary of a Turkish Bondholder.

1862.—WELL, if this isn't the luckiest day in my life. By Jove, I've managed to collar what I wanted in Turks. Every halfpenny I've got safe in 'em! Income trebled. Happy thought, celebrate the event by a Richmond dinner, bracelet all round for the girls, and a new brougham for MARIA. TOM shall go to Oxford. Men: ask price of PILLING's yacht. Things are brightening and no mistake.

1872.—The worst day I've had at the crossing yet, fancy. PILLING passed to-day, and gave me a bad halfpenny. He must have recognised me. I wish TOM made more in the cat's-meat line. However, MARIA seems happy over the washing. Saw a real Turk to-day get off an omnibus. Hit him hard over the legs with the broom. Felt happier.

1882.—No—don't tell me such good news all at once. It's too much for one. What?—are they really going to pay *one per cent.* if we let 'em off arrears! A fact? Is it? Then here go three cheers for the SULTAN! I always said your Turk was a real gentleman at bottom. Heaven bless him! I shall be able after all to live in a back street at Brixton, and give MARIA, when she wants it, a three-pound-ten funeral! Joy!



HASTY GENERALISATION.

Reginald (to his new friend the Village Blacksmith). "THERE'S AUNT ELLEN, WILLIAMS. LET'S CROSS OVER. SHE'LL KISS US, YOU KNOW. SHE ALWAYS DOES!"

THE FRINGE OF SOCIETY.

"A thoroughly respectable young woman wanted as Parlour Maid in a small private family, about twenty-four years of age, who has not got her hair cut on her forehead."—*Vide Daily Telegraph, February 9.*

Mary Anne to Matilda Jane.

HAVE you read this here hadvertisement, my own MATILDA JANE, Which the meaning though it's scandalous is also very plain. They seems to think there's not a bit of "go" with servant-girls, And as they used to skimp chig-nongs they wants to skimp our curls.

Oh! it's shameful and it's awful, for pray why should we be frights, If a Parlour Maid gets wages, yet she likewise has her rights.

Now there's a Missus such a dowdy thing, with hair that's Lifeguard red,

Yet she always lays the curling-tongs about her lobster head; She will curl and trim her locks, till I've often seen them singe; But she won't let me have what she can't, a lovely wavy fringe! Oh! it's shameful, and it's awful, and, in fact, I'd like to swear, To think a Parlour Maid mayn't cut or frizzle up her hair!

And then there's my brave BENJAMIN (a Constable, of course), Who's the Terror of the Burglar, and the Honour of the Force. He says (he's such a learned chap) my hair is like the Greeks, And now I musn't please him, on account of *Aenvious* sneaks! Oh! it's shameful and it's awful, and I really do declare If things don't change I'll lose my place, and still stick to my hair.

They may say there's on the Registry of Parlour Maids a glut, But they can't be in the Fashion if their hair in front's not cut; And as I've said before (being English born and free), I means to beautify myself just as it pleases me. For it's shameful and it's awful that a Missus should and can Tell how she means to cut the fringe of

Your own
MARY ANNE.

DONS AND DRUMS.

OWING to the enterprise and energy of the several Royal and distinguished Personages who have taken the movement in hand, there is little doubt but that a National College of Music, established on a wide and permanent basis, will before long be an accomplished fact.

It is already announced that the Prince of WALES, who is evidently determined to countenance no half-measures in dealing with the matter, has convened for the 28th inst., what will, if merely decently attended, prove little short of a monster meeting, to discuss the subject. His Royal Highness, it appears, has intimated that he will be glad, on the occasion in question, to assemble around him at St. James's Palace—

— "the Lords Lieutenants as the representatives of the counties, the Mayors as representatives of the towns of the United Kingdom, and the Archbishops and Bishops and the clergy of various denominations."

for the purpose of introducing them all, then and there, to

"the most eminent musicians, the most eminent music-publishers, the most eminent musical-instrument-makers, and, lastly, distinguished amateurs and the most influential patrons of music."

Such a gathering as this has not been seen since the signing of *Magna Charta*; and if not only a College but a complete Musical University does not prove the immediate upshot of its deliberations, it will not have been from any want either of thoroughness or of hearty co-operation on the part of its illustrious promoter.

Meantime, *Mr. Punch*, who doesn't know whether he mayn't look in, and take a degree or two himself, when the thing is fairly started, offers the following preliminary suggestions for the guidance of those about to set it on foot. Some of his hints, if not fresh, may at least be of use to a provincial Mayor, or even to an Archbishop, who, notwithstanding a very limited familiarity with the technical details of the matter in hand, finds himself suddenly called on to express his opinion before the St. James's Palace assembly, on the approaching 28th. *Mr. Punch*, therefore, subjoins the following random, but valuable, jottings, with confidence and pleasure:—

Rough Memo. for the Formation of a Musical University.

(1) *Buildings.*—These should be on the good old college lines, with plenty of open spaces. The usual Gothic triangle, surrounded by flats, should be the model. Advanced Students might be relegated to a block in seven flats, and they might be hauled up to the top storey by suspended chords. No two doors should ever have the same key. This for practice. In the grounds, too, there might be, here and there, a five-barred gate. This would enable those who felt inclined to take a five-bars' rest.

(2) *The Vice-Chancellor.*—The dress of the Vice-Chancellor will be simple and appropriate. It will be trimmed with counterpoint lace, and he will never be expected to appear in public without his brass bands. His general attitude will be dominant; but he will be expected to have some member of his family in the Army, and to supply himself with his own relative Major. When ailing, however, he will receive diatonic treatment, free of charge. To light his bed-chamber candle, he will use *Sol fa* matches.

(3) *The College Hall.*—This will be easily approached from all parts of the building by conveniently constructed *staccato* passages, and an excellent tone will pervade all the general arrangements. No bottled ale will be allowed, but double Bass, though *Meyerbeer* will be served in French horns to those that ask for it. Devilish trombones will be served for supper, and the plate will be fiddle pattern.

(4) *Gentleman Commoner.*—Any student with a *Handel* to his name, will be able to enter as a Gentleman Commoner.

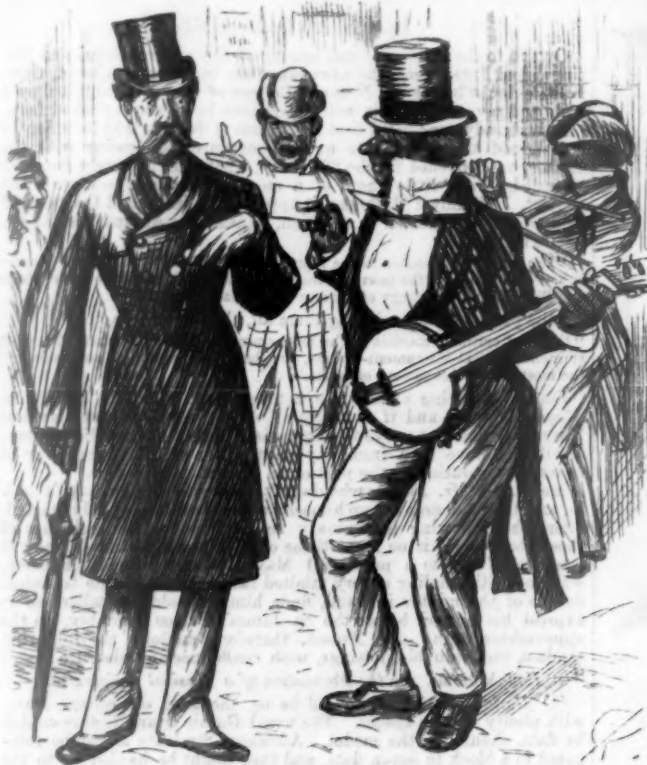
(5) *Recreation.*—Ample opportunity will be afforded for recreation, but no undergraduate will be eligible for the Eleven who is not prepared to make his own vocal score, execute a series of brilliant runs, and give the ball the proper musical pitch. As at Cambridge, the grounds immediately behind the Hall and buildings will be known as the *College Bach*, and here in winter Prisoner's Bass will be played at imperfect intervals.

(6) *General.*—Though free from crotchets, the Principal will feel himself responsible for the moral and social training of the students under his supervision. He would not, therefore, be likely to accept a run up to town to see an eminent Bond Street Publisher in distress, as an equivalent to an "attendance at Mourning CHAFFELL." Credit will be discouraged, and no undergraduate, whatever his genius, will be allowed to arrange a composition of his own with his creditors. On the same principle the *Owe-boy* will be banished from the orchestra. Lastly, though unpolitical in its aims, the tendencies of the institution, following the lead of the *Paris Conservatoire*, will be strongly *Trova-tory*.

Re-Set for the Sex.

(By a Father of Many Daughters.)

HOP springs eternal in the female breast,
Woman ne'er is, but always to be—drest!



ACCOMMODATION.

Stowell. "HAW—'NO SMALL CHANGE ABOUT ME."

Minstrel. "OH, DON'T MENTION 'Y, SAR. A BOB WILL DO, SAR. AND IF YOU 'LL CALL AT MY CLUB TO-MORROW, SAR, THE HALL PORTER WILL GIVE YOU SIXPENCE BACK, SAR. MY KYARD, SAR, ETC.!!"

CAB LAW.

SCENE—*In the City.* Present—MR. ALDERMAN MUDDLECOMBE, presiding. Police Officers and the British Public generally gazing in respectful admiration of the worthy Alderman.

The Alderman (to Clerk). Call on next case.

[*Clerk calls out "Sykes v. Jenkins."* A young Gent, of a rather fast and loose appearance, stands up in front of the Alderman, and an elderly Cabman steps into the Witness-box.

Alderman. Now, Cabman, where's your badge?

Cabby. Here, yer Vurship.

[*Fumbling in his waistcoat-pocket and drawing out his badge.*

Alderman. Better late than never. D'ye know, Cabman, that I could fine you forty shillings and costs for coming before me without your badge?

Cabby. I 'ope yer Vurship won't do it this time. I have druv a cab these fourteen years, and niver fined a shillin' in my life.

Alderman. Well, I shan't fine you this time. But don't you come here again without showing your badge, that's all. Now, what have you to say about this Gentleman?

Cabby. I summon him for four-and-six, vich is my loffal fare, and he knows it.

Clerk. How do you make out four-and-six?

Cabby. Well, I takes him up with two other gents in the City Road, and I druv 'em fust to the Heagle, and was there a hour and a half; then to the Hangel, and then I druv him 'ome, and then he only hofferred me a couple of bob, vich was not half my fare, and so I summon him. So he flings his card at me, and says, "Summon, and be d—d!"

Clerk (to Cabby). Hansom or four-wheeler?

Cabby. An 'Ansom, in coorse. Never druv a four-wheeler in my life. Couldn't do it, your Worship.

Alderman. There you are again. Three Gentlemen in a Hansom. You are liable to be fined forty shillings for that. You claim from

THE DIRGE OF THE DINER.

A Restore-Wrong Rhyme.

"ATTENDANCE is charged in the Bill,"
Delighted we sit down to dine;
And order our food and our wine.
The waiter is passing polite,
We eat with a grand appetite
Of dishes compounded with skill.
The room is so cozy and light;
The glass and the silver are bright;
Our flag of defiance is furled,
We seem all at peace with the world,
And rest quite contented until—
Attendance is charged one and nine.
We pay its collector a fine;
And give to the waiter polite
A tip he regards as his right
And duty of ours to fulfil!
The carver, too, looks for a fee;
The man with our coat, so does he!
The porter expects something more,
Who calls us a cab at the door!
"Attendance is charged in the Bill!"

Unexpired Lease.

THE Covent Garden Pantomime has taken one extra week's lease of life. The special attractions are a new *Æsthetic Quadrille* by the GIRARDS, and some "Demon Revels by the NELSON family"—in which the status from Trafalgar Square, if he is only half as lively as the celebrated one in *Don Giovanni*, ought to join. He might come down handsomely for once—and assist the Covent Garden crew, who are putting on a brilliant spurt for the finish, and are to have the benefit of the week's proceeds.

PLEASANT little party last week at Bristol, when Lord COLERIDGE entertained an Uncommon Jury by directing their attention to a precedent—*The Queen v. Negus*. The Jury sat some time over the *Negus*, but decided it wasn't strong enough for them, and refused to swallow it. Whereupon Lord COLERIDGE, whose only mistake was perhaps that he didn't give it 'em strong enough, discharged them. This shows that Juries are not judges—at all events, of *Negus*.

this Gentleman four-and-six, but you yourself are liable for not wearing your badge, and carrying three in a Hansom four pounds, or two months with hard labour. That is the law, Cabman, and you know it. But, as you say your licence is clean, I shall let you go this time.

Clerk (to Defendant). Have you anything to say?

Defendant. Nothin', Sir. I don't remember nothin' about it.

Alderman. Order for four-and-six, and half-a-crown costs.

Defendant. Very well, Sir.

Cabby. A horder! I ax yer Vurship is this rite? You say you could send me to quod for two months slick off. But when I cums to ax my loffal fare, all I gets is a horder!

Clerk. Well, if he don't pay, you can apply for a distress warrant.

Cabby. O a'coorse! and I must pay summut more for that, and not get my money arter all. I knows summut about a distress warrant. Missus had one put in last week by Skool Bord—

Alderman. Now, my good man, get along, you have got your order.

Cabby. Well, yer Vurship, it ain't rite. We Cabbies can be sent to quod rite away if anybody complains agen us. But if we complains agen anybody you gives us a horder. And this is the Law.

Alderman. Yes, my good man, that's the Law. Call on next case. [Exit Defendant smiling, and Cabby somewhat crestfallen.]

From a Correspondent.

Do Golden Eagles lay golden eggs? If so, the person who killed one in the Deer Forest, Invereshie, as reported in *Truth* last week, can never have read *Æsop's Fables*, or he would have known better.

[*.* Our esteemed Ornithological authority, Nesron, is at present up a tree, engaged in his usual pursuit of knowledge. But we trust he will descend to answer the above query.—ED.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



Governess Gladly Blarneystone (to Master Paddy, who is still crying for the Moon). "COME AND TELL ITS GLADDY QUIETLY THEN! AND, IF HE CAN'T HAVE IT ALL, HIS GLADDY WILL SEE IF SHE CAN GIVE HIM A LITTLE BIT OF IT!"

TUESDAY, February 7.—This is our opening day, and the way in which the merry, merry men uprose-ye-then was quite surprising. Crowd outside, crowd inside, crowd everywhere. Rush for seats and standing-room. Everyone striving to be first. Genial surprise to RANDOLPH and his merry men when, having got up very early in the morning, and swallowed a hasty breakfast, they discovered that Someone had been there before them.

"Sure to be a Scotchman," RANDOLPH growled.
 "Probably sitting for an Irish Constituency," DRUMMOND remarked, gloomily adjusting his spectacles.
 So it was. The MACFARLANE, having provided himself with an oatmeal cake and a noggin' o' whiskey, borrowed the daily papers from a friend, and making them into a sort of blanket, covered himself up therewith, and camped out all night in Palace-Yard. As soon as

the charwoman opened the door to shake her dusters, rushed passed her and dashed in. That, at least, is the account Sir WILFRED gives me; and he never imposes on the ingenious mind.

House quite full at noon. At half-past one Mr. BRADLAUGH arrived. Finding the House at prayers said he would wait. When



Black Rod and Black Beetle.

Interval of two hours for refreshment. Curtain drawn up, discovers Mr. BRADLAUGH standing at the Bar. House crowded. Prince of WALES in Stage-Box. Mr. BRADLAUGH master of the situation, but knows how to temper authority with courtesy. "Gentlemen of the French Guard, swear first," he says, bowing to the throng of new Members waiting to take the oath. So they advance in a long line, Mr. RAIKES looking as gloomy as if he were going to a funeral, and Mr. JAMES LOWTHER as jubilant as if the melancholy occasion which oppressed his friend were the obsequies of the Government. Terrible swearing going on at the table for some minutes. When finished, Mr. BRADLAUGH marched up, and, precisely as on earlier occasions, stood at the table. "Quite like old times," says Mr. DILLWYN with a pleased smile. All the old business gone through precisely as before—all up to the climax. Government defeated on the Previous Question; Mr. BRADLAUGH voted out; ordered to retire; wouldn't go; SPEAKER asked for fresh instructions; given with pleasure; SPEAKER orders BRADLAUGH to retire; B. declines. Breathless silence; Sergeant-at-Arms fastens an additional button on his right glove. The twelve ancient servitors—now, alas! a year older—who in a single night turned out twenty-seven Irish Members, feel their biceps, throw out their chests, and prepare for action. Everybody holds his breath, and Hon. Gentlemen on the Front Benches begin to wonder whether, after all, they have got the safest seats for seeing the shindy. But Mr. BRADLAUGH, remembering his dignity, declines the physical contest, and walks out.

Strangers in the Gallery indignant, and talk of demanding their money back. It's like going to the play and finding *Hamlet's* mother and stepfather alive when the curtain falls; or *Macbeth* walking comfortably off when it's all over; or Mr. and Mrs. *Othello* retiring, arm-in-arm, just when the pillow-scene ought to come on.

Business done.—Mr. BRADLAUGH ejected by 286 votes against 228.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Debate on Address going on all afternoon. Sir STAFFORD provokingly mild; W. E. G. magnificently irritable; Mr. BIGGAR, perched on his familiar seat below the Gangway, "says Boo to him" with great pertinacity and gratifying success. Have always thought that if the American gentleman, in his luxuriously appointed apartment, had paid no attention to the raven perched upon the pallid bust of Pallas, he would have been more comfortable, and the bird would soon have got tired of croaking "Nevermore." W. E. G., when in similar circumstances a Parliamentary raven "says Boo to him," with grimly polished manner, and most excellent irony, retorts "Boo-hoo to you!" JOSEPH GILLIS doesn't understand the satire, but he sees he is annoying and disconcerting the great orator, and is naturally encouraged by the notice taken of him.

Lord Mayor DAWSON turned on the gurgling founts of his oratory. What a man it is! More charming than ever, since, as he puts it,

he has "held high position." It more than ever behoves gentlemen inclined to look askance upon Mrs. DAWSON to remember that there is a Body they will have to step over. The Body will now be clad in the robes of the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Mr. FIRTH wandering about this afternoon looking as if a great load were lifted from his mind. Saw him several times last night hanging about the entrance hall furtively peering into the House. Thought the other Lord Mayor and Corporation were lying in wait for him somewhere, and that he went about in bodily fear. At ten o'clock, as I was trotting along the corridor with intent to have a cigar on the terrace with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, met a pair of calves coming nervously along. Given up that sort of thing now, and was passing on when, looking up, discovered at the other end of the face of the Member for Chelsea. In addition to stockings he had on velvet knee-breeches, ditto coat, and a white frill spread out under his chin like a small waterfall. Looked more than ever guilty and distraught. Thought at first he hadn't come honestly by the things, but then flashed upon me that he was trying to get away in disguise from the



The Opposition Show; new Figures added to the Collection.

out-lying piquet of a vengeful Corporation. Mentioned it to CHAMBERLAIN, who said he was only going to second the Motion for the Address, and that it was customary for gentlemen to do that in costume, as if they were playing in a charade. However it be, F. seems more cheerful to-day, as he goes about in his own clothes.

Business done.—Debate on the Address.

Thursday Night.—Pity Lord FOLKESTONE isn't here to-night. He doesn't go in much for serious Art; but, when one has the Painter instinct, I'm told a good subject will bring it out surprisingly. Here, in full view of the Viscount, whose copy of the Orders is usually illustrated with heads of the people opposite, is one of the best lay-figures for a great masterpiece, to be entitled "*The Good Man struggling with Adversity*," that ever amateur happened upon. There is a ruggedness about the apparel, a recklessness about the hair, a hunted look in the eye, a nervous twitch of the fingers, and a convulsive movement of the whole body that is much more eloquent than the speech itself.

It is Mr. FORSTER, unmuzzled at last, and with full opportunity of demolishing his opponents. What a dreadful muddle he has got into!

"It will read a good deal better in print," says Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, always ready to put in a kind word for anyone.

"Yes," says Mr. BRIGHT, testily, "but he's not addressing the House of Commons in print. You might as well, seeing a man trying to get along Fleet Street in a steam-launch, say it would go admirably on the river."

And yet every one sorry for him, and makes desperate attempts to look interested. Fact is FORSTER is flogging a dead horse, slaying the Land League over again, and explaining in February why he put Mr. PARNELL in prison in October. The interest is a little remote.

Much livelier after midnight. Regular skirmishing among Private Bills. Everybody woke up, and wanted to block somebody else's Bill. Mr. FORSTER, depressed with his own dullness, joined in the game, which was such a success, that the House sat till three in the morning, and would have sat longer, only it was Counted Out.

Business done.—Mr. SMYTH's Repeal-Home-Rule Amendment rejected by 93 votes against 37.

Friday Night.—Dull night. House empty, except for talk, and that, for the most part, empty too.

Business done.—Successfully postponed the introduction of the New Rules till end of next week.



Mr. Bradlaugh appears, and the Clock stops.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY AT THE PLAY.

RESPECTED P.,—I took your advice, and went to see the *School for Scandal* at the Vaudeville. I took TOMKYNs of Balliol, who is an awfully clever chap. Having presented a nice young lady a nice sixpence for a nice programme, containing all the names and addresses of some of the principal decorators, upholsterers, and furniture-makers in London, I saw a vast collection of tables, and chairs, and clocks, and looking-glasses, just like a Bond Street Art-shop; and mixed up with these was my *Lady Sneerwell*, who wore a mustard-coloured wig (mind you, she was a Lady of the deepest dye), saying nasty things, in a hard voice, to a kind of aconite-and-arsenic-looking chap called *Snake*. Then entered a plum-coloured Footman, who, however, turned out to be the villain of the play. This was *Joseph Surface*, played by Mr. ARCHER, whose rendering of this part TOMKYNs told me, was "subtle;" but he struck me as too quiet and insipid, even when he was not required to disguise his villainy.

Then came a black and white heroine called *Maria*, played by a Miss ALMA MURRAY, who looked very pretty, talked copy-book headings in a sad sepulchral voice, and was altogether a very



Furniture Puzzle Scene—To find Charles Surface.

depressing and miserable young person, and not a bit the sort of girl *Charlie Surface*,—good sort, *Charlie*, I tell you—would have fallen desperately in love with. But the love-making part was very heavy; only, thank goodness! there wasn't much of it.

I became a bit livelier when a funny, and festive old lady, *Mrs. Sugar Can*—I mean *Mrs. Sterling-Candour*, began to tell stories for which she would most undoubtedly have been "scooped" had she told them at our Common Room.

Crab-Thorn-Tree was sour, and wrinkled, and brown. TOMKYNs tells me he is the boss of this show. He speaks with a curious little husky gasp at the beginning of every sentence, which is very comical. *Sir Benjamin Backbite* was played by a gentleman with a Chinese name, and an effeminate snob he was. TOMKYNs said "his foolish vapourings were in the true spirit of the Macaroni of the period." We all pretended to agree with TOMKYNs, as he knows a lot.

Well, Sir, these people told no end of queer stories, and talked anecdotal foolishness, and went on much the same as everybody does nowadays, and then a house came down into the middle of the drawing-room,* and into it walked such a dear old chap in a green coat. Isn't he an Actor? He has the quaintest ways, he is every inch a gentleman, and, bless his old soul! he has the right loyal tender heart under that green coat. I could see the piece over and over again, if it were only for the sake of Mr. FARRER's *Sir Peter Teasle*.†

He is married to an hysterical, giggling, dash-it-about, "flaunting, extravagant quean" (as a Militia Sergeant with a big moustache sang at a wine later on in the play). They rowed shockingly; she nagged him, skipped round him, and finally sneaked a cool too hundred out of the old boy, and wouldn't even give him a kiss for it. Then they played a sort of love-tennis game. He served worsted fruits, white cats, dock'd coach-horses, and butlers at her, and she volleyed back Cousin SOPHY's criticisms, and Bears and dangling old Bachelors over the net to him. Miss CAVEDISH's, that is, *Lady Teasle's*, delivery was more rapid than his, and she put

* A very ingenious change of scene. But the young man from the country is clearly a novice.—ED.

† Hear! hear! It is a first-rate performance.—ED.

on a great deal of side. He forgave her no end of faults, and whenever they were "love all," they began again, and she always won. *Sir Peter* is evidently "up to snuff" (as I said to TOMKYNs), and he takes a goodish lot of it during the play; but we all agreed at this point, that if he was "taking snuff," the lady wasn't "taking Cavendish," but only just at this point, when I was hurt to see the old man scored off in this way.

Still *Lady Teasle* redeemed all her misdeeds by one splendid bit of acting, when *Charlie Surface*, without so much as "by your ticket of leave," chucked the screen down in *Joseph's* library of



Screen Scene—Lady Teasle discovered.

painted books. Then, as she spoke from the back of the stage, her voice came down to us so tenderly and wistfully that it shut up the boys' laughing, and that's saying a great deal. And the way she withered up the plum-coloured Mr. Hypocrite, and refused to back ARCHER at any price, was superbly scorching. I don't see though why she should be discovered in such a carefully posed statuesque attitude. Surely at that moment *Lady T.* would have tried to make a bolt of it, and she might just be caught in the instant of a dash for the door which is close at hand. The position of this door is a mistake.* (TOMKYNs says all *Lady Teasles* stand like that, and that it's "traditional:"—hang tradition!)

This is the crack scene of the play, and everybody plays it well; but I think *Charlie* was wrong to come in and bow to us after his jolly laugh at the bewildered trio. (TOMKYNs says it is a "traditional call"—that's TOMKYNs all over!)

Mr. NAVILLE is a rattling, cheery, dashing chap. Go and see how he sells all his ancestors to his Uncle (no, not what you mean, but something like it), all but an ill-looking little fellow over a settee—a kind of spidery sofa,—and note how tenderly he bends over that scrubby little picture, and flicks the dust from it's face with a lace handkerchief—that loving flick was "good business" for *Charlie* in more ways than one.†

This *Uncle Oliver* was evidently meant by the fellow who wrote the play to be a jolly old boy with a warm heart and a taste for amateur theatricals, but Mr. MACLEAN's notion of him was harsh, surly, and grumpy. TOMKYNs says he is a very steady and conscientious actor! He's a deal too steady and conscientious for *Uncle Oliver*. TOMKYNs says the *Rowley* for this *Oliver* (often wondered where this proverb came from) is an old bore, who ought to be superannuated. He creeps in and out of the play with a benevolent smile; and, when he gets a chance, sticks his hand on his hip, crooks his off leg, and poses and poses to his heart's content. It seemed to me he was just the sort of nuisance such a confidential old family servant would be. The *Mosses* was funny, to give him his due—I think he might give us a little more of it in the make-up—though the voice would have provoked all Russia. Modern MOSESSES drive broughams, and give you dry sherry and cigars, but the dialogue is just the same. *Mosses* is Mr. RENTON, whom I have seen somewhere else playing a Jew in a burlesque, when I liked him very much better.

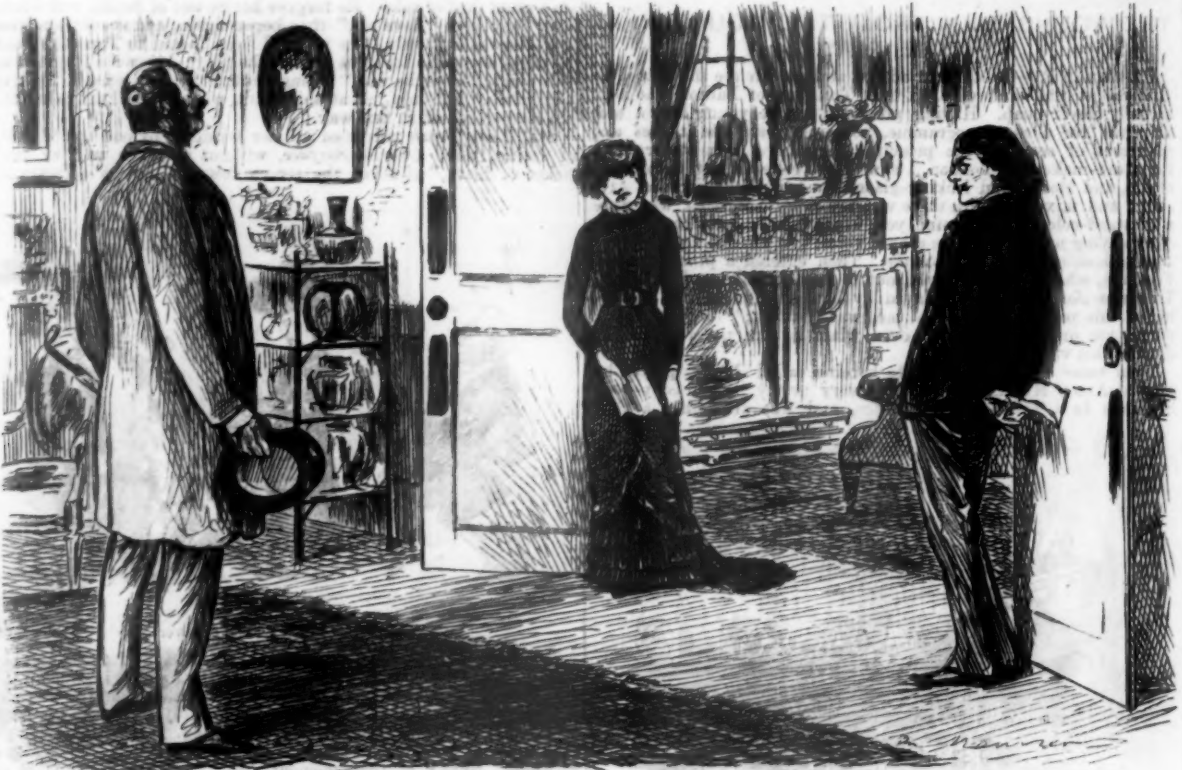
The play ended by the aconite-and-arsenic chap turning up again and telling the truth, and *Charlie* marries *Maria*.

You said you'd like to hear from me on the subject, and so I've sent you this, and am Yours ever, JACK IN A BOX.

* Quite right.—ED.

† Glad to see that our Young Man was struck by this.—ED.

|| SIR EDWARD WATKES'S CHEF-DOUVRES.—The Channel Tunnel.
SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S BOGIE.—The Channel Tunnel.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE ACTOR AND ACTRESS (SUBURBAN).

Uncle Jack (a great Theatre-goer). "ULLO, MY DEARS! SO YOU'RE GOING IN FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS, EH? AND WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE? 'ONLY A HALFPENNY!' OR 'ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS!'"

Egbert. "OH NO. NOTHING OF THAT SORT. WE ARE GOING TO GIVE 'THE CUP,' BY ALFRED TENNYSON."

Uncle Jack. "YOU DON'T SAY SO. AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE IT?"

Egbert. "A—HERE, IN THE BACK DRAWING-ROOM."

Uncle Jack. "WELL I NEVER! AND WHO'S GOING TO TAKE ELLEN TERRY'S PART?"

Dorothea (who flatters herself she bears a striking resemblance to that Lady). "I AM."

Uncle Jack. "GOODNESS GRACIOUS! AND HAVE YOU INVITED ANYBODY YET, BESIDES MYSELF?"

Dorothea. "OH YES. EVERYBODY WE KNOW IN LONDON."

Uncle Jack. "GRACIOUS GOODNESS! AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO PUT 'EM ALL, IF THEY COME?"

Dorothea and Egbert. "OH, THAT'S THEIR LOOK OUT, YOU KNOW!"

AN ODD PAIR.

AIR—"The Cork Leg."

OH, I'll tell you a tale of North-amp-ton,
A town where a good deal of business is done
With leather and lasts, and St. Crispin's one
Of the principal Saints—though his saintship's fun—
Ri-tooral-looral, &c.

And the Sons of St. Crispin in North-amp-ton
Made a pair of shoes for a gent named JOHN;
But, alas! when it came to putting them on,
There was such a shine as had seldom shone—
Ri-tooral-looral, &c.

The dexter shoe it was all very well;
It was shiny and smart, like the hat of a swell,
With a spick-and-span look that was worthy Pall-Mall,
From a toughish hide, cut the truth to tell—
Ri-tooral-looral, &c.

Some thought it a sort of a nondescript cross
'Twixt highlow and slipper; noses would toss
And suggest that to lose it were no great loss,
But at least it had shapeliness, trimness, and gloss—
Ri-tooral-looral, &c.

But as for the other, a right-down "slop,"

Slab in the sole and untidy of top;

Heeling to port with inebriate flop,

Utter disgrace to Northampton shop—

Ri-tooral-looral, &c.

A Blunderbore troubled with bunions might find

It a sort of a fit, and perhaps to his mind;

It might do, did a Gringuffin feel so inclined,

Brobdignagian beetles to crush and grind—

Ri-tooral-looral, &c.

But for decent use of respectable gent

It plainly—too plainly—was never meant,

And Mr. JOHN BULL did not fail to vent

On the shoe and its makers his discontent—

Ri-tooral-looral, &c.

Cries he, "An abortion, a bungle, a fright!

The dexter one pinches me rather tight,

But the left is a beast. Yah! get out of my sight!

If your makers aren't paid it will serve 'em right!—

Ri-tooral-looral, &c.

So he kicked it off, and he kicked it out,

And some friends of this gent raised a gladsome shout;

But whether he's yet seen the end of the bout

It were bootless—just now—to inquire, no doubt—

Ri-tooral-looral, &c.



AN ODD PAIR.

"ONE SHOE OFF, AND ONE SHOE ON,
DIDDLE-DIDDLE-DUMPKIN, NORTH-AMP-TON"—Nursery Rhyme.

SONG AND SUPPER.

BETWEEN Popular Concerts, as given at St. James's Hall, and Concerts for the People as given at the Victoria Hall, New Cut, and Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell, the difference is as great as the celebrated one between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut horse. There can be no doubt as to which of the two kinds of entertainment is the chestnut horse. The excellent music performed on Saturdays and Mondays, occasionally also on Wednesdays, at the so-called "Monday Pops," is, however, of the class known as chamber-music, and in that character has the appropriate effect of sending some persons to sleep. It is useless to deny it; for the sleeping ones may be seen and, when not too numerous, counted. It is, above all, at the evening or after-dinner concerts, that the sad spectacle may be observed of worthy men struggling against the combined effects of too much gas, insufficient ventilation, a full meal, and a string quartet. These feeble amateurs, should try the Morning Concerts which, without being less perfect as regards music, are, as regards temperature, much cooler than the evening ones. To true music-lovers, however, the playing of Madame NORMANN-NERUDA, of Signor PIATTI and their associates, would be welcome at any hour of the day or night.

Quartet music and the best kind of pianoforte music, however "popular" it may be with a comparatively small portion of the public, would worry and stupefy "the people;" and at the People's Concerts the programmes are made up of songs and ballads to which the word "popular," used in its ordinary sense, might fairly be applied. The popular character, however, of the Concerts for the People may soon be destroyed if the aristocracy, and even Royalty, interfere with them. Such interference is really taking place, for Lady COLIN CAMPBELL (a charming vocalist) has already sung twice at the Foresters' Hall, while the Victoria Hall was honoured last Thursday with the presence of the Prince and Princess of WALES. At these concerts no intoxicating drinks are sold—a peculiarity which, it is true, may also be observed at the Philharmonic, the Monday Populars, and other concerts given at the West End. But the Concerts for the People are addressed in particular to the frequenters of Music Halls, who think no place of entertainment complete without a bar—though what would a Music Hall be without a few bars' rest?—and who, like a certain benighted Californian settler, would expect to find one even in a place of worship. Smoking is allowed, and the temperance system has already found some strong "backers." There's room for all.

If Mr. SIMS REEVES had lived in the days of the Persian king who offered a prize for a new pleasure, he might well have put in a claim for the reward. He has at least invented a new kind of concert, to which he might justly have given his own name, but which he prefers to describe as "National, Operatic, and Miscellaneous." This novel entertainment is made up of national ballads, operatic airs, and songs of various kinds; and the tenor music included in the programme covers so wide a range that no one but SIMS REEVES with his comprehensive grasp could possibly do justice to it. At last week's "National, Operatic," &c., the national feature was "Tom Bowling," and the operatic one a selection from MACFARREN's *Robin Hood*. The manliness and pathos which Mr. REEVES infused into his delivery of the English ballad were beyond praise; and "Tom Bowling" was the success of the evening. The *Robin Hood* performance was like a return to ancient times; for the principal airs were sung by the same artists who sang them upwards of twenty years ago when the opera was first brought out. M^{rs}. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON was once more *Maid Marian*, Mr. SIMS REEVES *Robin Hood*, and Mr. SANTLEY *Friar Tuck*. The *Friar* wanted a little padding to look the part, but his voice was as full and round as ever.

The Philharmonic Society is frequently "chaffed" on account of its age; and it admits in its programmes that its years now number three score and ten. Its Repertory, however, numbers scores without limit; and it is about to be increased by the addition of several new ones. It may be doubted whether the two-year old Orchestral Concerts of HERR RICHTER, and the Orchestral Concerts as yet unborn, but confidently expected this season, of Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ and Mr. WALTER MACFARREN, will be as full of life seventy years hence as are the old Philharmonic Concerts in the present day!

Nothing new at the opening concert, unless the first appearance in public of the newly-formed Philharmonic Choir can be so considered. The symphony was BEETHOVEN's No. 9, otherwise the Coral; thus named because there is so much written—and probably, therefore, so much read—about it.

My Song is ended. Now for Supper.

THE REASON WHY.—The Statue of good Queen ANNE, at St. Paul's, who turns her face to the public, and her back to the church, has been mutilated by a madman. On inquiry, it was found that he was formerly an inmate of the Stone Lunatic Asylum. It is said that he was so irritated at this being the only ungrammatical Statue in London; because whereas any other Statue is "A Statue," this is always "Anne's Statue."

"THE DUMB DOGS' DOOM."

"..... on going to kennel the men found the animals [The Western Foxhounds] afflicted with dumb madness. The veterinary surgeons called in pronounced the disease so virulent in form that they ordered the whole pack to be destroyed."—*Evening Paper*.

As to the Weather and the Crops, the Farmers own the Weather Has lately all that could be wished for the Crops been altogether; But fog which never hurt the fields oppress the respiration, And cause catarrh, with cough and bark of bronchial irritation;

Bow, wow, wow!

Cough, cough, continually—Bow, wow, wow!

The genuine canine utterance has stood, meanwhile, suspended, In a case which, fully stated, might perhaps be comprehended, But, considered as an incident of late and local history, Remains, to be accounted for, a marvel and a mystery.

Bow, wow, wow!

What could have choked the chorus—Bow, wow, wow?

The Western Foxhounds—name to none in all the kingdom yielding—'Squires Western of eternal fame, immortalised by FIELDING—On Saturday appointed were to hunt—as man disposes—Ne'er fox to scent that Saturday did those dogs set their noses—

Bow, wow, wow!

No more, never, never—Bow, wow, wow!

The huntsmen to the kennel came with usual joy and gladness, When lo! they found the animals all affected with dumb madness; Within a night, the whole struck dumb, at once and altogether. What could the cause have been if not the damp and foggy weather?

Bow, wow, wow!

Ah, no, they never answered—Bow, wow, wow!

The Vets with virulent rabies pronounced the pack infected, And ordered its destruction, done as shortly as directed: Of course, if there exists the slightest doubt about dogs' sanity, The benefit of the doubt mankind must always give humanity.

Bow, wow, wow!

Die dogs unable to cry Bow, wow, wow!

Yet should we always—could we lift the scientific curtain—Find mute with mad convertible in kennels quite for certain? Had not the Western Foxhounds that were put to euthanasia, But a simultaneous seizure of the new disease, Aphasis?

Bow, wow, wow!

No saying—e'en so much as Bow, wow, wow!

A Missing Paragraph in a Certain Speech.

"BEING very much pained at the frequent outrages on unoffending animals in Ireland, and not being quite certain what branch of my Government, if any, is capable of stopping these outrages, I wrote to Lord NEVERDARE, as President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and had a most polite note from his Lordship regretting his inability to cure the evil."

The Coming Race.

(*Hanlan v. Boyd, on the Tyne, 3rd April next.*)

STOUT ROBERT WATSON is BOYD up with hope That with the great Canadian he can cope. Smart HANLAN, with a twinkle in his glance, Swears he of Tyne has not a Tyne-y chance. Now, Gentlemen and Sportsmen, put your pots on! May you not forfeit what's on ROBERT WATSON!

Good News for the Pigeons.

At a pigeon-shooting match the other day in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, one of the shooters, irritated at the conduct of another shooter, belaboured him with his gun in a serious manner, while the pigeons looked on delighted. It is true they were only common people, but every little helps.

Lines by Mrs. Cimabue Brown.

"Sixty Boston students recently appeared at Mr. OSCAR WILDS's lecture, attired in white waistcoats and knee-breeches, and wearing sunflowers in their button-holes."—*American Paper*.

SHAME on those Boston students, who dare our Bard to mock, And turn our Lustrous Lily into a Laughing Stock!

SIDEREAL OBSERVATIONS.

(A Page from Our Own "Old Bore's Almanack.")

TOWARDS the latter end of the month Hesperus is eclipsed, which indicates that Parliamentary passions will become somewhat ex-Hesperated. Probably some trouble may be experienced from the Home-Rulers, inasmuch as Saturn now approaches its perihelion. But as Jupiter is in the House of Life, Mr. GLADSTONE will be able to triumph over Irish attacks.

March.—The appearance of a gigantic comet during this month, invisible at Greenwich or anywhere else, portends that something astonishing will occur to a Certain or Uncertain Party, which may be expected, having lost its head, to be directed forwards by the action of its tail.

Foreign affairs, especially Russian, become complicated as the Great Bear ascends into close conjunction with the constellation Pisces. The prospects of the continuance of peace are in consequence somewhat fishy.

April.—The Voice of the Stars points unerringly to the fact that the London Musical Season will have commenced.

During the Easter recess Mr. GLADSTONE will take a few turns in his garden at Hawarden, and revolve on his own axes. Anybody with anything like a bill in his hand, will be refused admission to the House, and be forcibly ejected if he wishes to gain axes.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 71.



J. E. BOEHM, R.A.

"THE HORSE AND HIS MASTER;" OR, THE RECENTLY ELECTED SCULPTOR ON HIS NEW R.A.-BIAN STREET.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

(Dedicated to Lord Richard Grosvenor, M.P.)

UNDER the Sea! Under the Sea!
So little DICKY sings to WOLSELEY.

Under the Sea! Under the Sea!

HAWKSHAW and FORBES can't be wrong.

Then it's work, work, work,
Go straight to the strata,
And, sooner or later,
We'll shirk, shirk, shirk
Sea-sickness from here to Booblong.*

So it's
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!

Don't list to any Dunce or Dunsane,†

Or with the T-unnel 'twill be All "Dickie"‡ before very long.

* *Vid Calais*, of course. But rhyme before reason.—*The Post*.

† In the *Nineteenth Century*.

‡ "DICKY" GROSVENOR, of course.

BOGIE!—The Italian Government are so struck by the alarm exhibited by Sir GARNER WOLSELEY at the prospect of a Channel Tunnel, that they have closed the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard Tunnels, and left travellers to the mountain diligences. Their reason for doing this is the fact that NAPOLEON really crossed the Alps, while he only threatened to invade England.

NEW READING.—"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?"—"Who will survey the (District) Surveyors?"

STEMMING THE PANIC.

SIR,

You told me there was a Panic in the City. You also told me that it was my duty to stem it. On my requesting from you the casual loan of a Million wherewith to stem the Panic, you made use of remarks calculated to injure both the Panic and myself in the eyes of unbiassed observers. But I went to the Panic.

Arising in the middle of the night, I chartered a speedy hansom and was in the City at an inconveniently early hour. Amongst other places to which in your wrath you had directed me was "the fountain head." I went to the fountain-head, to my fountain-head. My fountain-head is somehow engaged in Jute, but whether he sells, buys, borrows, lends, or even steals Jute, I know not. What I do know is, that Jute is good business; that if you are wise you will take 6 to 4 about Jute till the Ring is tired; that when you ask for Jute you must see that you get it; that Jute only strikes on its own box; that, despite obstinate fogs and carefully-nurtured fire Panics, the receipts for Jute are £2000 this week, as against £1500 for Jute this week last year; that if Jute will only return to his, her, or its wife and family, all will be forgiven; that if the heirs or next of kin to Jute will only apply anywhere, they will hear something to their own advantage; and that no Jute is sold without the trademark—

"How does he Jute,
How does he Jute,
How does he Jute so free?"

I found my Jute friend, and knowing that time was money in the City, I asked him,

"How is the Panic?"

He replied,

"I will show you."

We left his office, and entered a house which, by the number of

merchants who were entering and departing, must be one of the most important places of business in the City.

"Come down-stairs," said my friend, "and I will show you not only one but several Panics."

I went down-stairs, and saw the Panics.

Panics are somewhat like overgrown tortoises. When Panics are not wanted, they are kept in tanks; when they have to be stemmed rapidly, their throats are cut. So a man in white told me.

"To stem this Panic properly," said my friend of Jute, "we must go up-stairs." And bowing to his superior City knowledge, we went up-stairs. There we encountered other City gentlemen also engaged in stemming the Panic. One was so devoted to the task that he had sat up all night, playing baccarat with the Jews. Another had disguised himself, in a white waistcoat, as a butler from the very house we were then in, and had attended eleven consecutive performances at the Gaiety Theatre. And yet another had saved the City by refusing to sell tea, and buying oil of cinnamon in its place.

Talk of stemming the Panic. It was not a feat to be accomplished with the ease which West-End writers seem to think is sufficient. Words first, quiet words, then strong naughty words, then almost blows, before it was arranged whether vinegar by itself, or cayenne pepper and lemon, or even a drop of "the Boy," as suggested by

CITY EDITOR.

[Look here, we must draw the line somewhere. We engaged a youth, who said he knew a lot of men in the City, to describe the Panic to us. As far as we can make out, he was given lunch in the City, and saw no more of the Panic than we did. Still we will give him one more chance.—ED.]

MRS. RAMSDOTHAM tells us a Gentleman in the neighbourhood of Brighton has just organised a pack of Beadles for hunting purposes! She indignantly asks where is the Royal Humane Society, and what are the Parish Authorities about to allow such sacrifice?



"CAPPING" HIM.

Dr. Switcher (who had discovered "Bull's-eyes" about, and traced them to the original donor). "DON'T YOU KNOW, MUGGINS, THERE'S AN OLD PROVERB THAT 'FOOLS GIVE FEASTS AND WISE MEN EAT THEM'!"

Muggins. "YES, SIR, AND THERE'S ANOTHER ONE, SIR."

The Doctor. "WHAT'S THAT, SIR! NOW, SIR"—(noticing a reticence)—"WHAT IS IT, SIR!"—(sternly)—"OR ELSE——!"

Muggins (seeing no escape). "PLEASE, SIR, 'W—WISE MEN MAKE PROVERBS AND F—FOOLS REPEA——'"

[Coughs and hesitates.]

[Catches it!]

THE DISTRICT SURVEYOR.

MR. PUNCH has not had to pause long for a reply. He has received one not only from a District Surveyor, but from one of high degree, with no less than five mysterious letters after his name, and who claims for his associates or predecessors, Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the Institute of British Architects, Professors of Architecture at King's and University Colleges, F.R.S., &c., &c., &c.

So much to prove their respectability, and as to their high character, he states, with somewhat grim humour, as a proof of its spotless purity, that they all, Presidents and Vice-Presidents included, have to sign a declaration, that they "will take no bribes or trade commissions on pain of expulsion,"—if found out.

The District Surveyor makes out a better case for himself and his Colleagues than Mr. Punch from his previous information and observation would have thought possible, laying the blame for the evils that are so patent to all, to want of sufficient power to control the acts and deeds of Jerry Builders and grasping Landowners.

To remedy this state of things he asks for that powerful assistance that Mr. Punch can so well supply, to help in the apparently impossible task of passing through the Legislature a useful and much needed measure that will give more power to the elbows of his class.

Perhaps when H. M. Government have quite done with that terrible Mr. BADLAW, and with proposing doubtful measures that nobody wants, and nobody cares about, they may find a little time for useful and necessary legislation, such as that suggested by Mr. Punch's Correspondent, the District Surveyor, F.R.I.B.A.

Mr. Punch having directed one of his young men to inquire further into the matter, he has gathered the following particulars, which may interest those of the Public who are in a blissful state of ignorance in this respect.

There seem to be some sixty-seven of these Gentlemen in the Metropolis, with fees ranging from £2,500 a year in Fulham or

Hammersmith, to some £300 a year in Clerkenwell. The total annual amount received by them yearly being just about £50,000.

Whether what is done by these Gentlemen is worth £50,000 a-year, is a matter upon which Mr. Punch's young man very properly refrains from giving an opinion; but in the course of his inquiries he learnt that while some of them seem somewhat lax in the performance of their duties, others display a degree of energy perfectly astounding.

For instance, he found that in the City lately, when a fire occurred in Cheapside, the astonished Commissioners of Sewers found themselves served with no less than nineteen different Reports of dangerous structures, all arising therefrom, and each entailing a separate Fee! No complaint of want of energy there, by the Powers, but something like a slight superabundance.

Upon the whole, Mr. Punch does not regret that he called attention to this matter, which will doubtless have the effect of stimulating the slothful and curbing the fee-hunger of the over-zealous in the performance of their important duties.

THE MOHOCK REVIVAL.

THIS is an age of reproductions and revivals, and amongst the rest that ancient form of ruffianism known as Mohockism appears to have broken out with more than ancient severity in various parts of London. While people are whipped to death on the Thames Embankment, stabbed by armed mobs at Hoxton, hunted down at Hackney and Islington, beaten black at Whitechapel and blue at Bethnal Green, we almost feel a delicacy in alluding to "outrages" in Ireland, or kicking in Lancashire and Derbyshire. To quote Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, with a slight difference, is the Police Force no remedy, or must we all carry revolvers? Perhaps the Seldom-at-Home Secretary, when he can spare time from surveying the world from China to Peru, will kindly answer this?

SKETCHES FROM "BOZ."

(Adapted to Well-known Characters.)



Mr. Bradlaugh, as *Rogue Riderhood*, wants his Alfred David to be taken down by Sir S. Northcote, as *Eugene Wrayburne*.—(Our Mutual Friend.)

ONE TO ONE ON EGYPT.

SCENE—A Street in London. Enter BROWN and JONES from opposite directions.

Brown. Serious matter this, JONES, about the KHEDIVÉ, the Collective Note, and the Control.

Jones. Serious indeed, BROWN. It is a question of Imperial Policy! BRITANNIA has the choice of holding up her head proudly amongst the nations of the world, or sinking disgraced in the dust of her own dishonoured isle!

Brown. Quite so! The British Lion is to be lord of all he surveys, or to fall to the level of the meanest of beasts, and the poorest of brutes!

Jones. I entirely agree with you. And the way BRITANNIA must hold her own, is by being just and fearless! She must allow Egypt to realise its destiny.

Brown. Exactly, by putting down ARABI BEY. The British Lion desires nothing better.

Jones. Pardon me. Not by putting ARABI BEY down, but by putting him up. ARABI is a noble patriot!

Brown. Surely you mean a contemptible trickster! The British Lion can only maintain his *prestige* with the support of an English occupation of Cairo.

Jones. Occupation! Surely you would not have BRITANNIA appeal to force to crush out the noble instincts of an ancient people!

Brown. Noble instincts, indeed! Why, the only idea of a native Egyptian statesman, is to tax the fellahs, and to escape payment of his just debts!

Jones. In a matter of right and justice, pecuniary affairs are entirely beside consideration. The great Anglo-Saxon race have a duty to perform—to allow the Egyptians the inestimable boon of self-government.

Brown. And a nice mess they made of self-government in the days of ISMAEL PASHA! And you would relax your hold of the Suez Canal, and thus lose your right of way to our great Indian Empire—that great Indian Empire, for the well-being of which we are so deeply responsible!

Jones. I would. Whatever the end may be, it never justifies the means. The slavery of Egypt is too high a price to pay to secure the quasi-independence of Hindostan.

Brown (after a pause). I think your scheme Quixotic—still, I can sympathise with your feelings, and believe me, I respect you as a true patriot.

Jones. I, on the other hand, consider that you take too narrow a view of the situation, and yet I am sure that your conclusions rest on a basis of love for justice, faith and fatherland. Farewell! Yet stay, one word more. Are you interested in Egyptian securities?

Brown. I am. I am in for the rise. But you would surely not suggest that that fact in any way influences my opinion?

Jones (quickly). Not for a moment! I make the assertion with all the greater confidence, as I happen to be in for the fall myself!

[Exeunt severally, to meet later in the day outside the Stock Exchange.]

DEATH OR DIVIDENDS! OR, HOW IT WILL BE DONE.

Fragment of Patriotic Pessimist Romance.

"And in the event of war, what, unless some powerful hand intervenes, will become of the shareholders' money?"—*Political Economist*.

THE year 1892 opened in ominous gloom. The prohibitive duty on Mixed Pickles had fallen on the Nation like a thunder-bolt. But there had been no hesitation. War had been declared, and the Channel Tunnel, as a menace to the security of the Empire, was at last about to be put to the test. Not that the Authorities at the Horse Guards had been idle. A breech-loader had been hurriedly mounted on the heights of Dover, the Duke was busy over a new facing, and five Artillery Volunteers, fairly equipped, were watching the entrance to the subterranean passage from the summit of St. Catherine's with a powerful secondhand field-glass.

But it was a terrible and tempestuous night, and though they had got the focus they saw nothing. Then they turned in! "The Frenchmen will scarcely emerge from the tunnel on an evening like this," said the Lieutenant in command. "At least, I don't think so," he added, with soldierly caution. In another minute the gallant band were asleep, refreshing themselves for the struggle of the morrow, and dreaming they were once more happy smiling children basking in the sunny gutters of the Borough Road.

There was a sound as of five military bands, playing an operatic selection together under the direction of an experienced conductor, slowly issuing from the tunnel's-mouth. "It is the signal!" remarked a handsomely bronzed middle-aged gentleman, who, in a dark-green general's uniform, and mounted on a well-trained railway omnibus horse, was directing the movement of some fifteen hundred heavily armed, but portly troops, who had now taken up a position, that effectually commanded and protected the approaches to the dark submarine roadway. "It is the signal!" he repeated, his eye kindling as he spoke, "and they are nearly through! We have only to keep the entrance clear, and prevent any molestation for five minutes more, and then the enemy will be safely out of it, and our great engineering enterprise will, thank heaven! be still preserved to us, and capable of yet paying the usual half-yearly dividend!"

His sturdy followers gave a hoarse cheer. They felt that whatever became of their country, their capital at least was still their own. It was a stirring scene. Some of them, strong men, wept like children. Then the head of the French column emerged, and in an hour ten thousand men were on the march for Margate. The die was cast. Kent was in the hands of the invader!

"And who may be these brave troops of yours who have been of such polite assistance to us, *Monsieur le Général*? For I presume I have the honour of addressing *Monsieur le Général*?"

It was the French Commander-in-Chief who spoke. The middle-aged Englishman in the dark green uniform quickly replied.

"Well, no, Sir," he said, "I'm no General, I'm merely the Chairman of the Company."

"*Vraiment*?" was the rejoinder. "And *ces braves soldats*?"

"*Lor*! bless you! What did you take 'em for but—the shareholders?"

"*Sapristi*! But you surprise me. Are you in England then in the habit of selling your country?"

"Always—when we can get sixteen per cent. for it!"

It was a business-like answer, and the Frenchman seemed moved. Then he smiled.

"*Mon dieu!*" he said, "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre! En route for Rosh-ville!*"

Then came the End! They knew where to spend a Happy Day!

'ARRY ON 'ORSEBACK.

OUR 'ARRY goes 'unting and sings with a will,

"The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill:"

And oft, when a saddle looks terribly bare,

The 'eels of our 'ARRY are seen in the air!

Prophetic Shakspeare!

ON behalf of the Managers, SHAKSPEARE says to the Right Hon. the Lord Chamberlain, the Crown, the Metropolitan Board of Works, the Middlesex Magistrates, the Surrey Magistrates, the District Magistrates, the County Magistrates, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and any other Licensing Authority in this very much licensed country:—

"We have all our exits and our entrances."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Vicar (who, until last Sunday, has always preached himself). "WELL, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE MY YOUNG CURATE'S SERMON!"

Mrs. Robinson. "OH, QUITE THE BEST WE HAVE HEARD FOR YEARS! WE ALL SAID SO!"

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

(With Compliments to M. Zola.)

(Letter from Solicitor to Author.)

SIR, Pump-sucker Court, Lincoln's Inn.
We are directed by our client, Mr. JORAM JONES, to inform you that it is our opinion that an action for libel will lie against you for the unwarrantable liberty you have taken with his name in your novel, *Washed Out by Tears*, now appearing in *Tidman's Magazine*. In the novel in question, you make Joram Jones murder his uncle by marriage—a Duke—in the first chapter, and elope with his grandmother—a Marchioness—in the second. From this, the only published instalment of your story, it would seem that you intend to make our client's namesake a grossly immoral personage. As such a reputation will do serious injury to our client, who is a respectable tradesman in the Borough, in his business of a grocer and cheesemonger, we must insist upon reparation immediately, or ask for the name of your legal adviser.

We are Sir, your obedient servants, RITS AND KOSTS.

(Letter from Author to Solicitor.)

DEAR SIR, Butterfly Gardens.
I WILL be frank with you. I certainly did intend in my novel, *Washed Out by Tears*, to make Joram Jones a villain. In the course of the story he was to have upset a railway train, burned down a hospital, and slaughtered an archbishop. However, now that I discover that I have wounded the just susceptibilities of your client (of whom I had never heard before receiving your letter), I will alter the whole scheme of my plot. I will account for the

A TRIBUNAL OF FASHION.

[Colonel TOTTEHAM, speaking at a meeting the other day, said, "Why should Fashions come from France?" and proposed that a Court should be formed of English Ladies, who would set the Fashions.]

Oh, why should the mode of to-day come from France,
When England can set all the Fashions herself?

Now courage, fair Ladies, your banners advance,

And win for the trader both honour and pelf.

There's kudos to gain, though *Le Follet* may sneer,

Though Frenchmen may fume, and though milliners

stare;

Still through every season and change of the year,

The Ladies of England shall choose what they'll wear.

Home fabrics, no doubt, will once more be the rage,

Like those Lady BECTIVE has urged us to buy;

Bring back the old guise of historical page,

And heed not the follies that Frenchwomen try.

You surely should know what becomes you the best,

As well as the Gaul, and, what'er may betide,

Choose textures yourselves, and the shape,—for the rest,

When doubtful, perchance you'll ask man to decide.

Then form a tribunal whence Fashion's decrees

You issue with firm and unanimous voice,

Wear not what you're told, but dress just as you please,

You'll find we shall like and acclaim every choice.

The woman of England a mission will find

That suits her far better than trying for votes,

In choosing the Fashion that's most to her mind—

Oh! would her reforms but extend to dress-costs!

The Clubs and the Stage.

We read the following in the *Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 16:—

"The honour of selecting a member of the Athenaeum Club was yesterday conferred by the committee on Mr. HENRY IRVING."

This is quite a novel idea. We shall probably hear next that Mr. DAVID JAMES has the honour of selecting members for Boodle's, Mr. HARE for the St. James's, Mr. BANCROFT for the Carlton, Mr. COGHAN for the "Rag," and Mr. CLAYTON for the Marlborough. At the Lotus Club, for example, in place of the ordinary election by ballot, they will possibly substitute election by ballet.

STUFF AND NONSENSE.—Yes, we must encourage the manufacture of British stuffs *volens uolens*.

crimes of the initial chapters by working out the idea of mistaken identity. I think your client will like his namesake now, if he is good enough to buy *Tidman's*, and reads my story. I have made Joram the most amiable of men. He is to found a Cathedral, lead a forlorn hope (for which he will receive the V.C.), and marry the heroine! Surely this ought to satisfy your client?

Yours sincerely, SHAKESPEARE SPOOKS.

Letter from Solicitor to Author.

Re Jones v. Yourself.

DEAR SIR,

Pump-sucker Court, Lincoln's Inn.
Our client is much pleased with your letter, but desires to say he would rather his namesake, Mr. Joram Jones, did not marry the heroine, as he (our client) has a wife already. You have met our first letter in such a very proper spirit that we feel sure that you will attend to this request also, and thus render further proceedings unnecessary. Enclosing our account against you in this matter (including the charge for this letter), we remain, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully, RITS AND KOSTS.

P.S.—Our client has just called, and says he would be much obliged if you could kindly make some allusion to his business in the Borough. But this we leave entirely to your discretion. Please make draft payable "to bearer."

Telegram from Author to Solicitor.

ALL right. Joram Jones shall not marry heroine, but make his fortune out of tea and cheese on the Surrey side of the water. Cheque to you posted.

NEW OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE WEAPON.—The Choke-bore, or Clôture Muzzle-loader.



SOLICITUDE !

Street Boy. "OH ! TAKE CARE YOU DON'T FALL THROUGH, SIR !"

MUNICIPAL REFORM.

"ROBERT" TO THE RESCUE.

So the threatened Volcano is cum at last ! and Mr. Froth instead of sinking as was naturally to be expected, has acachally come to the fore, the other 3 being BRALL, BILK and ARCOURT. Pleasant company for aughty ARCOURT ! He 'll have to be carefuller of his langwidge than usual when in their sollem society.

I have ventured on preveus oocashuns to give the grand old Copperation a word or two of advice, fancying somehow as I haven't stood behind the chairs and heard the couversations of the most eminent Pollyticians and Judges and Statesmen and Common Counsellmen of the day, without having heard a thing or two that I can put together for the benefit of "that ancient and distinguished body," as the QUEEN werry properly calls 'em, if they're not too proud to listen.

My first advice would be, don't yield a inch, it's a sine of weakness.

You've plenty of friends to back you, because they're all in the same boat, so to speak, that is to say just a little old-fashioned perhaps, and just a little slow, in these hurrying

telegraphic times, but if they are a going to abolish everythink as is old and respectable merely because it is old and respectable, it will be a rum sort of world when these Gents as is neither old nor respectable has quite done with it.

Take that grandest of all grand institushuns the House of Lords. Won't they stand by you to the bitter end ? Is they a likely body to go for to upset old institushuns at the call of that Scotch Gentleman the Firth of Forth, though he is a M.P., or rather as I should call him a M.T. as regards branes ? Certainly not, and why ?—because if once you begins abolishing everythink as ain't of much use, I should like to know where you're a going to stop.

Some low fellows laughs at Common Councilmen because they wears blue dresses, and when they drives through a crowd with that aughty demeanor that so well becoms their lofty station, the grinning Mob calls 'em Butchers, but if offishial costume is to be sneered at, how about the personal appearance of the Royal Commissioners as they sits in the sacred House of Lords with their crimson robes on and their ermine tippets and their Cocked Hats, a parsing the Bills as the QUEEN sends 'em to parse.

Is not that somethink to deepen the affectionet regard evry true-born Britton has for his country, speshally when the Gent as the QUEEN sends to 'em, won't speak a single word except in the French langwidge, and, as I am told, not werry good French neether ? Then there's some other old Institushuns as I knows on *perfeshonally*, sitivate in the Temple and thereabouts (warn't it once said a long time ago as the Temple was a good deal like a den of thieves ?), and don't they know what a good dinner is, and don't they eat plenty on 'em too, at sumbody else's expense ? Why at some times of the year the whole place smells of dinner, and a lovely smell it is to a poor hungry Barister as never gets no briefs except through some Public Office, such as the Post Office for instance, and then only in return for his wotes in the House of Commons.

Ah ! some Gents has nice idears of independence and patriotism as will sell their wotes and sell their constituents and sell their werry soles, and all for a few beggarly guineas for Government briefs.

What a lovely world these reforming Quacks and Quakers will make of it by the time they have quite finished with it !

There's to be no old Institooshuns, ev'rythink's to be what some truly great man once called "beastly new." There's to be no colour in anything, except I spouse drab, no fun, no humour, no feasting, except in Inns of Court, no Lord Mayor's Show, no Guildhall banquet !

What a lively idea !

Just another Pint. Who takes care of the pore Widders and Orfans like the Corporation and the City Companies ? Who spends so much on Eddyecashun as they does ? I knows of one Company as gives away no less than £10,000 a year in Charity ! And these reforming Patriots (I'm told Dr. JOHNSON described 'em once) would take it all away and spend it in rates. That's a trewly Christian ideal that is ! Save the Rates and starve the Poor !

An lor' when I was waitin' on the Ladies and Gents at the Mansion Ouse Ball last Thursday, and seed the trooly ammirable way as ev'rythink was done, with the LORD MARK and LADY MARESS in all their glory, I says is this ere to wanish and to melt into a "hairy nothink," as the Pote says ? Never says I wile my name is

ROBERT.



HOPES AND FEARS: OR, A DREAM OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

LORD SALISBURY APPEALING ON BEHALF OF BRITISH WOOLLEN INDUSTRIES TO THE MYSTERIOUS AND OCCULT TRIBUNAL OF FASHION.

MONDAY NIGHT, February 13. — House playing at debating again. Fact is, that till the New Rules are reached there is nothing to be done. But since the SPEAKER takes the Chair, the Mace is brought out, and to all outward appearance Parliament is sitting, we must look as life-like as possible. Accordingly, trot out Irish question again, and battle around it with ghastly efforts to seem in earnest. All old speeches made during Recess raked up. Opposition say to Ministers, "You said so-and-so somewhere in the Recess. You bad, wicked men! How dare you?" Ministers retort, "You're another! It was so-and-so we said on that particular occasion." Then extracts are produced, and read with much emphasis.

This wastes away the time, and brings on midnight. Only thing wanted is an audience. Members generously concede it's the right and proper thing to do; and it would be very nice indeed if their neighbours would only help to make a something that should look like a House. As for them, pressing engagements unfortunately call them away. So hour after hour the House empty, or filled with *vox et præterea nihil*.

Between the early hours of the sitting, when PLUNKET and CHAMBERLAIN had a little set-to, and close upon midnight, when LORD GEORGE HAMILTON said a few words, a dreary interval, during which the melancholy MARUM mused, and the bumptious BARRY bawled.

GEORGE HAMILTON really in fine form. Has been bottling up his wrath for some weeks, and explosion when it came terrific. Nothing less than JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN's head on a charger would satisfy him. In the meantime he will be slightly mollified if Mr. GLADSTONE will forthwith rise from the Treasury Bench and dismiss JOSEPH from office. Mr. GLADSTONE, who has fixed himself in as comfortable an attitude as the Treasury Bench permits, is apparently asleep. Slightly moves at this injunction. Is he about to rise and purchase his own safety by throwing over the President of the Board of Trade? J. C. bends his head, ostensibly to rearrange the flower in his buttonhole, but really to hide the pallor that steals over his face. The few Members present hold their breath in anticipation of the coming crisis. PETER begins to consider how the Board of Trade would suit him. GEORGE pauses a moment in the torrent of his speech. He is a fair-minded young nobleman, and will give GLADSTONE every chance. But W. E. G. is only settling himself into a more comfortable position. The opportunity has fled. CHAMBERLAIN is saved; but, as Lord GEORGE mutters to himself, as he resumes his seat, "At what a price—at what a price!"

Business done.—Consideration of Rules further postponed.

Tuesday Night.—Irish Members not so bad after all. Been desperately dull this Session. Began to think there was no more humour amongst them. But, as Mr. BIGGS says,—

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
The scent of the roses will cling to it still."

To-night commenced with the old, old game, and the same sad story. Address on the Debate, with tremendous harangue from SEXTON. Spoke for two mortal hours and a half, and not nearly so well as in some of his quarter-of-an-hour flashes. Eight o'clock when he sat down. House empty as usual. SEXTON talked the Saxon clean off the premises. Members gone away believing the division would take place about one in the morning.

"What a lark," says RICHARD POWER, kept in from his own dinner "to rush the division now."

Word passed round to stow all speeches; great trouble with The MACFARLANE, who had his ready, and isn't going to see it lost, especially after coming down so early the day Parliament opened. Made desperate attempts to rise; friends and countrymen held on to his coat-tails; but The MACFARLANE is of powerful build, and no one can say what might have happened if JOSEPH GILLIS, temporarily releasing the pressure of his knuckles from the back of his neck, had not whispered in his ear that he could deliver his Speech on the report of the Address. The MACFARLANE then subsided. Question put: Address agreed to, and House comfortably Counted Out by nine o'clock.

JOSEPH GILLIS subsequently spent two happy hours in Palace Yard, watching Members arrive ready to vote in the expected division. They came down smiling and radiant with the thought that they'd missed the boredom of the evening, and would still have their names in the Division List for the contemplation of distant constituencies. Am told that when J. G. put his head inside cab or carriage, and soothingly said, "Aren't ye a little late?" bad language ensued. As was said by one of old time, "JOEY B. is devilish sly."

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Wednesday Afternoon.—This Irish Debate reminds me of a distant family connection named *Snarleyow*. Captain MARRYAT made a novel about him, showing how, after he had been at various times shot, drowned, poisoned, boiled, and finally buried under eight feet of earth, always turned up again, wagging his tail as if nothing particular had happened. Thought we had done with the Address after the collapse of last night; but here it is as brisk as ever, or rather as deadly dull. The MACFARLANE worked off his speech, and then the ATTORNEY-GENERAL turned on his tap, which was only turned off when a Quarter-to-Six struck.

Business done.—Consideration of Rules further postponed.

Thursday Night.—ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND turned on his tap again. When it had been running for an hour began to think he had forgotten he had already done half-an-hour on Wednesday night. When he reached the second hour felt sure of it; when he commenced on the fifth half-hour, asked STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to lead me out, which he did most gently. Says if this sort of thing goes on, dog-tax ought to be repealed. Most kind-hearted man, STAFFORD; always tries to say pleasant things.

Met Big Ben in the corridor.

"Avast there, *Toby*!" says he, hailing me at the top of his voice, as if I was probably in want of a pilot. "What are they doing inside?"

"Ireland," says I, falling in with his humour and putting my paw to my mouth as I shouted forth.

"Ireland!" says he, "and the Navy going to the dogs! Bear a hand here, *Toby*, and help me to look in my locker for a speech I delivered twice last Session, and on an average three times every Session during the past eleven years. That'll freshen them up, my boy."

Soon found MS., which was rather bulky and slightly soiled with constant use. Then the old Salt hauled up his leecuppers, ran out his lanyards, shook out his bowline a bit, and luffing hard-a-port, bore down for his seat below the Gangway.

Quite delightful to see the House when B. B., with his head on one side and his right hand warningly stretched out towards the Treasury Bench, where GLADSTONE sat alone, put the old question, "Where are your Reserves?"

General opinion that the transition is a little abrupt, and that B. B.'s remarks on Dockyard expenditure scarcely seem in logical sequence to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's remarks on Ireland, and to TIM SULLIVAN's startling peroration when under the very nose of the SPEAKER and the PRIME MINISTER he drank a toast to the Land League. But the House is full of prejudices.

Business done.—New Rules further sheered off.

Saturday, 1 A.M.—Nearly run over in the corridor of the House of Lords just now. Never saw such a spectacle in my life, and couldn't have imagined it. Fancy twenty or thirty of the possessors of illustrious titles rushing along the corridor pell-mell, dashing across the Octagon Hall, and disappearing through the glass door! Thought at first BRADLAUGH had got in, declared the House of Lords abolished, nominated Mr. LABOUCHERE as his successor in the Presidency of the Republic, and proposed to begin business by confiscating a few heads. The way the water came down at Lodore was nothing compared to the rush of the Peers, many of them exceedingly elderly, and several winding wraps round their throats to save time as they ran. Fact is, House has just divided; rumour current that the House of Commons was simultaneously up, and this was a rush for cabs.

Business done.—Lords agree to pull up the Land Act planted last October, to see how it is growing. Commons finally agreed to Address. Now the work of the Session commences.

WHAT IT MAY COME TO!

"M. DUVERDY has obtained an injunction against M. ZOLA from using his name in the novel, *Pot-Bouilli*. . . . An author is now held to be at the mercy of anyone whose name he may have unwittingly appropriated. Numbers are suggested for characters in place of names."—*Daily Paper*.

HURRAH! hurrah! the day is won

That saves our names from ribald pen.

Hurrah! hurrah! the deed is done

That makes us as our fellow-men.

No longer shall some witting take

Our patronymic kin and kith,

Nor gossip joke and story make

On BROWN, JONES, ROBINSON, and SMITH.

They say that figures we shall see,

In place of names of either sex,

Thus, BROWN may soon be "Twenty-three,"

And SMITH and JONES be "Y and X."

Let justice run in fiction's lines,

On us most burdens have been on,

"One" "two" "three" "four" should be the signs,

Of JONES, SMITH, BROWN and ROBINSON.

AFTER the case of HODGES v. CHANOT, the saying "Fit as a fiddle," must assuredly be changed to "False as a fiddle."

A DAY'S PLEASURE.

THERE is a useful index of "What's going on" given every morning in the *Daily News*, which, taken with yesterday's "Tomorrow" of the *Globe*, is invaluable to the Visitor to London, who wants to see everything, and also to the Resident "of no occupation." If the Visitor to Town gets his *Daily News* at 7.30, and immediately commences its study, he may arrange a day for himself full of varied amusements. Nothing commences before 10: therefore he has, supposing he rises at 8, a good hour and a half before he need start.

Take, for instance, last Thursday. At ten he would have been the first to enter the Sportsman's Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Having thoroughly exhausted this by 12, he would be ready for his luncheon, to which he could devote an hour, and at 1 P.M. he might have gone down to the office of the Local Government Board, and joined the deputation about the Assessed Rates—a most interesting subject—to that body at 2 P.M.

Having had enough of this in about ten minutes, a fast hansom (supposing such a phenomenon at hand) would have deposited him at the *Globe Theatre* in time for the new piece at 2.30.

Having formed a general idea (quite sufficient for conversational purposes) of what the play was like, he could have driven off to the Royal Institution, where, at 3, there was a lecture on the "Geographical Distribution of Animals," from which he might have torn himself away in order to be at the St. James's Hall by 3.45, so as to miss as little as possible of the lecture on Opium Smoking.

A glance at his *Daily News* list, which, of course, he would be carrying in his waistcoat-pocket, and a rapid reference to his watch, would, if the latter were correct, inform him that the House of Commons opened at 4, and he must be there early in order to get a good place under the Gallery. By remaining in the House till 4.45, and then running up to the House of Lords, he could see a little bit of the fun there, and then rush off to the Hellenic Studies Society, whose meeting was held at 5 P.M. in Albemarle Street. He could, however, be there at 5.10, and by that time the eminent Grecians wouldn't have got much beyond a preliminary discussion on the authorship of *Homer*.

The Dinner of the Day was put down in the *Daily News* list for the Fishmongers' Hall, but as no hour was mentioned, our Visitor would have been rather puzzled; still, take it that at 5.30 he left the Hellenic Studies, returned to his lodgings, kept his cab at the door and dressed in five minutes, he might easily have arrived at the Fishmongers' Hall by a few minutes after six, when he would have been just in time for the fish and joint, after which, without interrupting the harmony of the proceedings by taking leave of the Chairman, he could have rushed off to the London Institution, arriving about 7.10, in time to hear a portion of Professor ARMSTRONG's Lecture on the "Economical use of Coal-gas," and after a quarter of an hour of this, he could have been at the opening of TOOLE's Theatre at 7.30, and by 8.15 could have reached the rooms of the Linnean Society during the first part of a discourse on the "Potato Disease."

Unfortunately, he would have had to give up all idea of hearing the discussion on "Water Fittings" at the Civil Engineers' Society, of seeing the "Photographic Apparatus Exhibition" at the Society of Arts, and could not have assisted at the Monthly Meeting of the Historical Society, the Trio Concerts at Marlborough Rooms, the Mozart Concert at Victoria Coffee Hall, and a few other entertainments which all commenced at 8. But he could have heard an Act of the *Lily of Killarney* at Her Majesty's, have got in for the best part of *Aladdin* at the Gaiety, and taken a short but necessary supper at any place where refreshment is served up to midnight, with half-an-hour to spare for a soothing cigar and a consolatory grog.

Then he could have retired to rest before 1 A.M., and would have risen next morning eager to read his next day's round of amusements in the *Daily News* Lists, and to act upon its advice in the manner already suggested. Isn't Life in London worth Living? Delightful!

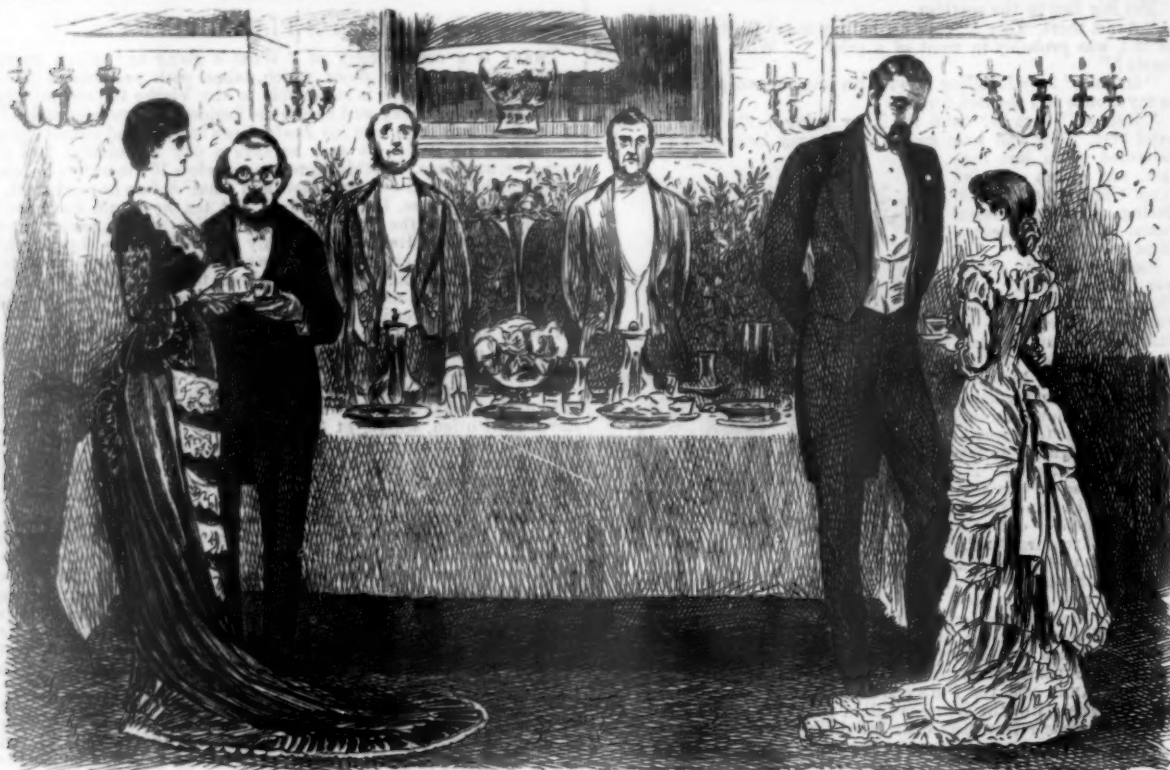
"WILLIAM IS SURE TO BE RIGHT."—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE of course we mean. Does he mention the *Clôture* under the name of Closure? Why, certainly. He recommends the proceeding in the Third Scene of the Fifth Act of *Titus Andronicus*:—

"And make a mutual closure of our house."

We thank Mr. MATT ARNOLD—a Matt not to be easily put down, shaken, or beaten—for the reference. The idea was of course a Crude'un; for which see *Concordance*, and when found make a note of.

THE Question of Cain. New Novel. By Mrs. CASHIEL HOXY. Evidently for the Use of Schools.

A GAME OF "BAC" (for beginners).—Accommodation Bills.



INTERCONJUGAL WHISPERS.

Wife of his Bosom. "LOOK, JOSEPH! THERE'S MAJOR BELSIZE! WHAT A HANDSOME MAN HE IS, TO BE SURE!"

He. "A—I SUPPOSE IT'S THE EFFECT OF MARRIAGE, MARIA—FOR, EVER SINCE WE'VE BEEN MARRIED, I'VE NOTICED THAT YOU ALWAYS SEEM TO ADMIRE MEN OF A TOTALLY DIFFERENT STAMP TO MYSELF! I DON'T HALF LIKE IT! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO HAVE ABOUT THE WOMAN MAJOR BELSIZE IS TALKING TO, FOR INSTANCE!"

"CHEF SAUCE."

WELL, WILLIAM, it may prove an excellent sauce,

A pleasant and wholesome political stirabout,
Although rival Cooks, as a matter of course.

Its fashion and flavour will raise some demur about.
Yet one cannot help wishing—'tis your wish as well—
At St. Stephen's our *plats* might be *au naturel*.

Yes, 'tis probably true that the season has come

For imposing some check upon anserine cackle.

Since noise puts its *Clôture* on sense, and strikes dumb

The tongues that our toughest of problems could tackle,
And for such as will wittlessly wantonly wag,
The only sure discipline may be the gag.

Oh, geese of St. Stephen's, vain, vicious verbose!

One grudges the sacrifice made to your gabble;

Whilst sense bows to the yoke 'tis constrained to impose

On the necks of the noisy and rabid-tongued rabble.

The geese of old Rome saved its Capitol; yes!—

But ours glory in making its safety look less.

Cantankerous quakers! Your shindyings shrill

May no more be permitted to bore us and floor us,

Yet plague on you, body, bone, feather, and bill,

For this precious result of your pestilent chorus.

Alas! for those fair fruits of Freedom's long toil,

That the spite of a goose-flock seems able to spoil!

Here's wishing sure skill and success to the hand

That is set to the pitiful perilous puzzle

Of silencing folly's cacophonous band,

Without fitting Wisdom and Wit with a muzzle.

And remember, one *Chef* is not always commander—

What's sauce for the goose, WILL, is sauce for the gander!

COCKNEY LEGISLATION.

A FEW weeks ago a lamentable accident occurred in Vienna. It might have occurred in a chapel, but, as it happened, it occurred in a theatre. It came at a dull time, and was a treasure to the newspapers. They nursed it affectionately. Parliament has opened, and questions are being asked, as a matter of course, in the House of Commons. These questions and the answers assume that if the Metropolitan Board of Works do something, the claims on Government will be satisfied. Newspaper commentators assume this likewise.

The Metropolitan Board of Works is a parochial body having certain powers within a great portion of London. Assuming, in the true spirit of Cockney legislation, that London is the whole of England, and that theatres are the only places in which the public may be roasted alive, it seems hard that a great tea-garden settlement like Sydenham, and other similar places, are left without protection. At the Crystal Palace, thirty thousand people can and do sit down at a single performance of a Christmas Pantomime, without the fostering care of Officialism or Bumbledom.

The LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S authority stops at Eaton Place in one direction, and never reaches music-halls anywhere, and the authority of the Metropolitan Board of Works, though it extends to music-halls, is not in operation in the outskirts of London. Whether a Scotchman is roasted or not in a theatre or a music-hall in Glasgow, an Irishman in Dublin, a Yorkshireman in Sheffield, and a Lancashire lad in Manchester, may not matter to our Cockney legislators, but the least they can do is to make Londoners safe, in spite of parochial limits and defective Acts of Parliament.

GOOD IDEA!—In these days of strict economy of time and space, when even "Telegraphic Dispatch" is abbreviated to "Telegram" or "Wire," surely the heading "Meteorological Report" is too lengthy a title for a daily column in a newspaper. Why not call it "The Forecast-le?"



“CHEF SAUCE!”

MR. P. “VERY NICE, WILLIAM”; ONLY RECOLLECT—WHAT’S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER!”



THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

MY BEDROOM FIRE.

On list while I strike a languid lyre,
And sing the joys of my Bedroom Fire!

The wind may howl and the rain may patter
And beat in anger against the pane;
The storm may bluster—it don't much matter:
I care not twopence* for wind or rain:
The red coals burn and the billets splinter;
The fitful flash and the glowing gleams
Evince the ills and the chills of Winter,
And bear me off to the Isle of Dreams!

A few dry logs, with much care selected,
A scuttle of coals and a vesta light,
A bundle† of rhymes by Punch rejected,
Will work a charm on a Winter's night!
I watch the light on my bed-room ceiling,
The chequered shadows that come and go;‡
While a sense of sleep comes o'er me stealing,
I note the flicker of gloom and glow:

The tiny gas-jets in pean choral,
The praises sing of the drowsy god;
I feel as though I had taken Choral,
And drift away to the Land of Nod!
The rain may fall, and the windows clatter,
The winds without may their revels keep,
I close my eyes, and I say "What matter?"§
And almost fancy I'm off to sleep.

* Why "twopence?"—Ed.

† A bundle? Two or three hundredweight would be nearer the mark.—Ed.
‡ The Lazy Minstrel will be an Ex-chequered shadow that comes and goes if he doesn't wake up.—Ed.

§ "What matter!"—so we say, too, with a double note of exclamation after it, and a strong emphasis on "what."

ALPHONSE AT THE SPORTSMAN EXHIBITION.

You were right, my dear *Redacteur-en-chef*, to send me—I who speak—to the *Agricultur-al* to see *Exposition Feld-Sport*. "For am I not perfect *gentleman-ridère*?" Ah yes, but I am! But *en avant*—behold my report.

I arrive at *Is-lin-ton*. I enter. I say to myself "ALPHONSE, my fellow, you shall see how these English shoot the fox, how they catch the birds, how they defy the dreadful cricket!" I say this, and the first things I observe are some toys! Here is a rocking-horse, there an effigy of the venerable "Tante Salli!" But I say to myself, "My fellow, these are for the hours of recreation! When the *gentleman-ridère* is tired of blowing his horn, and has blunted his *couteau de chasse* on the throats of the wily rabbit, he throws sticks at the tobacco-pipes! But yet, it is reasonable!" And I walk on and come to a stand full of games. The first thing I notice in this stand is a cloth for *trente-et-quarante*. "My faith!" I again say. "But this is curious! And yet the sportsman, when he cannot find the wild pig, must have other excitement! I see! He plays with his *kepers* at *rouge-et-noir* as he would play at Monte Carlo! Ah, the good hour!" Then I observe a large building, and I ask, "My fellow, what is that large building?" The fellow I address answers, "Can you not see? It is put up by the Iron Church Makers." But this is delightful! The perfect *gentleman-ridère* is not only brave and spiritual—he is also religious. He takes his chapel with him! He sets up his church in the forest like a modern Sir HUNERT! Ah, but these English—how they love Sunday!

I take off my hat to the sportsman's chapel, and I come to a photographic album. "What is this?" I say, "What has photography to do with the sporting?" Then, I think I am stupid. Of course! I see it all! The perfect *gentleman-ridère*, when he meets the lion, takes his *carte* before he shoots him! Ah! but this is the *phlegm Anglais*—it is truly *Britannicus*!

I pass on. I come to some visiting cards! But this is droll! Then I say to myself, "My fellow, the English are a civilised race. Two strangers shoot the same bird, they both claim it. They quarrel. Then they take out their card-cases, and deliver them to their *keepers*. A meeting is arranged! They fight! One is killed! The other attends his foe's funeral in the iron church! Ah, but it is magnificent, but to Frenchmen—not the sport!"

Again I progress. I come to a stall full of comic pictures! I pass on, and here are some china vases! "What have these," I say, "to do with the perfect *gentleman-ridère*?" I consider. He can put neither the comic pictures, nor the china vases, in his iron church—they would be out of place! But why not decorate the trees of his

forest, to remind him of what he calls, "'Ome—sweet 'ome?" Why not indeed? But the English are domesticated!

I still walk! And then I smile! But the perfect *gentleman-ridère* is gallant! He is brave, and loves the Ladies! Certainly; or why do I find these "fans at eighteen-pence?" But hold—they are presents for his wife! He is unsuccessful. He kills not the fox, he can find no wild pig! And *Madame* is naturally annoyed! "My fellow," she cries, "why have you not brought back our dinner?" He says nothing, but gives her a fan at eighteen-pence. She is satisfied! She is even gay! All is forgotten and forgiven!

And see, here is a travelling Telegraph-Office, so that *Monsieur* may send a record of his triumphs to *Madame*. Again, happy idea! Then I enter a dark room, and am shown a life-buoy which shines in the blackness. "My fellow," I say, "what is the use of this?" It is good, I am told, at night. It may be thrown to a drowning man if he falls off into the sea from a yacht! I will avoid the boat-sport! I do not wish to fall into the sea from a yacht!

But I am not quite satisfied. I speak to an Official. "My brave boy," I say, "where is the perfect *gentleman-ridère's* poodle-dogg?" The Official gives me a Catalogue, and replies, "One Shilling." I pay the silver, and examine the book. But this is a disappointment! The Exposition has no poodle-dogs! Then how can the perfect *gentleman-ridère* kill his prey? This is an omission!

I see some guns, some billiard-tables, some baths! Baths! The droll idea! It is curious how these English love their "tubbes!" But hold—here is something quite French! It makes me cry! It carries me back to Paris, to the Boulevards, to the Bois de Boulogne! But ah! it is too charming! I see before me "an ever-clean collar, that will wear for weeks without washing!" It is worthy of the *Grand Nation*! It is unique!

But what makes me turn pale? What makes me tremble? What makes me go away? What makes me say to myself, "My fellow, you must cease to be a perfect *gentleman-ridère*!" I will tell you! It is a carriage! I ask, "What is it?" The man I address replies, "An ambulance to carry home the wounded!" This is too much! I decide! I will not shoot the fox à l'Anglaise! It is too dangerous! No; I prefer the sport à la Française. It is more amusing to stop in a *café* all day long, and for distraction to play the horn!—Share with me, then, dear *Redacteur-en-chef*, my highest consideration. (Signed) ALPHONSE.

AMONG THE SAVAGES.

THE *Graphic* of last week commemorates pictorially the entertainment given by the Savage Club to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES and of Good Fellows. After the dinner at Willis's Rooms, the party adjourned to their Wigwam (near the Savoy Theatre), where "music had charms to soothe the savage breast." Is our OSCAR a member? We suppose not, as they only admit civilised savages—not one who is still Wilde. But where among the Sons of the War-paint and Feathers who entertained the Great White Chief of the Pale Faces, was "the Bard"—(you should "give it to the Bard" for his absence, Mr. J. L. TOOLE)—to sing the Song of Hiawatha, or Firewatha, or Wiakianwatha, about the noble Aitch-Ar-Aitcha?

Of all pals he learned the language,
Learned their names and learned their secrets,
How the Akturs had their dodges,
How the Pressmen wrote their copy,
How the Punster punn'd so glibly,
How the Singer sang so sweetly;
Talked with them when where'er he met them,
Called them "Aitch-Ar-Aitcha's Brothers."
Then the Chairman, Kunlit-o-wen,
Made a speech to Aitch-Ar-Aitcha
At the Rooms of Willis, when they
Made a banquet in his honour.
All the members came and feasted,
All the guests praised Aitch-Ar-Aitcha,
Called him Good-Chap, Puffa-Bacca,
Called him Kind-Heart, Tayk-it-Easee.

GUSH ABATEMENT NUISANCE EXHIBITION.—We shall welcome this. Mechanical appliances for gagging Gushers of all sorts. Gush-refrigerators, gush-douches.

"I so enjoyed myself at a Candelabra Dance the other night," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "A what dance?" we asked. "A Candelabra," she replied; "a dance, you know, where everybody is expected to go out at twelve o'clock."

THE FURNEAUX FRAUDS.—The name of this Adventure has been variously spelt. Once it was "FRANNEAUX," suggestive of No Fear. In FURNEAUX the idea is Dantesque.

POLITICAL INTEREST
IN THE COUNTRY.

(Any time before Feb. 7, 1882.)

Brown. Seen the paper this morning?*Jones.* Rather. Full of news, eh?*Brown.* I should think so. Did you read about that woman who cut four of her children's throats?*Jones.* Wouldn't have missed it for worlds. And did you see about that man who burnt his oldest friend to death?*Brown.* Every word. And wasn't that Breach of Promise case rare fun?*Jones.* It made me roar. And what a smash that was on the Slowgo Railway, nine people killed!*Brown.* Awful! And do you see that ninety men are imprisoned in a colliery, and aren't expected to be taken out alive?*Jones.* No, by Jove, I didn't. You had a second edition, I expect. I must get one too. 'Morning!*Brown.* 'Morning!

(Any time after Feb. 8, 1882.)

Brown. Seen the paper to-day?*Jones.* I looked at it. Nothing much in it.*Brown.* So I thought. A lot of Parliamentary stuff about the Address.*Jones.* Any amount. What did they say?*Brown.* I didn't read it. Something about Egypt or Ireland, though, I expect.*Jones.* Very likely. 'Morning!*Brown.* 'Morning!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 72.



SIR WILLIAM WITHEY GULL, BART., M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.

THE CLEVER BIRD WHO ADDED A PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHER TO HIS PLUMAGE.

HOW WE LIVE NOW.

THE old order changeth, giving place to new. The traditions of our youth have departed. What do the words twelve o'clock or four o'clock express nowadays? Nothing. Let us then alter the clock:—

- 12 A.M.—Stage-door-hour.
- 1 A.M.—Supper-with-extra-Lady-hour.
- 2 A.M.—Baccarat-with-the-Jews-hour.
- 3 A.M.—Argus-Club-hour.
- 4 A.M.—Hundred-in-the-bank-hour.
- 5 A.M.—Bank-a-monkey-hour.
- 6 A.M.—Sam-lend-me-a-hundred-hour.
- 7 A.M.—Clean-broke-hour.
- 8 A.M.—Turkish-bath-hour.
- 9 A.M.—Pint-of-the-Boy-hour.
- 10 A.M.—Half-a-dozen-oysters-hour.
- 11 A.M.—Read-letters-received-last-night-hour.
- 12 P.M.—Leave-home-for-Club-hour.
- 1 P.M.—Champagne-cocktail-hour.
- 2 P.M.—Breakfast-hour.
- 3 P.M.—Coffee-and-liqueur-hour.
- 4 P.M.—Piccadilly-hour.
- 5 P.M.—Pay-long-overdue-calls-or-go-back-to-Club-hour?
- 6 P.M.—Go-back-to-Club-hour.
- 7 P.M.—Dressing-hour.
- 8 P.M.—Dinner-hour.
- 9 P.M.—One-more-magnum-of-the-Boy-won't-hurt-us-hour.
- 10 P.M.—Gaiety-Theatre-hour.
- 11 P.M.—She-looks-awfully-fit-on-the-stage-to-night-hour.

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

THE SIMPLE AUCTIONEER. GOING! GOING!! GONE!!!

I AM an idler about Town, with no domestic cares or anxieties, with plenty of money for my moderate wants, and with a considerable amount of popularity among my particular set, which I am repeatedly assured does not arise from a kind of reputation I have acquired for giving *recherche* little dinners for six or eight.

My troubles, such as they are, arise from my possession of three good qualities. I have a great thirst for knowledge, a great reverence for truth, and a great respect for my fellow men; but there are so many things going on around me in this wonderful London of ours I cannot at all understand, that I get fairly puzzled.

The same amazing amount of ignorance that I have deplored and marvelled at in Surveyors, I find to exist in an almost equal degree in Auctioneers.

Having plenty of leisure time and a great love of Works of Art, I often visit auction rooms, and there have to listen to a display of ignorance that positively astounds me.

For instance, I often see some wretched daub of a picture put up for sale that would be dear at £5, and I am assured by the Auctioneer that it is a genuine TURNER, or a ROBERTS, or a WILSON, as the case may be!—but that in consequence of the great depression in the market for Works of Art, he is prepared to take a bid, as a commencement, say of £100. With an earnestness and apparent sincerity that no gentleman could ever doubt, he avers, over and over again, that not the faintest shadow or shade of suspicion of the genuineness

of the picture has ever crossed his experienced mind, and yet when, after an amount of entreaty difficult to understand, but of course highly creditable to his keen sense of honour and his reverence for truth, he knocks down the miserable imposture for some £10 or £12, he seems quite satisfied with the result, and proceeds with the next lot with renewed vigour! Now, what can all this mean?

Of course no one for a moment could doubt the truthfulness and honesty of these gentlemen; it must, therefore, be simply ignorance. I would venture therefore very humbly to suggest that, before being allowed to sell works of Art, Auctioneers should be compelled to pass an examination sufficiently stringent to prevent their falling into such lamentable errors of judgment, and making such fearful mistakes as to the genuineness or value of the works they have to describe, as well as dispose of.

I remember, some years ago, when my ignorance on these matters was as great as that of an average Auctioneer, I was persuaded by one of these gentlemen to purchase a very large picture, which I was assured was an undoubted GAINSBOROUGH. Ah! what I endured from the remarks of my kind and candid friends when my huge treasure was first hung upon the wall of my drawing-room, I never shall forget. Had it been a Cartoon by TENNIEL, or a social sketch by DU MAURIEN, it could not have excited more general or more hearty laughter. I bore it well for some time, but at length yielded to the earnest entreaties of my friends, and got rid of the gigantic swindle; and I don't mind confessing that an occasional gleam of suspicion has sometimes crossed my mind that that particular Auctioneer, on that particular occasion, was not so entirely ignorant as the generality of his class must apparently be.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.



"FAIR TRADE."

First North Country Farmer (with Newspaper). "ANOTHER STORM PREDICTED FROM AMERICA!"

Second ditto. "FAT CARE I! THEY CAN SEN' AS MANY HURRICANES AS THEY LIKE, AN' BLOW SNA-DRIFT AN' HAIL FOREV, GIN THEY WID ONLY KEEP THEIR DAMNED BEEF AT HOME, AN' NO SPILE THE PRICE O' MY NOWTE!"

LEON ON HIS TRAVELS.

(From Secretary Arnaud's Private Notes.)

Marseilles.—*Troun de l'air!*—to go in for local colouring in the matter of expletives—how he did enjoy that first *bouillabaisse* on his native *Cannetière*! I thought we should have had the gendarmes at us for attempted suicide when he ordered the third, and also the third bottle of that particularly piquant little Cahors wine of which he is so fond—and which makes me so ill. "Ah, *garçon!*" he exclaimed, over number three, "how flat, stale, and unprofitable beside this are the truffles and champagne of office. Upon my word, I don't care if I never go back there again." But it was slightly contradictory in the great man to dictate seven letters of instruction to his adherents, after dessert, telling them that they must demand, in the most friendly manner, the dissolution of the Chamber and the execution of FREYCINET.

Nice.—"What freedom! what delightful comfort and calm!" he remarked, expansively, when he got out of the carriage and found that nobody was there to meet him, and that when M. GAMBETTA's luggage was mentioned to the Station-Master, that oblivious Official simply answered: "GAMBETTA?—*connais pas!*" This way, Milord SKEETH; all your baggage in the carriage; thank you, Milord." Same serene philosophy in the Promenade des Anglais, where the only people who saluted us were one of the waiters at the hotel and the great Statesman's own father, who, with sublime paternal devotion, actually consented to recognise his offspring in that public place. "Isn't it delightful?" the Boss remarked. "A year ago there were about a hundred thousand simpletons yelling 'Vive GAMBETTA!' and the horses could not get on at all because of the avalanche of flowers. Isn't this a jolly deal jollier, eh?" It is true that he added, about ten minutes afterwards, "By the bye, take down the name of that Station-Master; and, let me see, Nice makes a good deal of money out of violets, doesn't it? Ah, then, just sketch me a project for taxing violets three francs a bunch—it'll do for my next Budget."

Genoa.—They were firing guns when we steamed into port, and

you should have seen the great Chief's look of vexation. He positively flushed with disappointment, and there was a kind of nervous smile on his lips that meant overpowering chagrin—to the devoted eyes of an adherent like myself. And when the Captain said it was only the *bersaglieri* practising, he was immensely relieved, for he said so: "Thought the stupid people were actually saluting." When we went to the Opera in the evening, and VERDI came into our box, he became quite peevish, saying: "Now, you know I'm nobody; why do celebrities come and pay court to me; it's ridiculous." I had to put VERDI's name down for the next Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour on the morrow. Sent three draft interpellations to partizans in Chamber; to be used as circumstances dictate—that is, when they are sure to damage the Ministry somehow.

Naples.—GARIBOLDI awfully cold; evidently doesn't like what those ruffianly fellows of the Ministerial majority have called the GAMBETTA dictatorship. The Chief rather wounded; but reflected with his usual good sense that we shouldn't want GARIBOLDI for a command in the next war we may undertake. Bathed in the bay; LEON made a capital joke about the Bey of TUNIS. Wrote to Paris and ordered a rise on the Bourse for next week—on the rumour that GAMBETTA is coming home.

Rome.—CRISPI, King, DEPRETIS. Concluded three different treaties for our next term of office. Wanted to see the POPE to arrange about the new Concordat, but thought that rascally ROCHEFORT would be sure to get hold of the story and swear we had kissed the POPE's feet. Went to Mass though, to show we had no prejudices. Haven't quite made up my mind where we'll go next. St. Petersburg offers certain chances on condition of an alliance against Germany; and something might be done in London in the way of Commercial—promises, at least. At any rate not Paris—till FREYCINET makes his first big blunder.

A SMOKING CONCERT.—The harmonious action of the sooty Club chimneys in Pall Mall.

SKETCHES FROM "BOZ."

(Adapted to Well-known Characters.)



Mr. G. L-w-s as Jaggers.



Lord D-rby as Micawber.



Dr. Ly-n Pl-yf-r as Bob Sawyer.



Lord R. Ch-rch-ll as Guppy.

THE WOOL-GATHERERS.

AN ODD CHAPTER.

"Lord SALISBURY makes an earnest appeal to Ladies to forego their own tastes, by dressing themselves in the unsold goods, the surplus stock, the remnants and bargains, always to be got cheap, especially when the new fashions are coming in. . . . Lord SALISBURY appears able to promise an extensive combination. . . . Unless he has raised his tone a little too high, we may reasonably expect the entire Conservative party to appear in articles warranted British, inferior and obsolete."—*Daily Paper*.

THE two Noblemen stepped from their box into the foyer. There had not been such a close night since the first of April. The Opera was crowded, the thermometer stood at 96° under the portico, and they were clad in the heavy fabrics now associated with perfect ton. Their shirt fronts were thickly loaded with white clay, and a stout ribbed coarse corduroy cloth of extra thickness supplied the rest of their evening costume. They had, moreover, made it a point of honour to wear in addition, two complete sets of Sheffield grey twist underclothing; for they had just joined the *New British Industrial League*, and were enthusiastically determined to be true to its economic principles. Still, they were hot, and by a common instinct they lounged in the direction of one of the well polished hydrants, and its row of neatly arranged fire-buckets, with the intention of refreshing themselves.

But as they passed the entrance to the refreshment saloon they paused. The scene that met their gaze was curious. Within was a fainting, struggling, perspiring, but highly aristocratic throng, who, clamouring for water, appeared fairly to threaten to take the counter by storm. Here an Earl, well known in society, was standing on a small marble-topped table, and, whirling his opera-glasses round in the air to attract attention, was offering five guineas for an ice-pail. Beneath him, gasping on the floor, lay a distinguished Statesman trying to tear off some of his woollen upper clothing in an evident stage of incipient delirium. By one of the huge windows, a Political Economist, hitherto favourably known for his careful and scientific handling of fiscal problems, stood with his head thrust through a pane of plate-glass, singing snatches of a comic song. On all sides well-bred people were reeling and using strong language, while the attendants standing, in self-defence, on the debris of shivered coffee urns and sponge cakes, were distributing, as fast as they could, amidst a shower of sovereigns, saucers of rough ice and salt to the

stifling and surging mob by which they seemed likely to be overwhelmed.

They watched the strugglers for a few seconds, when the eye of the least exhausted suddenly lighting on the familiar features of an Eminent Personage trying to force a pathway out of the midst of the fray with a tin of lemon-drops and half a cup of cold tea, he made a dash to his assistance.

His companion was about to follow when a heavy thud on his shoulder, accompanied by a silvery little laugh, made him look round angrily for an explanation.

"Ha! It is you, Duchess!" he said, biting his lip in pain with a well-bred smile, as he endeavoured to suppress his evident annoyance.

"How awkward of me," was the pretty-pouted rejoinder. "I merely meant to give you a playful tap, thinking I had my *Palais Royal Éventail avec moi*; but you see, this is the new Birmingham make, and it weighs five pounds and a half. So sorry. I am afraid I must have hurt you." She held up a clumsy, highly-coloured, over-sized fan of British manufacture as she spoke. "*C'est très fatigant*," she added, laughing, trying at the same time to wield the cumbersome article, "and only this afternoon I meant merely to touch the dear old Duke lightly with it *sur le front*; and I have rendered him absolutely invisible for a whole week! *Mais, que voulez-vous?* We must be patriotic."

She tapped her companion again playfully on the fingers. He winced. "*N'importe*," he said, "*N'importe*," at the same time rubbing his shoulder with a courteous polish, as he made a more careful survey of his naïve interlocutor. A handsome woman of not more than five-and-thirty, she was dressed with the most perfect taste, as it was understood by the *haute société* of the hour. Her *fuson* of Manchester print of a running colour, quilted with *buchons* of inferior linsey, was relieved, here and there, by *nauds à l'occasion* of damaged British ribbons; while her bodice of housemaid's calico, to which the salesman's recommendation of "*Look here. All this lot at 1s. 10d.*," by an *heureuse pensée* of the *modiste* had been left still attached, was trimmed with *petites ruches*, cleverly contrived from second-hand remnants of faded alpaca.

For a moment her appearance almost dazzled him. The pretty Duchess saw her advantage, and again giving him an arch blow on the fingers with her weighty *éventail*, laughed a coy little laugh. But the strain proved this time too much for the quality of the inferior *étoffe* in which her fair form was cased. A series of startling cracks, ringing along the foyer, reminded her that something had given way.

"*Il le font tous*," she said, nothing disconcerted, for she had become familiar with the bargains of her native land, and knew their ways. "Come, give me your arm, and take me to the box." He was hot; but his ancestors had fought at Agincourt, and he was a Gentleman. He did not hesitate.

"In half a minute," he said, chivalrously. In another second, he had turned the corner, and was bounding, as fast as his heavy woollen over-clothing would allow him, down the grand staircase towards Bow Street. He heeded nothing in his flight. There was a crowd in the hall below gathered round the now prostrate form of the Eminent Personage he had noticed struggling but lately in the *salon* above, and he heard a Policeman say kindly, "We'll get you to Hatfield presently, my Lord; but we must get some of this off you first. The fabric has been too much for you." But he did not wait for melting and asphyxiated as he was, he had seen a vision of loveliness descending the stairs that for a moment had nerved him. The rich Manchester heiress, hanging on the arm of her father, the noted woollen *millionnaire*, was drawing near. She was clad in a rich Lyons velvet *sacque*, one of WORTH's latest triumphs; and the French polish on the boots of the Northern *Crocus* fairly corruscated as he shambled along towards his carriage.

He saw his opportunity. He dashed forward, and with a whispered *plaisanterie* in the ear of his goddess, offered to summon the vehicle.

"Law, Pa," said the young girl, "why, if it isn't the Earl!"

"The Earl!" was the curt rejoinder, "why, a couple of Dooks wouldn't be a match for you!"

The next moment sixteen footmen in carmine plush and shoulder-knots, had made a passage to the carriage.

Then the voice of the *millionnaire* was heard once more outside. "Now then, Coachman, 'Aekney Wick Palace—Ome!' And the splendid equipage drove off.

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake," said the Eminent Personage, still on the floor, but at length opening his eyes feebly.

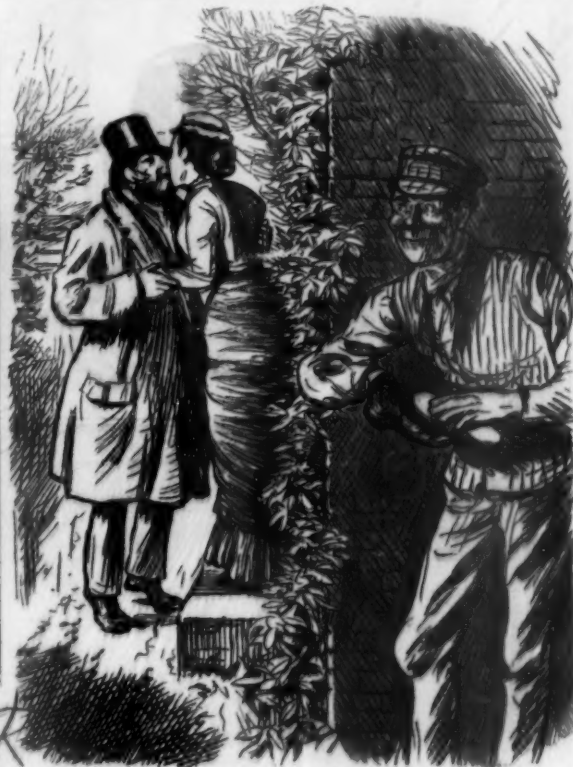
"Never mind, my Lord," replied the Policeman kindly. "The best of us can't sometimes help a bit of wool-gathering."

THE PANIC-MONGER'S GUIDE.—Two "Questions" in the House of Commons make twenty-four Leaders. Twenty-four Leaders make one Alarm. Four Alarms make two Panics. Two Panics make one Catastrophe. One Catastrophe makes two hundred Leaders. &c., &c.



NIGHT.

Master. "JAMES, REMIND ME, WHEN I GO TO TOWN TO-MORROW, THAT I BUY A LEMON-SQUEEZER."



MORNING.

James (round the Corner). "SQUEEZER, SIR—SQUEEZER!"
[He was giving his usual Morning Salute before starting to Business.]

"À PROPOS."

JUMBO'S JOURNAL.

Monday.—Woke a bit sulky; and no wonder. Still bothered about that horse-box. What on earth have they brought it here for? Keeper very wheedling, and wants me "just to try it." Not for sixpenn'orth of buns—bag and all! No—not if I know it.

Tuesday.—Still up to their little game. "Won't I just look inside to see how comfortable it is?" No—I won't. Perhaps they've sold me to *Sanger*! Fancy a fine aristocratic brute like me travelling about with a low lot like that!

Wednesday.—Can't even joke this morning. They've stuck that confounded horse-box just outside my den, so that I may "just walk through it. I'll walk through it, if they don't look out, I'll promise 'em. Feeling quite miserable. Saw a man this afternoon who, fifteen years ago, gave me two penn'orth of snuff in an orange. Remembered him well—and the snuff, but hadn't the heart even to do the correct thing—knock his hat off, smash his umbrella, and souse him. Really very down.

Thursday.—Still badgering me. But I'm not going to put up with much more of this. Some fellow has written to the papers to say I'm "getting irritable." "Getting—" I should think so. What on earth they want to do with me I don't know! Perhaps they want to get me down to the House and take my oath, to see if it will stand. Shouldn't be surprised. Wouldn't mind walking through an Act of Parliament or two. But they must bring 'em here.

Friday.—So it's out at last. I'm to be shipped to America and bought up by *BARNUM*! And do they think they'll get me over? Ha! ha! Wait till I'm fairly on board. Then I'll show 'em what six tons and a-half dancing the Cancan in the middle of the Atlantic can do for 'em. To bed, savage.

Saturday.—Quite happy. Mind made up. They say I can be "irritable." They shall judge for themselves to-morrow. Turn me out, will they? We'll all come out together. I've already put the Hippopotamus up to it, and if we too can't bang in every blessed cage and bar in the place in half-an-hour, my name's not Jumbo.

Sunday.—At last! Oh! what an afternoon we're having!

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S SOLILOQUY.

SCENE—Near Dover.

Come on, Sir; here's the place;—stand still. How fearful, Rash, and mad it is to sink one's oish so low! The Bulls and Bears that stand on midway cliffs Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down Hangs one who boreth tunnels—dreadful trade! With dividends not bigger than my head. The fishermen that walk upon the beach Are scared like mice, and Britain's bectoring barks Diminished to their cocks, their cocks to buoys, Almost too small for sight! The murmuring roar of French invading legions Cannot be heard so high: I'll look no more, Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight Topple down headlong!—

THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

THE other day, at Slough, a meeting was held by the residents in the district to consider the desirability "of altering the name of the village to Upton Royal, and memorialising the Postmaster-General and the Directors of the Great Western Railway to use the same instead of that of Slough, which gave people a bad impression of its sanitary condition." Since this we understand the POSTMASTER-GENERAL has received a memorial from the inhabitants of Giggleswick, requesting the name may be altered, as it is an insult to the gravity of the inhabitants of the town; another from Redcar, preferring a similar petition, alleging as a reason that its present appellation gives strangers the notion of a Kensington omnibus. Similar memorials with equally satisfactory reasons have been received from Dunnington, Goring, Hogthorpe, Kilham, Long Itchington, Muddiford, Nettlebed, Stiffkey, Sharperton, Much Birch, and many other towns. The Scotch and Irish petitions have not yet been sent in. The P.M.G. will have a nice time of it altogether!



THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF IMPORTANCE.

Mrs. Brown. "WE ARE HAVING SOME FRIENDS TO DINE WITH US ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH, MR. GREEN, AND WANT YOU TO COME AND HELP TO WAIT AT TABLE, AS USUAL."

The Family Grocer. "ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH, MA'AM! I'M SORRY TO SAY I'M ENGAGED ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH."

Mrs. Brown. "DEAR ME! HOW UNFORTUNATE! WE ARE SO ACCUSTOMED TO YOU, AND YOU KNOW OUR WAYS."

Mr. Green. "YES, MA'AM. COULDN'T YOU WRITE AND PUT OFF YOUR FRIENDS TILL THE WEEK AFTER, MA'AM!"

THE DISTRICT SURVEYOR.

MR. PUNCH has received a communication from a second District Surveyor, who remonstrates against the supposed charge of over-anxiety in the performance of his important duties, resulting in the receipt of fees apparently in excess of what might be strictly requisite.

Mr. Punch, with that desire for strict impartiality for which he is so remarkable, has referred the matter to the young man in his gigantic establishment whose duty it is to survey mankind from Cheapside to the Zoo, who informs him that he received his information from a Report of the Proceedings of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London, from which he learnt that the District Surveyors' Reports resulting from the fire alluded to, occasioned so much surprise that they were referred to a Committee for examination and report.

The Report has not yet been received, and is awaited, he is informed, with considerable curiosity by various persons more or less interested in these matters. When it is presented, *Mr. Punch* will return to the subject, if requested.

In the meantime he is quite willing to acknowledge, and does so very readily, that over-anxiety is a much more pardonable offence than gross neglect, and is attended with far less serious results; and if a fee of a few shillings can by any possibility assist in the slightest degree in preserving *Mr. Punch's* valuable person from the unpleasant consequences of an unreported and therefore unprotected dangerous structure, he thinks that, upon the whole, he will be inclined to condone the comparatively slight offence of *un peu trop de zèle*.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

(*A propos of Jumbo.*)

AIR—"If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go."

If I owned Jumbó,
(Who declines to go)
Would I sell him to a Show?
No, no, not I!
When the Titan I saw
Firmly plant his paw,
I would shout "hooraw!"
For his bra-ve-ry!

Chorus.

If an army of Yankees should proffer their pay,
I'd button my pockets, and send them away.

What, forget all the fun?
All the tricks he has done?
The ride and the bun?
No, no, not I!
At so sorry a turn
Every bosom must burn,
And the notion spurn
Of such cru-el-ty!

Chorus.

Though a legion of Fellows might say their say,
I'd decline to part with our pet for pay.

IN VINO VERITAS.

SCENE—A Street. Enter BROWN and JONES. They greet one another.

Brown. You are looking well!

Jones. So I should be! Just had a delightful run down to Folkestone!

Brown. Really? What for?

Jones. To examine critically the submarine Tunnel.

Brown. And was the trip so very pleasant?

Jones. Couldn't have been nicer! We all went to Folkestone in a "Special." They were extremely civil to us!

Brown. Yes?

Jones. And when we got there we were all taken in trucks by the electric light under the sea!

Brown. You don't say so! Rather dry work, wasn't it?

Jones. The place was as dry as a bone, but we had some champagne to drink prosperity to the undertaking!

Brown. Capital! But weren't you hungry?

Jones. Rather! But then we had lunch with the Company afterwards at the Lord Warden Hotel at Dover!

Brown. Indeed! And what is your candid opinion about the Tunnel?

Jones. That it cannot possibly be taken by the French!

Another Little (bit of) Bill.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, in the following lines, suggested the only rational termination of a vulgar mess.

Brutus counsels:—

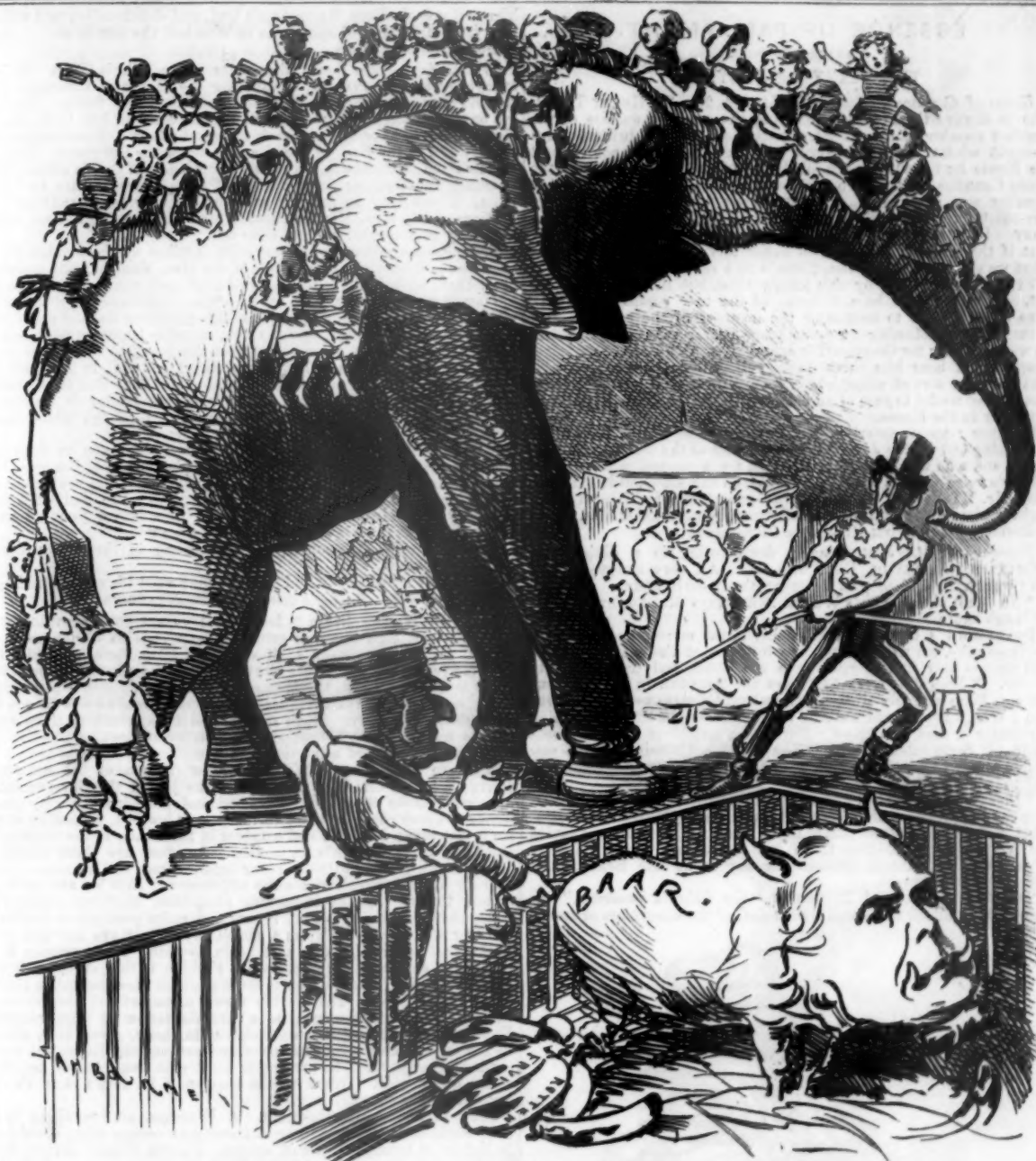
"But do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance,
Did need an oath."
Julius Caesar, Act. II., Sc. I.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—Call it St. CÆCILIA's, and establish it at Cambridge. Demolish the Town Hall, and on its site build the new College. Motto over the gateway, "Omnia Opera."

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.—We see by the papers that *The Queen's Shilling* is in Chancery. When it comes out it will be about the size of a fourpenny piece.

ADVICE TO A LEADING ACTOR.—"Study the temper of the House a little more, WILLIAM, and don't gag!"

"SMALL AND EARLY."—The Lark.



ARCADES JUMBO; OR, BR-DL-GH AND THE ELEPHANT.

(With a profound apology to Jumbo.)

Punch (to Barnum). "HAIL, COLUMBIA! AN ELEPHANT'S HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE! LEAVE JUMBO ALONE, AND THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MILLION BRITISH CHILDREN, NOT TO MENTION BILLIONS OF BRITISH BARKS UNBORN, WILL BLESS THE NAME OF BARNUM. TAKE T'OTHER INSTEAD, AND YOU WILL EARN THE GRATITUDE OF ALL PARTIES, EVEN THAT OF THE TRUSTY AND VERY MUCH-TRIED OTHER ONE REPRESENTING NORTHAMPTON. WHY, CERT'NLY! LOVE TO YOURSELF, AND AMERICA GENERALLY. VIVE BARNUM! FACILE PRINCIPS IN THE SHOW LINE—BAR NONE. HAIL, COLUMBIA!—YOURS TRULY, PUNCH."

The Great Pooh-Pooh!

THEY asked him questions in the House of Commons about the absurdity of the Ash Wednesday regulations with regard to London theatres and the majority of London music-halls, and his answer was, "Let everything remain as it is: it is absolutely perfect."

They asked him about the Duke of Devonshire's and other similar street obstructions in Gloucebury, and his answer was still the same—"Let everything remain as it is: it is absolutely perfect." Answers like this are what have earned him his title of the "Seldom-at-Home Secretary, or the Great Pooh-Pooh!" and make many Liberals think that the Government is not absolutely perfect.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, Feb. 20.—Sir HENRY TYLER, who is always thinking of promoting the greatest welfare of the greatest number of shareholders, tells me he had a brilliant idea to-night whilst Mr. MARRIOTT was speaking. Why not connect the House by telephone with all the constituencies—at least, in the Home Counties, and turn on the switch according as one or other Member was speaking? HARCOURT put his veto on the thing immediately. "Not while I'm HOME SECRETARY, if you please, TOBY. I know my responsibilities and my resources, and I know that if the constituencies had to suffer any appreciable portion of what we endure in the House, there'd be a revolution."

TYLER taken aback by this strong view, but not given up idea yet. Wants me to be a Director of the new company. Think I've enough to do to look after the business of the nation. Pity MARRIOTT isn't Member for some place nearer than Brighton. If he were Member for Croydon, for example, wouldn't need telephone. People could hear him there quite well, without mechanical aid. Has a brassy sort of voice, which he uplifts with great determination. Most useful in case of an elderly jury a trifle deaf, but a little annoying in the House.

In other respects entertainment reminiscent of a criminal lawyer addressing Old Bailey Jury, for whom a wag of the forefinger means much, and who wouldn't give a button for a counsel who couldn't raise his voice above a whisper. House, on the whole, didn't appreciate Mr. MARRIOTT's gifts; but the possession of a liberal mind enabled him to make up for the deficiency by personal efforts.

Business done.—First Resolution introduced.

Tuesday Night.—Just came in from voting in a division on "CHARLES BRADLAUGH, Esq., who—" All very merry, having got through the difficulty at a comparatively early hour.

"No doubt about Who's Who in 1882," says Mr. AGNEW, and we all laugh again.

BRADLAUGH's been defeated in his latest move; and now, for goodness sake, let us get about the business of the nation. We'll just wait to hear figures read from the Chair, and then go off to dinner. "Noes 307, Ayes 18," says the SPEAKER in his sonorous voice. Echo scarcely died away when "CHARLES BRADLAUGH, Esq., Who," is observed walking up the floor of the House. Nothing particular in that, you know. Turn, as a matter of habit, towards chair of Sergeant-at-Arms. The gallant Captain will in due course appear, dance a minuet with the Member for Northampton, and the show will be over.

"Doooid bore," Mr. SYKES languidly whispers in the ear of Mr. MONTAGUE GUEST; "always same thing over again, doncha." But what's this? CHARLES BRADLAUGH, Esq., Who, has overhauled the wollum, and, holding it in his right hand as if he were taking aim with intent presently to shy it at the SPEAKER, is offering a few remarks.

"Confound it!" cried RANDOLPH, "the fellow's swearing." So he was, and indeed there was a good deal of the same class of speech



A Blenheim and Bradlaugh.

going on in the quarter where Lord RANDOLPH lifts his young head, and like a what-you-may-call-it counsels Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. Having done his business, C. B. Esq. retires below the Bar. Fresh sensation when he is presently discovered within the bar of the House. Shrieks from the Fourth Party; war-whoop from WARTON. Earl PERCY lies back and looks as if he were going to faint. SPEAKER ordered C. B. Esq. off; Who went with provoking deference. RANDOLPH proposes to make short work of the matter by expelling

him. House declines RANDOLPH's lead, and debate adjourned with very little difference of opinion as to Who had the best of it.

Business done.—None.

Wednesday.—Less doubt than ever as to Who's Who. He's everybody and everything, dominating the House of Commons, as the Old Man of the Sea weighed down Sindbad the Sailor. House got on pretty comfortably till Who should come in but C. B. Esq. Naturally, and at once, C. B. took charge of affairs. House refusing to hear him at the Bar, he found a seat below the Gangway. There was no room on the bench, but when a gentleman of C. B.'s simplicity of action and fighting weight sits down, he's pretty sure to find room. There may at first be an Hon. Member, or peradventure portions of two Hon. Members under him. That's their affair, and they may be dependant upon to clear out.

Fresh consternation on Conservative benches at the sudden disappearance from view of the whole of one Hon. Member, with moiety of another, while in the space they had filled but a moment ago looms a too familiar ponderous figure. Wild scene of excitement. SPEAKER, who passes an appreciable portion of his declining days in ordering C. B. to withdraw, did it again. C. B., never so happy as when submitting to authority, at once rose from the mangled remains of the Hon. Member on whom he had been sitting (just as if he had been a Committee), and took up his old seat below the Bar. But RANDOLPH would have no more of this. Sir STAFFORD, feeling it hopeless further to resist, moved the expulsion of C. B., Esq., which was done forthwith. "Done it at last!" said RANDOLPH.

"Yes," said Sir STAFFORD, mildly; "but indeed you've done it from the first. You've played BRADLAUGH's game as if you were in secret alliance with him; and I'm afraid that what we've done this afternoon is precisely what he wanted us to do, and what he carefully and adroitly led up to. You're a clever young man, RANDOLPH, but there's someone cleverer than you."

"Who?" cried RANDOLPH, fiercely feeling in the wrong place for his moustache.

"Precisely; 'Who.'" And Sir STAFFORD went his way, chuckling at his gentle wit. *Business done.*—Mr. BRADLAUGH'S.

Thursday Night.—Begin to feel that I've not done anything yet to justify the high but well-grounded expectations of my constituents. Writing a Diary's all very well; but Berkshire did not elect me for that. Haven't yet even drawn up a notice of motion or a question, read it in the House, and afterwards sent it privately to the newspapers with a request for its insertion, like some one I know does habitually. Have rather held back, thinking there are talkers enough in the House, and that giving notice of a question is rather a cheap way of advertising one's self.

Mean to begin now. Will move for return of the answers delivered by Sir CHARLES DILKE since he joined the Government. Also shall move that they be framed and glazed, and a copy presented to every other Minister to hang over his bed, so that he may see it last thing at night, and consider it first thing in the morning. Positively think DILKE's improving. Answers are short without being curt; frank without being injudicious; and in respect to literary style, marvels of concise expression. Now we are talking of how to save time by improving procedure, Ministers might do worse than help me to get my return and make good use of it after.

Never above studying from a model myself. Have to-night sat at the feet of Earl PERCY, and begin to think I can manage it; though, of course, at long interval. Fashion to talk of the heir of the PERCIES as if some slight deterioration in race had taken place since Chevy Chase. That is the result of superficial observation. Believe Earl PERCY would be a terrible fellow if once roused. Knows his own disposition, and holds it in check. Note how, when he has been talking for a quarter of an hour, and the House has been gradually emptying, he grasps himself with both hands by the collar of his coat. What would happen if he didn't thus check himself no one can say.

JOEY B. in fine form to-night. A Hippopotamus revelling in a mud-bath, or an Ourangoutang let loose in an orange alley, could not be lighter of heart or fuller of spirits. JOSEPH GILLIS advised Mr. GLADSTONE to secure for his son HERBERT the reversion of MARWOOD'S place. Also he has accused Mr. FORSTER of spending his time in a gambling-house when he is supposed to be looking after the affairs of Ireland. J. G. acknowledges that he has had a pretty good night, and as he walks home the peaceful stars look down on no more contented mind, nor any fuller of the case that comes of the consciousness that an agreeable duty has been performed.

House of Lords, Friday.—Lords in high feather to-night. Country been in danger of forgetting them, and thinking other House is everything. Lord SALISBURY will show them it isn't. Quite gratifying to find the Commons leaving their own House and flocking in to hear what the Lords say. A little awkward for public business it is true; and GLADSTONE, who ought to know, says it is dangerous to good government in Ireland. That's his affair. We'll have our fling, and show House of Lords not such a nonentity as people think.

Business done.—Nominated Select Committee on Irish Land Act.

A TRACT FOR THE TIME.

"It is proposed to establish a children's branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."—*Weekly Paper.*



An elderly lady had had her boots blackt,
And gave to the blacker a nice little tract:
The following gives a *resumé* exact,
Of what may be found in this excellent tract:—

Speak gently to the herring, and kindly to the calf,
Be blithesome with the bunny, at barnacles don't laugh!
Give nuts unto the monkey, and buns unto the bear,
No'er hint at currant jelly if you chance to meet a hare!
Don't tantalise the tortoise, nor sacrifice the stoat,
Don't persecute the parrot, nor grumble at the goat;
But give the stranded jelly-fish a shove into the sea—
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!

Be lenient with lobsters, and ever kind to crabs,
And be not disrespectful to cuttle-fish or dabs;
Chase not the cochin-china, chaff not the ox obese,
And babble not of feather-beds in company with geese!
Be tender with the tadpole and let the limpit thrive,
Be merciful to mussels, don't skin your eels alive;
When talking to a turtle don't mention calipso—
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!

Oh, make not game of sparrows, nor faces at the ram,
And ne'er allude to mint sauce when calling on a lamb!
Don't beard the thoughtful oyster, don't dare the cod to crimp,
And worry not the wrinkle, or scarify the shrimp.
Tread lightly on the turning worm, don't bruise the butterfly,
Don't ridicule the wry-neck, nor sneer at salmon-fry;
Oh, ne'er delight to make dogs fight, nor bantams disagree—
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!

Be patient with black-beetles, be courteous to cats,
And be not harsh with haddocks, nor rigorous with rats;
Give welcome unto woppos, and comfort to the bee,
And be not hard upon the snail—let blue-bottles go free.
Be lively with the cricket, be merry with the grig,
And never quote from Bacon in the presence of a pig!
Don't contradict the moocow, nor argue with the gee—
Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!

HARCOURT! SPARE THE OLD SCHOOL!

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

Nor a moment to spare, no time to be lost! Every minute is precious! It's almost a providential circumstance that I had to go to the Bank to-day, to receive my contemptible amount of Dividends.

Well, Sir, passing along Newgate Street, I heard, to my great surprise, the spirit-stirring strains of martial music; and looking through the railings that separate the playground of the Blue-Coat School (otherwise Christ's Hospital) from the adjacent Street, I saw a sight that stirred my very soul to rapture!

Fancy, Sir, some 800 or 900 fine-looking fellows, from the rosy-cheeked little chap of ten to the fine, manly, strapping fellows of seventeen or eighteen, all going through their drill like a regiment of young Life Guards, and then marching off the ground to the music of their own Band, with all their banners waving, and amid the pride and circumstance of glorious War!

Sir, the enthusiasm among the on-lookers was something glorious to see; and many of us marched off with head erect, and keeping time to the stirring music of the young musicians.

Well now, Sir, why do I write thus powerfully, and am I justified in doing so? Listen, and judge.

I am actually informed, and on such authority as I can't for one instant doubt, namely, on that of the Guildhall Beadle, a most respectable member of his malignant profession, that it is proposed by the Bill that the HOME SECRETARY is now preparing, to remove this magnificent School from the spot that it has adorned for 300 years, and take it to Wimbledon, or some such out of the way place, where the boys will be as much hidden from public gaze, and consequent public admiration, as if they were on Salisbury Plain. And what, Sir, is the contemptible excuse for this contemplated change? Pure air, forsooth, and greater retirement! What twaddle! Look at them, Sir, and judge for yourself. Read the medical testimony, and judge for yourself as regards their health. And as to greater retirement, the young fellows are all intended for a busy City life, they love the glorious City, they are accustomed to the glorious City, they love the associations that linger around the old School, and they reverence the names of those illustrious men who once lived where they now live. They want no change, and the public want no change, and least of all such change as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would bring us.

GUSHER GREEN.

PUNCH'S PRIZE MEDALS.



Medal struck in commemoration of the arrival of the Duke of Albany and Princess Helen of Waldeck.
Happiness on both sides, so to this Medal there is no reverse.

ENGLISH TRADE WITHOUT "FRENCH LEAVE."

SIR CHARLES DILKE has employed his very silkiest tones, but it won't do. "The Lady of Lyons," observed the representative of rare old Chelsea, "will become the Lady of Bradford. The Frenchman is a *difficile*. Mais que woolly-wool?"

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—An occurrence which Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM usually calls a most suspicious event.



FORM.

(A Disquisition on Waltzing.)

Snookson (dancing man). " 'REVERSING' SEEMS TO BE GOING OUT OF FASHION, MRS. VERE DE VERE."
 Mrs. Vere de Vere. "IT NEVER CAME IN."

"A PLAGUE O' BOTH YOUR HOUSES!"

JOHN BULL loquitur—

"A PLAGUE o' both your Houses!" Can you not
 Fight, if you *must* fight, in the fair old form,
 Not like mere ill-licked urchins, madly hot
 O'er every petty flout or tea-cup storm?
 Bellicose Billingsgate is not my fancy,
 As patriot militancy!

Your Houses? Were they taverns, and were you
 Mere pothouse brawlers, things could scarce be worse.
Noblesse oblige? The motto is not new,
 And to apply it now were to asperse
 The chartered rufflers of the New Nobility
 Who stoop not to civility.

They 'll stoop to *conquer*? Well, it may be so.
 But yet methinks the old chivalric spirit
 Would rather vanquished be than stoop so low
 As to the kennel mire. They who inherit
 The antique scruple, look on your churl rushes
 With most unmodish blushes.

Not virile? If virility must mate
 With virulence, alas for a young SIDNEY
 Who should desire to serve—and grace—the State,
 Whilst CHURCHILL, and free lances of his kidney,
 Hold the new ensign in the battle's van—
 "Ill-manners make the man!"

Bah! There's no manhood in such graceless noise,
 Such spleenful splutterings, such blatant bawlings.
 The wrangling rudenesses of angry boys,
 Or midnight's ignominious caterwaulings
 Less puerile, less wholly *infra dig.*, are
 Than squabbles *à la BIGGAR*.

Meanwhile my business comes to a dead-lock,
 Its sager Managers must stand aside.
 Whilst myrmidons in petty conflict shock,
 Achilles, impotent and cob-web tied,
 Like lion limed, alternate chafes and drowns—
 "A plague o' both your Houses!"

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

"THE Academy of Music," says the *Times*, "did not attain the dignity of a corporation till 1830, when it was incorporated by Royal Charter." Perhaps H.R.H. the Prince of WALES who has so enthusiastically espoused the cause of Music will, when he has five minutes to spare—a great deal can be done in five minutes—take up the languishing cause and very hard case of the Dramatic Authors Society, and get it incorporated on the model of the French D.A.S.

To do this would be of the greatest service to English Dramatic Literature, as by protecting the commencing dramatist, regulating the relations between authors and managers, and relieving the dramatist who has already won his spurs of the details of business, which, as *Digby Grant* says, "annoy him very much," the production of original work would be encouraged, adaptation changed into collaboratorship on fixed and equitable terms, and such a happy era of existence will be commenced which the Copyright Act, even when amended as proposed, is powerless to bring about.

The initials of the present "D.A.S." may come to mean The "Dead Alive Society," but with the present turn of the tide in favour of Dramatic Interests generally, such a consummation may be averted by sufficient energy at the right time and place.

MABILLE is dead and buried. The funeral should have been attended by Lord CREMORNE (representing Chelsea sympathy), as Chief Cre-Morner. Dirge to the air of *La Donna e Mabile—Eh?*



“OBSTRUCTION” IN EXCELSIS!!

MR. B. “A PLAGUE O’ BOTH YOUR HOUSES!”



WASHINGTON IN 1792

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MAN AND BEAST.

[The Elephant Jumbo having been purchased by Mr. BARNUM (U.S.), a scheme has been set on foot to defray the expenses of keeping this remarkable animal on this side of the Atlantic. Funds are plentiful.—*Prices from Daily Papers.*]

[Right down East (London) exists an institution called the London Cottage Mission. Its object is to lighten (at the Mission House, 67, Salmon's Lane, Limehouse, E.C.) the sufferings of the very poor, and, when funds permit, a dinner of Irish stew is given every Wednesday to the starving children of the East End. Funds are not plentiful.—*Prices, not from the Daily Papers.*]

I SAY, Master, d'ye hear them say of what they're going to do—
They're going to sell the Elephant what lives up in the Zoo;
An animal what lives on buns and cakes and things that nice,
And for this animal they've give a most tremendous price.
They can sell their precious Elephant, but what I wants to know
Is whether you think I would fetch a dollar for a show?
For I heard the people telling as how they meant to down
Sufficient "ready" for to keep that Elephant in town.
They say there's piteous letters from children what is nobe,
A-wishing to plank down their coin in fivers, akivs, and bolis;
A-crying and a-weeping 'cos of that big brute beast,
And there isn't one of them knows what a child is here down East.
We can't get the buns and sugar, and the apples and the cakes,
But we has to live as best we can, or leastways living "fakes";
We can feel the gnawing hunger, and we never gets our fill,
Nor columns in the *Telegraph* when TOM or DICK falls ill.
There's no national subscription to keep us over here—
No! it strikes me they're uncommon glad when "outward bound"
we steer.

But then we're not all elephants, we're only rags and bone,
To be gathered by the dustman, or be left unfed, alone;
To be cast upon the gutter, and to grovel in the slums;
To seldom have a decent meal, and raven for the crumbs;
To take to lying and to theft, to blasphemy and curse,
Maybe to fill the prison cell, maybe to leave it worse.
No pretty children pray for us, no parents write with tears
In papers 'bout our destiny, our feelings, and our fears;
And yet down East there's one good work—(God bless its aim, say I)—
Though this aim mayn't be too noble nor particlerly high—
It's to give a weekly mouthful to the little starving brats
What hasn't got the skewerfuls of meat what has the cats.
I think they're somewhat better than an elephant at ease;
I think they're somewhat better for to keep this side the seas;
And I think if these subscribers would subscribe for Irish stew,
They'd do a nobler work than keep this Jumbo at the Zoo,
Tho' they might subscribe to both, you see, and keep their Jumbo too.

A PARTY AT THE PLAY.

"JOHNNY comes marching home" to the Folly, now called
TOOLE'S Theatre—why didn't he call it the Toole-House at once?—
which has been considerably enlarged and—
But on second thoughts
we won't enter into particulars until we have
been there.



The Toole House. View of J. I. Toole
cutting a joke. "I saw it."

The Avenue Theatre—
on the Embankment,
where we "have-a-new
Theatre" (hence the name)
—is to be opened by Mons.
MARIUS, with Miss FLO-
RENCE ST. JOHN as *prima*
donna in a revival of
Madame Favart. Why
didn't the "Mons" get the
HILL as his low comedian?
But they certainly can't
spare him at the Strand,
where he is immensely
funny as *Dom Calabazas*
in *LECOCQ's* new Opera,
Manola. Mr. ASHLEY is
good, too, in it as *Dom*
Brasiero.

After hearing these two
artists in Opera, we are
at a loss to understand
why they limit themselves
to so small a theatre as
the Strand, and did not join CARL ROSA's
Company at Her Majesty's,
and then appear as Signor HILLOBELLO and Signor SMASHIAGNO,
baritone and tenor, at the Royal Italian Opera. What magnificent

voices utterly thrown away! Mr. W. J. HILL's *cadenza* is a real
treat, and Mr. ASHLEY's rendering of his song—which he would not
give the audience a chance of encoring, but went on at once to the
dialogue, such is the modesty of genius—like a brilliant something
(we haven't time for a simile) which the experiences of a lifetime
would be unable to efface. Why should not these two gentlemen

become the Master
and Senior Dean
of the proposed
Royal College of
Music?

We can't say
much for Mons.
DESMONTS either
as singer or actor,
but Mons. MARIUS
wasn't all he is
now when he made
his first appearance
as *Chilperic* at the
Lyceum. Miss
ROSE LEE is in-
clined to overact
the part of *Ma-
nola*; but then a
Creole girl, speci-
ally when be-
trothed to such an
apparently feeble
person as *Miguel*,
would naturally
be somewhat too
demonstrative just
to wake her lover
up a bit; and in
her serpent song



Hill and Mountin'.

her tragic manner is a good contrast to the terror of *Calabazas*.

The bright lines of the piece fall in pleasant places, and the joke
about the "Venetian Blind" is a straight shot which brings down
the House. It's not difficult for the worst marksman to hit a house
or a haystack at twelve paces, but to hit it so as to bring it down is
another thing, and this the "Venetian Blind" effects.

MISS IRENE VERONA is a pretty and merry *Beatrice*. Of the music
the Bird duet between MILES, LEO and VERONA, in Act II., is very
taking, and the humour of the situa-
tion decidedly original. The Trio to
Cupid, in Act I., sung by Miles, LEO,
VERONA, and Mons. DESMONT,
is charming: and, of course, Mr. W. J.
HILL's song of "The Onion" is given
as only himself can give it. In the
course of the run a Home-rule allu-
sion might be introduced, and a joke
about the "Re-peal of the Onion" be
brought in without any extra charge.

The story is rather perplexing, but
there's the art of it—like Mr.
Weller's love-letter. If you under-
stood it all on the first visit a second
would not be necessary; and this, as
a light begins to dawn upon you, may
lead to a third, while a person un-
commonly dull of comprehension
would go every night until he had
thoroughly mastered it. For our-
selves, with the assistance of two
friends, and a magnum of Pommery,
we mastered the plot in all its
minutest details: but tortures shall
not wring it from us. No, let others
go and see for themselves. We
musn't forget to mention little Miss
MAUD BRANSCOMBE, who is at least three inches higher than when
we last had the pleasure of seeing her, and if anybody could help a
piece to run she ought to be able to do so, as she has already taken to
her heels with a vengeance. For explanation, *vide* Illustration.



"Your Ladyship is nearer to
Heaven than when I saw you
last, by the altitude of a
chopine."—*Hamlet*, Act. II.,
Sc. 2.

* "A shoe with a heel of inordinate height."—DUTTON COOK'S *Book of
the Play*.

Two Mammas were having a somewhat warm argument with
regard to the propriety of giving *Negus* at children's parties. Mrs.
RAMSOTHEAM was appealed to. "Well," she said, "I have always
heard my uncle, the Dean of Dullington, say 'Negustibus non est
disputandum.' And I dare say he is right."

SPOILING THE EGYPTIAN CONSTITUTION.

THE text of the "organic law" recently passed by the Notables having been published, the following additions have already been suggested:—

Added by Russia.—That the Suez Canal be declared neutral, which shall be interpreted to mean, that it is only to be used by the Men-of-War belonging to the Czar.

Added by Austria.—That Egypt shall provide an army to be sent to Turkey as a duty to the SULTAN, and that army shall be used to preserve order (under Austrian supervision) in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Added by France.—That Egypt shall pursue the road to civilisation, freedom, and prosperity, in company with Tunis, and by the same means.

Added by Germany.—That ARABI BEY, the Khedive, and all the other Egyptians shall be free to use as much rope as they require—to hang themselves!

Added by Turkey.—That Egypt shall be entitled to receive at the hands of the SULTAN any number of Firmans at the rate of £5 Turkish the dozen.

Added by England.—That the Egyptians shall enjoy the most perfect liberty, compatible with leaving everything in the hands of Messrs. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, and their employés.

And lastly, added by the Cosmopolitan Body of Bondholders.—That Egypt shall fulfil her destiny, realise her noblest aspirations, and in short, do anything she darned pleases, so long as she pays her coupons regularly!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 73.



MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS.

IN HIS BRILLIANT BAR PRACTICE, RESTING AFTER A FLIGHT OF ELOQUENCE.

LIFE IN "FLATS."

"Life in 'flats' is doubtless a labour-saving and a money-saving mode of existence. Many of the acutest torments of housekeeping are thus avoided."—*Land.*

SINCE we oft observe with pain
That our roofs let in the rain,
And they scarcely will sustain
 Passing cats;
Since the chimneys reared on high,
With each gale in fragments fly,
We shall all be glad to try
 Life in "flats."

In a house that's tall and strong
Shall a "flat" to us belong,
Where the drains are never wrong,
 Stopped by rats;
Where the water-rates and gas
Will be all paid in one mass,
Ah! how sweetly must it pass—
 Life in "flats."

There we're saved from house-
hold cares,
Free to think on what one wears,
Though we meet upon the stairs
 Lively brats;
We've no roofs or walls to mend,
Those repairs that never end;
So we'll all rush off to spend
 Life in "flats."

NEW BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY GARDEN WILD."—"My Playful Paddock," "My Mad Meadow," "My Lunatic Lawn," "My Fretful Forest," "My Pen-sive Plantation," and "My Frantic Flower-Bed."

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM writes to know if any of our correspondents can tell her the right course to pursue in order to get a friend of hers into an Asylum for Idiots.

THE NEXT "SENSATIONAL" FIRST NIGHT.

SCENE—Stage of Theatre Royal, World. The Curtain has just fallen upon the Prologue of the new Drama, "The People."

Enter Official before the green baize.

Official, Ladies and Gentlemen, owing to the serious accident that has happened to Madame ETOILLE and Mr. THREESTARS through the defective working of the great effect, the Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, they will not be able to appear before you again this evening. (Murmurs.) However, at a moment's notice the Stage Manager and a lady specially engaged (later in the season) to play Mrs. Candour, have kindly consented to read the parts of the hero and the heroine during the remainder of the play.

[Applause, during which the Official bows himself off.]

"The People" continues, and ends with an accident at the close of Act I. Curtain.

Official (coming again before the green baize). Ladies and Gentlemen, I have once more to claim your kind indulgence. ("Hear! hear!") The avalanche, as you will have noticed, was a little premature in its appearance. (Laughter.) I regret to say that the Stage Manager and the lady who a little later in the season was to have played Mrs. Candour, in consequence are seriously injured. (Murmurs.) However, at a moment's notice the Prompter and one of the Dressers have kindly consented to replace them.

[Applause. Exit Official.]

"The People" progresses, and the Second Act is brought to a thoroughly effective conclusion by another accident. Curtain.

Official (reappearing as before). Ladies and Gentlemen, I cannot sufficiently express my regret that the real waterfall should have nearly drowned the Prompter and one of the Dressers, who were so ably reading the parts sustained earlier in the evening by Madame ETOILLE and Mr. THREESTARS. (Applause.) However, that you

may not be disappointed—"Hear! hear!"—the Fireman of the Establishment and the young Lady who presides over the Refreshment Department have kindly consented to act as substitutes for the missing ones during the remainder of the evening.

[Renewed applause. Official again retires.]

"The People" re-commences. Third Act concludes with another accident. Curtain. A long pause. Considerable impatience on the part of the Audience.

Official (at last coming forward). Ladies and Gentlemen, doubtless you noticed that the Fireman of the Establishment and the young Lady who presides over the Refreshment Department were really run over by the stage-coach harnessed to four restive horses that have just appeared before you. Unhappily, this is too true; and they are now on their road to the nearest hospital. (Murmurs.) Still, as we are nearly at the end of the piece—having only the Epilogue to present to you—we are most unwilling to disappoint you. (Applause.) Under these circumstances, at the urgent request of the Management, I have myself agreed to represent the hero—(cheers)—while the Charwoman (who I regret to say is deaf) with the utmost bravery has consented to support me in the character of the heroine. [Loud applause, during which the Official retires.]

"The People" is brought to a conclusion with an accident worse than all the others put together. Curtain. After a pause, impatient cries for "the Coroner," but that Officer does not appear—having business elsewhere!

THE ceremony of conferring the honorary degree of D.C.L. on the Archbishop of CORFU was, says the Times, "disagreeably broken in upon by the rude and stupid interruptions of the young men who were permitted to be present in the gallery." The conduct of the Gallery Boys at Oxford, closely resembles that of the Gallery Boys on the first night of a new piece in London. And this is satirically headed "University Intelligence."



"COMING EVENTS, &c."

North Country Magnate (to Tenant Farmer). "WELL, MR. CLUFF, SO WE'RE GOING TO HAVE AN ELECTION. HOW DO YOU—HUM!—WHAT DO YOU—THINK ABOUT IT?"

Dalesman (wearily). "THINK ABOUT IT, SIR? WHAAAY I THINKS I SHALL BE SHAKKIN' HANDS WI SOME GREAT FOALES VARRY SHORTLY!"

ADIEU TO THE PALLADIUM.

[The Committee of the Incorporated Law Society recommend that "the ordinary mode of trial should be by Judge without a Jury."]

WE'VE oft been told that from the ancient times,

The Jury-box has guarded British rights,

A Jury tried the Briton for his crimes,

And often was locked up till late o' nights:

But now it seems a lawyers' committee,

Condemns the British Jury without pity.

'Tis sad to think the twelve good men and true,

Who sat with puzzled faces in a pen,

Must go—to give the Juryman his due

He does his best to right his fellow men:

But still there can't be any harm in stating,

His verdicts are sometimes most aggravating.

No more Old Bailey barristers will plead,

And laud the British Jury to the skies,

When one stern Judge doth sit there is no need—

For voice persuasive or for kindling eyes:

For all the Bar knows well forensic fudge is

Quite thrown away upon sagacious Judges.

Adieu then to the Jury, now no more

The noble twelve shall sit with vacant smiles,

Our Liberty's Palladium is o'er.

Oh, what will happen to the British Isles!

Well, Lord Chief Baron *Punch* is of opinion—

More justice will be done in this dominion.

MANAGERS OR MURDERERS?

It is difficult to say which they are from the tone in which the question of "Fires in Theatres" is discussed. Perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we assume that they are murderers. They open and maintain buildings with the full intention of roasting people to death, and when they cannot roast them, they do their best to poison them. The ancient Ogre was an innocent and harmless creature compared with the modern Manager! The medical journals are drawing harrowing pictures of what they call the "lethal effects of chills," and suggesting that no places should be booked in a theatre for persons in delicate health, except under the advice of "a professor of practical pneumatics." They even condemn plays of a too "emotional" tendency, and it is quite evident that the theatre of the future will have to include an eminent physician, several "professors" (not conjurers), and a drug-shop, amongst the staff, and appliances in the "front of the house."

Books.

Count Up Sunny Days. By C. A. JONES. Odd title: not for a book, but for a Count.

Griffin Ahoy! Evidently a Temple Bar Memorial.

On Ash Wednesday, when all Theatres are closed, and everyone practically engaged on the Stage, from the Author to the Gasman, is mulcted of a night's pay, there is at least one Theatre which ought to be exempt, and that is Ashley's.

LATEST FROM THE SMOKING-ROOM.—In the House of Commons all Obstructionists are known as the Jumbos.

THE drilling machine in operation at the Channel Tunnel Works, was invented by Colonel BEAUMONT. Directly Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM heard of this, she exclaimed, "Why not apply it to the Army?"

PRACTICE FOR THE BOATRACE.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



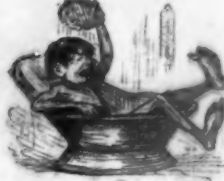
Cox and Crew.



Stroke and Bow.



Training for the Race (and Racing for the Train).



Tub Practice.

SKOBELEFF CHEZ-LUI.

(Leaves from the Diary of a Fire-brand.)

Sunday (in Paris).—Attended the Socialist Meeting in the Elysée Montmartre, and made speech number thirty-two, folio four, as sent me by IONATIEFF. Declared that Russia had always been Socialistic, and that therefore our chief enemy was Rome. Let it be pretty clearly seen that a bombardment of the Vatican at an early date was an essential part of our civilising programme, and was of course cheered to the echo by the nice citizens assembled. Saw the Editor of the *Volcan*, *Journal Omni-Destructeur*, and said (as per orders) that I hadn't meant anything at all. Pugilistic scene with Editor, but, thank Heaven! I have done my duty to my CZAR, if my nose is swelling.

Monday (in Vienna).—Spoke to a grand Meeting of Sunday-School Children on the Prater. Astonishing enthusiasm. Received with vivats, shrill, but pleasant. Said that though I had no mission of any kind at all, and had only come to Vienna to buy a meerschaum cigar-holder, I might distinctly say that I knew for certain that we had five hundred thousand men ready to march against King HUMBERT at a moment's notice. Italy as a kingdom was a standing insult to the Slav race. The Latin was the enemy—(awfully cheered here; suspect for the reason that most of the audience were yet in daily difficulties with the Latin Grammar). Finished by beautiful eulogium of peace—furnished by GORTSCHAKOFF. Saw that Paris speech was officially rebuked in St. Petersburg, and received the Grand Cross of the Star of Plevna.

Tuesday (in Constantinople).—Was interviewed by arrangement by half-a-dozen softas, and explained to them that we in our magnanimity had taken upon ourselves the Christian duty of saving them from Austria. Didn't seem quite as elated as they might have been; but no matter, I secured the desired result of sending Vienna mad with a war-panic of colossal calibre. Told them that Russia, though already a presentable size as nations go, would not regard herself as complete until she possessed at least Bohemia and Hungary. They were her natural affinities. Furious note in the *Golos* about me, and delightful autograph compliment from the CZAR.

Wednesday (in Berlin).—Rather a difficult and delicate matter here. Found the people smarting somewhat from the effects of my first historical speech, when I originally discovered my capacity in the character of a firebrand. Saw consequently that I must pile it up high—and did pile it accordingly. Rose in the middle of the *Nibelungen* at the Opera, and addressed the house. Said that I had been misrepresented by interested persons, and solemnly declared that Holy Russia had no other mission than to exterminate France (*immense cheers*) and annihilate England (*immense*). Weren't they naturally our destined foes? Weren't they the hotbeds of pernicious liberty—the places where Nihilists congregated, and Poles were allowed to keep body and soul together, when they could manage it, which Poles rarely can? And when the Russian Ambassadors in Paris and London called respectively on DE FREYCINET and GLADSTONE saying that I had been recalled in order to be knouted, I knew—I was perfectly convinced—that I should be made a Prince to-day—and so I am.

A GLEAM OF GOOD NEWS.

WHAT with Ireland, Egypt, the Russian Jew-Baiting, and most other matters of intelligence, foreign and domestic, the journals have for a long while afforded very little but the dreariest and dullest reading. Out of all their various contents the following will perhaps be generally felt to be about the most lively and hopeful announcement that has appeared in any of them for many a day:—

"Attempts are to be made at Jersey to form oyster-beds round the coast of the island, with the view of reviving a fishery that for many years has been completely neglected."

There is therefore, at any rate, a ray of hope that the rising generation may possibly some day derive a supply of comparatively cheap and plentiful oysters from successful endeavours made by the islanders of Jersey to cultivate the Jersey natives. What is that to us? Not much, indeed; but who can name any better in or out of all the newspapers?—Oyster sung for the Jersey Minstrels, "Tuck me out of my little bed."

DREAMS OF MABILLE BALLS.

[The famous Moulin Rouge Restaurant and Mabilles disappear together from the Champs Elysées this month.]

(RETROSPECTIVE BALLADS.)

(Sung confidentially by the Old "Bohemian Boy.")

I DREAMT that I danced at Mabilles balls—
That again at the Cancan I shied:
But to judge from the set that now honoured those walls,
I had far best have Cancan'd outside!
For, spite JULES's antics, once good as a feast—
Spite Music, Nymphs, flare—still the same,
I noticed, what certainly pleased me the least,
That the whole thing seemed horribly tame,
Oh, so tame!
So depressingly, horribly tame!

(Sung unconfidentially by the Young "Ditto Ditto.")

ELYSIAN Fields, oh, can we call
Your fields Elysian still,
Where fate at one time blocks the Ball
And treads upon the Mill.
You'll look like sad Sahara sands,
You'll have the gloom of Gheel,
When Destiny lays impious hands
On Moulin and Mabilles.

That Mill, it ground the finest flour—
Fine fleur of Paris town,
When came the Rabelaisian hour
Indomitably down;
The Ball was a majestic scene,
But frequently a reel
Collaboration caused between
The Moulin and Mabilles.

O Ball, you should have rolled on while
This bigger ball rolls free,
Extinguishing, Mabilles, my bile;
Oh, never, Mill, say Dec.
There was a somewhat played-out look
About the dance and meal;
But then you fleeced the flocks of Cook,
O Moulin and Mabilles!

MEMS. FROM BIGGAR'S NOTE-BOOK.

To call HARTINGTON a "donkey with a taste for the turf."
To allude to FORSTER as "the ugly gambling Quaker, who would quake a deal more if he opened all his letters himself."

To mention GLADSTONE as "the conceited old chap who escaped being shut up himself by incarcerating PARNELL in Kilmainham."
To talk of CHILDERS as "the middle-aged oove in the beard, who bullies the bald-pated Dook."

To speak of GRANVILLE as "the noble cheeseparer, who lives free gratis and for nothing at Walmer Castle, to avoid paying for his lodgings at Margate."

To point out BRIGHT as "the white-headed howler from Brum-magem, who costs the people such a lot as a superannuated cheap-jack, and would do nicely for a hangman!"

And lastly—and this, bedad, ought to fetch them horrid—to describe myself as "a refined and cultivated and polished"—ha! ha!—"Gentleman!" Yes, *must* have my joke! Ha! ha! ha!
"Gentleman!!!!!!"



FRANKNESS.

"SHALL-WE-A-'REVERSE'—MISS-LILLIAN!"

"'REVERSE,' INDEED! THE IDEA! WHY IT'S AS MUCH AS YOU CAN DO TO KEEP ON YOUR LEGS AS IT IS!"

THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

WE will hold an Exhibition to improve our catch of fishes,
We'll show nets and boats and every sort of newest fishing gear,
That in future ichthyophagists may have more dainty dishes,
And the fish of other waters in our English seas appear.

Though the Cynic may sneer at them with a supercilious "Gammon!"
There are ardent Men of Science who have promised, if you please,
To produce that "*Piscis major*"—a miraculous Thames salmon,
Who will beat the *Salmo salar* from the Severn or the Tees.

And our fish will be much cheaper when the coming Exhibition
Shall show fishers how to gather best the harvest of the sea.
Here's a health, then, to our Princes and the people of position,
Who will bid all folks to London here in Eighteen-eighty-three!

"*Far from the Madding Crowd*," the Drama founded on Mr. HARDY'S novel, by the Author and Mr. COMYNS CARR, was successfully produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, last week. It is capitally written, and interests the audience throughout. Mr. CHARLES KELLY never played more powerfully, nor Miss MARION TERRY more pathetically; while Mr. CARTWRIGHT did justice to *Sergeant Troy*, and was received with complimentary howls by the virtuous Liverpudlians when he came before the Curtain. Mr. EMERY had put the piece capitally upon the stage; and the way "the scent of the hay came across the footlights" was positively overpowering.

"A FREAK OF FORTUNE."—The gentleman who so generously placed his building at the disposal of H.R.H. for the Royal College of Music. "Arise, Sir CHARLES FREAKS, C.B.,—College Builder!" A modern Knight of Fortune is in a very different case (not to mention the armour) from the "Soldier of Fortune" in olden days.

THROW the Boomerang away ever so far and it returns. Mr. BRADLAUGH is the Political Boomerang.

JUMBO'S JOURNAL.

(Last Page.)

Monday.—WELL, here we are again, and another "sixpenny" come round,—and I'm not out of it yet. No, nor do I mean to be while this is going on. Why, I never saw such "business" at the Gardens in my life. Why, only just now I got three stale rolls wrapped up in a *Times Supplement* from a man in spectacles, who was looking at my legs. I call it touching.

Tuesday.—The game is first-rate, and no mistake. Talk of sympathy! I only wish I rented the refreshment counters! At a rough guess I should say, I had cleared the whole of 'em seven times since half-past eleven this morning.

Wednesday.—Up to their dodges again! Want to get me into that box by sticking up a looking glass at the end. Mean! As if I shouldn't have seen through it,—and have walked through it too—when I did!

Thursday.—A good deal bothered by the evident nasty feeling there is among some of the Committee to get rid of me. Postman, however, soon put me in good spirits this morning. Bushels of letters, one, registered, enclosing seven yards of gingerbread from an "Old Admirer." Wanted to have it as a little *chasse café* at breakfast; but Keeper said it might be poisoned, and he had better give it to the Kangaroo. Poisoned, indeed? Why, only last summer, during the repairs, I got hold of two quarts of green paint, a plumb-line, and the brush, swallowed the lot, and felt as fresh as a lark!

Friday.—Hippopotamus just sent round to tell me whatever I do not to stand having my head put in a coal-sack. Says that through his wishing to taste a piece of Severn salmon they once showed him at the other end of one, in Upper Africa, they got it over his, and that he never got it off again till he was in the Regent's Park. Evidently, I must look out. Suggestions, though, as to how to move me, still pouring in! Rather like one of 'em, proposing to put the whole refreshment-counter on a traction-engine, and see whether I wouldn't follow it. Yes, I wouldn't mind following that as far as Holborn—but no further—then back on a three-horse omnibus.

Saturday.—Hammering, quarrelling, wheedling, all going on together! Yes, they mean business at last. So the Secretary telegraphed to BARNUM that I might go for £2000 "as I stood." Ha! ha! Funny Secretary! As I stood! He knew better than to say, "as I walked." No, dynamite shan't do it! No, nor BARNUM'S "Novelty Agent" who is coming over to take charge of me! A Novelty Agent indeed. I wonder whether being taken up suddenly by the coat-tails and 'dropped on to the top of Rhinoceros at dinner, will be something new to him. . . . Hulloo, what's this? Fifteen crow-bars . . . a seven-inch rope. . . .

Sunday.—And they think "they'll manage it yet," do they? Ha! ha! ha! ha! Wait till I get amidstships! Then we'll see.

ILLUSTRATING A MEANING.

"Will France join with Italy in making the Prince of MONACO remember that he is a GRIMALDI, and behave as such? This is a question of high diplomacy on which we cannot enter."
—*Daily News*, Tuesday, Feb. 28.



NO; BUT WE CAN—AS ABOVE.

THE POET WILDE'S *Unkissed Kisses* ARE KNOWN IN AMERICA AS "OSCARLATION."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 11, 1882.



HARMONY; OR, THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL MINSTRELS,
WHO WILL, WE HOPE, PERFORM OUT OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE HALL.



"LIVE AND LEARN."

Magistrate. "DO YOU KNOW THE NATURE OF AN OATH, MY BOY?"

Witness (promptly). "YESS, SIR. 'MUST TAKE IT, SIR—'BELSE I CAN'T BE 'MEMB'R O' PARL'MENT, SIR!"

THE PRICE OF MILIT(I)ARY GLORY.

(A Dialogue overheard in Pall Mall.)

Paternal Government. And so, my dear boy, you are giving up scarlet for green! And now we do not want you to be put to any expense, so you must tell us what you are out of pocket.

Converted Militiaman. A thousand thanks! Well, then, there's the uniform.

P. G. Of course! Do it liberally! No false economy! Good out, eh? Smart and nice? I know you will do it well!

C. M. Well, there's a tunic—say twelve pounds.

P. G. Yes, and mean it too! Go on.

C. M. And a patrol jacket six or eight guineas—say six.

P. G. Better take the outside price. That comes to twenty guineas, or twenty-one pounds.

C. M. Then the mess uniform—another ten, or thereabouts.

P. G. Quite so; which makes thirty-one pounds. Proceed.

C. M. Well, two or three pairs of trousers—another ten pounds?

P. G. I am checking you! Forty!

C. M. Then a helmet—a couple of guineas.

P. G. And cheap at the price! And patrol cap will bring it up

to £3—say, forty-five pounds roughly?

C. M. Yes. Then there are the belts. Can't get them under

twelve pounds.

P. G. I should think not! Mind, my lad, we don't want to drive you to the Stores! Ha! ha! ha! That makes fifty-seven pounds exactly.

C. M. And with the sword—roughly, sixty. As I am not a Field Officer, I shan't want horse-furniture just yet.

P. G. But you will soon, so we had better put on another twenty, and call it eighty. That should see you through it comfortably!

C. M. Oh yes—quite. But you are too generous. I cannot thank you sufficiently.

P. G. Not at all, my dear boy, not at all. We don't want to put you to any expense by our chopping and changing, so, as your conversion will cost you eighty pounds, we will give you, in full satisfaction of all demands, just five-and-twenty! Bless you!

CHANGE FOR A TENOR.

MR. SIMS REEVES was unable to sing at his own Concert, Feb. 28. So, in exchange for the popular tenor, the audience accepted extra songs from Madame TREBELL and Mr. SANTLEY, but at the same time evinced a strong determination to get all they could out of Madame TREBELL and Mr. SANTLEY, the first of whom gave us a



The Contralto Treb'li encored.



Little Warblers.

real treat by singing *Carmen's* song "Habanera," and the latter sang "The Erl King" splendidly.

Those who have never heard Mr. SANTLEY's rendering of the "Vicar of Bray," have never really heard that song sung: the quiet humour he throws into it is irresistible. A most interesting item in the programme was the duet between the youthful couple, Miss EDITH SANTLEY and Master HERBERT REEVES. Altogether, the Concert, including the soothing performance of the "Anemois Unionists," which was just thrown in to calm any tendency to exuberance of animal spirits on the part of the audience, was a great success.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE HOUSE FULL OF ORDERS; OR, TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

Monday Night, Feb. 27.—Being detained in Downing Street for private conference after the Members had left, was a little late in getting down to the House. Thought when I entered I'd made a mistake and come in from behind the SPEAKER'S chair. This Session W. E. G. obligingly insisted on my having a key of the door behind the SPEAKER'S chair. Hadn't used it to-day, yet here, on my left, were crowded benches and uproarious cheering. As a rule, Liberals don't know how to cheer, and when you hear a noise like this, you naturally think it must be the Tories. I'll back Mr. Alderman FOWLER, Sir WALTER BARTHELOT and Mr. WARTON to a cheering match with the combined Liberal Party on any ordinary night.

This, it seems, is not an ordinary night; cheering terrific and well sustained; Conservatives shut up, abashed. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE evidently frightened to death, and wishes SALISBURY, who has raised the whirlwind, would kindly come and ride upon it. A good many Peers in the Gallery; but my Lord SALISBURY has engagements elsewhere.

In this dilemma Mr. NEWDEGATE rises with deepening gloom and unsurpassable melancholy in his voice. If the House would only have listened to him—is it forty or fifty years since?—all would have been well. He has been in the House now nearly a hundred years but never heard or saw anything equal to this—never. Someone reminds him that two days ago he was equally melancholy, and five days previously had been in the same degree oppressed by the consciousness of evil-doing. Mr. NEWDEGATE only shakes his head with solemn sadness and sits down. Brings out a scarlet pocket-handkerchief; holds it despondingly in his right hand, and shakes his head with growing depression as the conversation proceeds. Sometimes varies this by crying "Hear! Hear!" No one quite knows what is the matter with him, but everybody respects his grief.

Things get a little livelier on the Division. Sir STAFFORD, seeing how the enemy looked, wanted to draw back his gaze of battle, but the Land-League wing had come out for a fight, and they meant to have it. Forced the Division, and English Country Gentlemen went out in defence of the House of Lords shoulder to shoulder with Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. HEALY.

Passed the late Postmaster-General on the way to the Division Lobby.

"Beware, my Lord," said I, "that evil communications do not corrupt JOHN MANNERS."

"Bad job, Toby," he answered; "but, as I have said before, you Radicals really must spare. Oh spare, our old nobilities."

Business done.—House of Lords spanked by 200 against 167.

Tuesday Evening.—House Counted Out at half-past eight. Passing through the Lobby at thirty and a half minutes past eight, saw a stranger standing by the doorway under the clock. Coat and hat on, umbrella in hand, just ready for a bolt.

"Pleasant change this, Toby," he said.

Thought I knew the voice. On inspection found it belonged to Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR. Perfectly astonishing the way he got into the coat and hat, well inside of thirty seconds. Not so surprising though, as the fact that as a rule he is content on most days not to see coat and hat till two or three in the morning, having been slaving like a coalheaver since the House met. Talk about your ten-hours Bill, and your early closing movement. Let some of them come and do a Whip's work for a night. All work and small thanks. If things go wrong you are blamed; if right, somebody else is credited.

Rather fancy if my father had been a Dook instead of respectable bull-dog, I should have left this slavery to other people.

"Don't you find it a bore?" I asked Lord RICHARD, at two o'clock one morning, when he had been at it since four o'clock on the previous afternoon.

"Yes," he said; "but it's nothing like the other bore of the Channel Tunnel."

Business done.—House agreed, after three hours' debate, that a convict cannot also sit in Parliament.

Thursday Night.—Most surprising place this H. of C. Here's the QUEEN been shot at, BRADLAUGH re-elected, and the Constitution otherwise in danger, owing to a little difficulty with the Lords. And yet the House nearly empty, the few present being half asleep.

"Rome fiddling whilst Nero was burning nothing to this," says Sir CHARLES FORSTER, pausing in the search for his hat to glance around the chamber.

Short stout gentleman on his legs drawing touching picture of the condition of the Irish landlord, driven from home with a wallet on his back, taking a steamer passage to America, and drinking the water of affliction out of a tin pannikin.

"Who is this moving orator?" I ask Sir WILFRID LAWSON, making believe I had an eyelash in my eye, whereas it was a tear of sympathy.

"Hush!" said Sir WILFRID, "that's Sir HARVEY DUFF. For goodness sake don't whistle, or FORSTER will take you up and drop you in Kilmainham."

I was in no humour for whistling, having indeed a rooted objection to the practice in other people. But I might have done it without danger. WILFRID LAWSON terribly inaccurate man. The orator isn't HARVEY DUFF, but HARVEY BRUCE.

Sorry I waited to hear DICKSON, who followed. Comes from same part of the country, and plainly tells House that in all the North of Ireland isn't a more rack-renting landlord than Sir HARVEY. Begin to wish I had that tear back. As the poet sings, "Give back the tear that thou weepest." Ask Mr. SHAW what a rack-renter means. Explains it's a landlord who makes the tenant pay rent for everything—even for his pipe-rack.

HARCOURT in hot water to-night. Wish I'd moved for the Return

I spoke of last week. Might have had it by this time, and HARCOURT would have been spared the contumely. Will make speeches in reply to questions, and, what's worse, insists on being funny or cutting as the case may be. House likes impromptu, but does not like to see the foolscap paper on which they are written. STANLEY LEIGHTON asked foolish question in not very good taste. Better have confounded him with severely matter-of-fact reply. Not in HARCOURT's line that. The interloper must be crushed. So Nasmyth hammer brought out, and nutshell laboriously placed in position. Conservatives see their opportunity, and use it. HARCOURT clearly out of order, and the *clôture* is relentlessly brought down upon him. Sad waste of wit. Impromptu remains enshrined in the foolscap. Worst of it is, won't do for future use. HOME SECRETARY sits down, sighing to himself as he thinks of the many unoccupied cells in various prisons under his command.

"If he could only issue *lettres de cachet*," says Mr. BIGGAR, who didn't live two months in the heart of Paris for nothing, "wouldn't they catch it?"

Must really get out my Return. In the meantime HOME SECRETARY should listen to DILKE at question time, and see how Ministers should answer questions.

Business done.—None.

Saturday Morning.—BRADLAUGH down on the Bills for last night. Couldn't play owing to his part having been mislaid. House crowded. Three Judges in the gallery. Insisted on having their money back at the doors. Box-keeper just handing them the coin, when Sergeant-at-Arms came up and said they'd been admitted with Orders. More will be heard of this.

House wasted time up to one this morning, then began work, and sat all night.

PUNCH AT BERLIN.

"Every landlord of a *café* where the English satirist is known and welcomed was had up yesterday and convicted of exhibiting 'a certain lampoon calculated to bring the constituted authorities into contempt and derision.'"—*Globe*, March 2.



TOBY AND THE BIZZY B-LUEBOTTLE.

"Why should I hurt thee? This world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me?"—*Tristram Shandy*, Vol. II., Ch. 12.

PARLIAMENTARY LANGUAGE.—Whenever the House of Commons—and, for that matter, the House of Lords—is quite uncertain how to act, and would give anything not to be compelled to come to a decision, the words in which it feebly strives to embody its feebleness is called a Resolution! Whenever the House of Commons and the House of Lords are thoroughly satisfied that everything is perfect, and that any movement or change would be more injurious than standing still, the words in which they announce their intention to stand still is called a Motion!

PUNCH'S PRIZE MEDALS.



Medal struck in commemoration of Her Majesty's providential escape, Thursday, March 2nd. *Vivat Regina!*

DOCTORS AND DRESS.

(From the Feminine Point of View.)

DEAR JULIE,

I WENT to the Lecture—the Lecture you know about Dress; 'Twas delivered by Mr. FRED TREVES, an extremely nice F.R.C.S., I had fancied all fellows with letters attached to their names were old guys, But this pleasant young surgeon was really as charming as—probably—wise. You will ask what he said; well, of course, 'twas the same old old story, my dear. About corsets, and crampings, and colds, which we've heard for this many a year. When will the men learn 'tisn't virtue or taste that the fashion-book aways, Or get tired of their stale iterations concerning our shoes and our stays? They have tried it for centuries now, and indeed I'm inclined to believe It was ADAM who gave the first Lecture—concerning her fig-leaves—to EVE. But their physiological nonsense, and high-flying talk about taste, Never shortened the sweep of a train or extended the girth of a waist. What has THORWALDSEN'S *Venus* to do with it? Really, my dear, this, between us, is

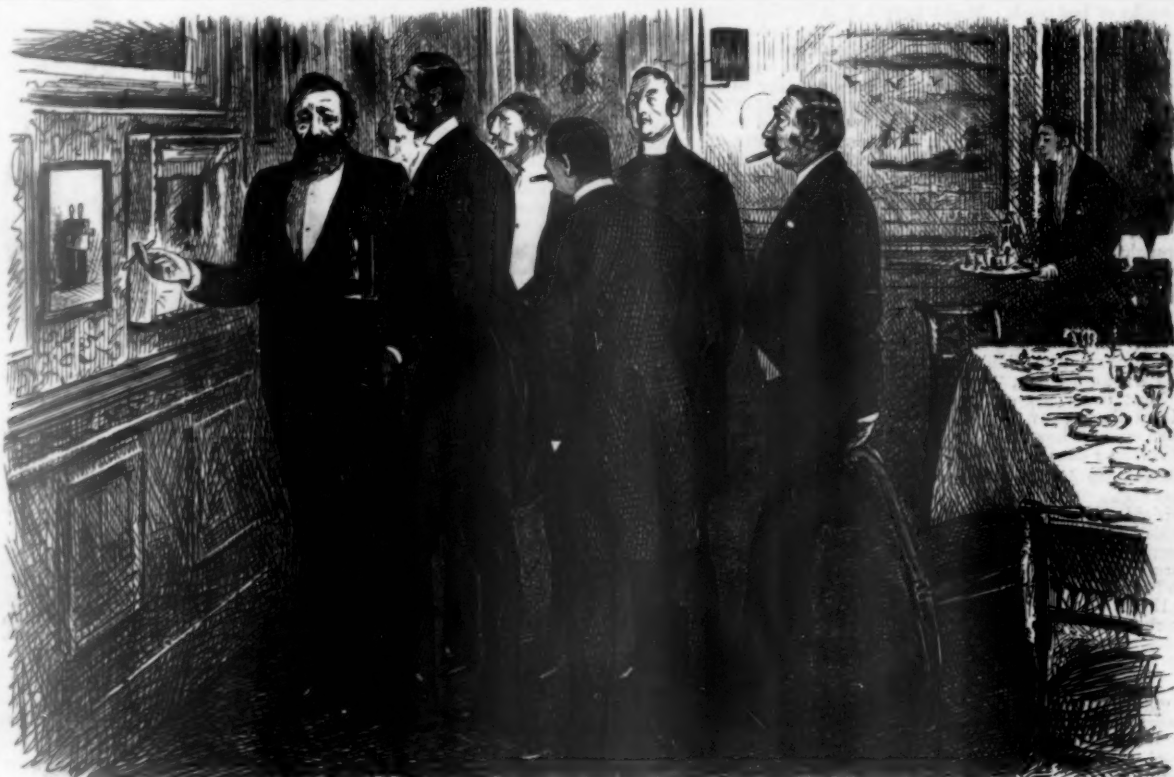
Almost the worst of the rubbish—this stuff about Art and Stone Venuses. We are not marble or Greek, and cannot go about in Society Decked in diaphanous vesture as scanty as void of variety. Therefore—but what use in *arguing*? What the poor men have to learn is That we care no more about logic than TAMERLANE cared for attorneys. Dear, droll Mr. TREVES—he *was* droll, dear, and never attacked us abusively—Proved all his smartly-put points, I have not the least doubt, most conclusively. *Après*? In matters of Fashion mere *proof* doesn't count for one fraction; And truth is *entirely* irrelevant. Fancy a man's stupefaction In trying to realise *that*, dear! And yet till they *do* they may bandy Tart argumentations for ever; they simply have no *locus standi*. Their war on our waists is time wasted. It may be they ought to be oval, And twenty-nine inches in girth, though the very idea of it drove all The blood from my cheeks in sheer horror. If Nature to one of my stature Gave such—shall I say "Jumbocuousness"?—I'd *die*—or improve upon Nature. That's it; Nature's nought in itself, raw material merely for Fashion, Like all other Arts, just to mould as she pleases. It rouses one's passion To think, whilst in Painting, BURNES-JONES and Sir FREDERICK are given such freedom, They'd bind us to work *à la* MILLET—that is, my dear Girl, if we'd heed 'em. Mr. TREVES with his jokes on our "zones," three, the temperate, frigid, and torrid,—

(To treat us as though we were maps, I admit was a *little* bit horrid) Our "layers"—but there he went wrong—and his other half-humorous strictures, Forgot we don't *want* to be "principles"—"laws"—syllogisms—but *pictures*; Pretty—and that not according to stupid fixed standards; we vote "use," And "beauty" mere drifts of the day, with no more of fixed form than old Proteus.

Change and Conformity—they're the sole rules of the feminine praxis, The former forms Fashion's vast orbit, the latter may stand for its axis. Compared with *these*, questions of health—such as whether one breathes free or stifles,

Anatomy, comfort, Greek taste, I assure Mr. TREVES are mere trifles. Our *first* law is "be in the fashion," though doctors may deem it enormity. If they can *sway* Fashion, all right, but they must *not* expect nonconformity. Still Mr. FRED TREVES was good fun. I believe he intends to repeat it—The Lecture I mean—"the Sex" thronged so the hall was not able to seat it; And if you're in town at the time, and a tiny bit tired of your Q.C., I'd strongly advise you to go,—try my F.R.C.S., dear! Yours, LUCIE.

THE POLITICAL FASHION IN FRANCE.—Pink Republicanism.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PAINTER.

Royal Academician (politely, as becomes an honoured guest). "AH! NOW THIS IS FAR AND AWAY THE BEST OF YOUR WORKS, MAJOR DIBBY! AND THAT IS SAYING A GREAT DEAL!"

Distinguished Amateur. "OH—A—WELL—THIS IS NOT BY ME. IT'S BY A POOR YOUNG LAD I KNOW, WHO'S APPRENTICED TO MY BOOTMAKER. BUT SINCE YOU THINK SO HIGHLY OF HIS FIRST ATTEMPT, HE'D BETTER GIVE UP HIS TRADE, AND GO IN FOR ART AS A PROFESSION—EH?"

Royal Academician. "OH—A—UM—EH! THAT ALTERS THE CASE, YOU KNOW. ON THE WHOLE, I SHOULD STRONGLY RECOMMEND YOUR YOUNG FRIEND TO STICK TO BOOTMAKING!"

[Distinguished Amateur is extinguished, and R. A. feels he has added to the list of things he ought to have left unsaid.]

THE BRAN-NEW MUNICIPALITY OF LONDON.

(Guildhall, April 1, 1883.)

MEETING OF THE POOR LAW COMMITTEE.

MR. FROTH, Chairman of Committees (salary, £2,500 a year), wrote to say that a previous engagement at Westminster Hall would deprive him of the pleasure of presiding on that interesting occasion, so Mr. DEAL, Deputy Chairman (salary, £1,500 a year), took the Chair.

A considerable time was lost in making a quorum, several of the members being quite knocked up with the immense amount of work they had to get through daily, two of them being affected with softening of the brain from the constant strain upon that organ, in carrying out their melancholy and depressing duties, and the Sub-Finance Committee being all laid up from sheer exhaustion in preparing a Financial Report embracing the total expenditure, in minute detail and under various heads, upon the 90,000 paupers under their care, and the thirty large staffs of officials who have charge of them.

Several Clerks entered, bearing baskets full of Reports and other voluminous documents relating to their various large establishments.

The Principal Clerk announced that there were twenty-seven pages of complaints, sixty-nine tenders for provisions, clothing, furniture, stationery, &c., &c., to be opened and discussed, and nineteen applications for increase of salary, besides the immense amount of arrears of their ordinary work, which was constantly increasing, and which he saw no possibility of their ever overtaking unless they sat *de die in diem*.

MR. JOLLIBOX (City Division) said it was all very fine for well-paid officials to talk of sitting *de die in diem*, which he supposed meant

all day and every day till they all died; but, for his part, what with the fearful amount of work they had to do, and its dreadfully monotonous and depressing character, he had very little doubt he should himself very shortly be occupying a place in one of their numerous Asylums!

The Committee, after sitting about six hours, and scrambling through about a twentieth part of the work before them, and arranging for their monthly visit to their various Small-Pox and Fever Hospitals, Night Refuges, and Lunatic Asylums, adjourned till the following day.

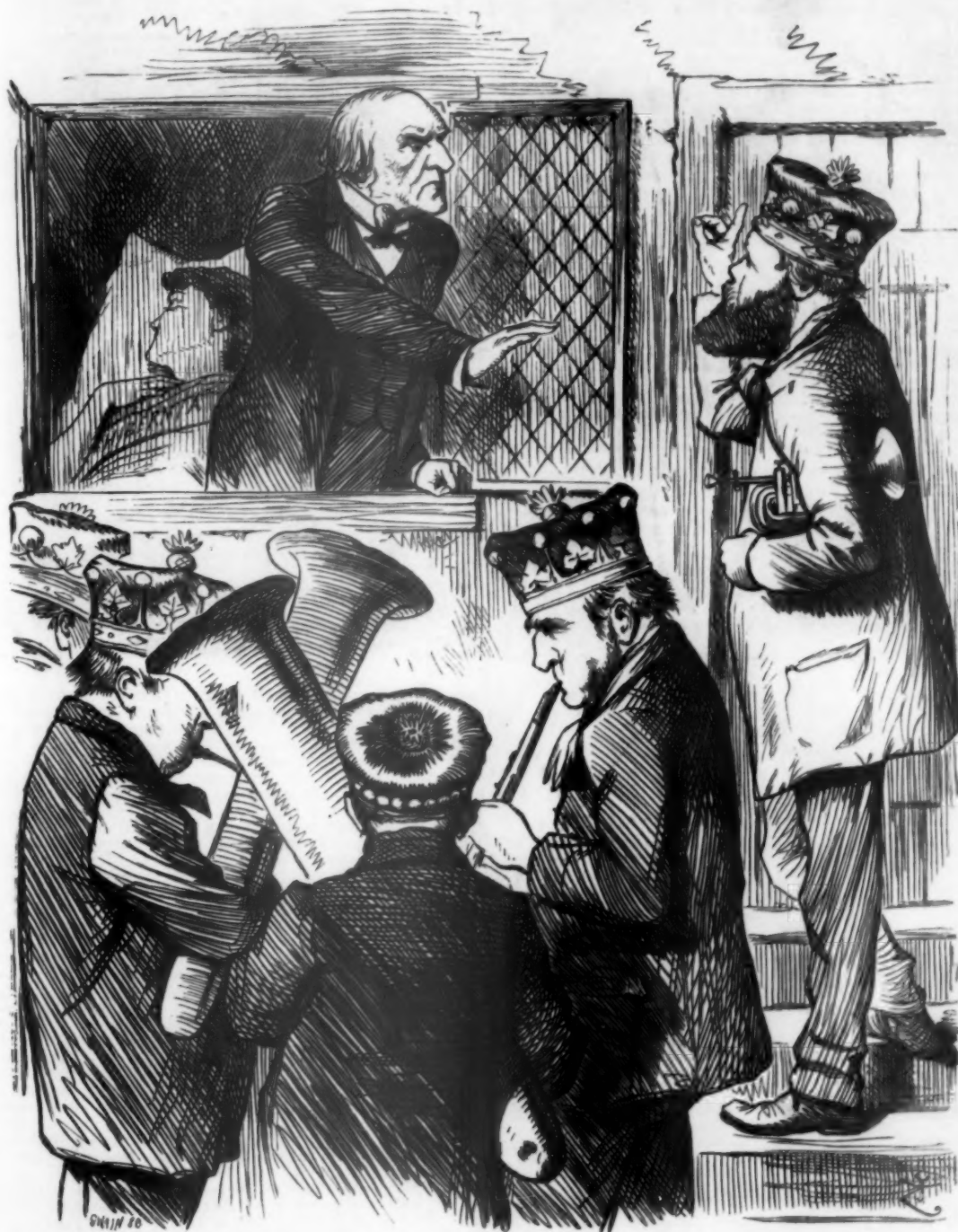
It having been suggested by MR. JOLLIBOX that the Committee should dine together after their protracted sitting, MR. SCRAW (Chelsea Division) said "he hoped there was no intention to follow the frightful example set them by the old Corporation which they had superseded." So the utterly exhausted Committee went empty away.

At the next meeting of the General Council, four resignations were received from members of the Poor Law Committee; and the worn-out and haggard-looking Town Clerk was directed to take the necessary steps for the election of their successors.

The Town Clerk, in a faint whisper, the mere ghost of his former manly voice, said that, as the first step would be to issue circulars addressed to 43,700 electors, he should require some considerable temporary addition to his over-worked Staff to enable him to get the circulars out in the short time allowed by the law.

MR. SCREW (Chelsea Division) moved that the Town Clerk's application be not complied with, which was carried; whereupon the Town Clerk handed in his resignation, and the Court broke up in wild disorder.

Several leading members of the late Municipal Reform Association are already announced as candidates for the vacant office.



NOISE AND NUISANCE.

DR. GLADSTONE. "NOW, REALLY THIS IS TOO BAD! JUST AS SHE WAS BEGINNING TO MEND—"

LEADER OF BAND. "PLEASE, SIR, WE THOUGHT A LITTLE MUSIC WOULD DO HER GOOD!!!"



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
125 WEST 47TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

OSSIAN (WITH VARIATIONS).
THE SON OF IA-CULTCHA.



IS THIS THE SON OF CULTCHA'S SHADOWY FORM?

I.

A TALK of the times of old! Where art thou, beam of light? Why, thou bearer of the Lily, thou wanderer unseen, hast thou left these shores? No sound of thy song comes now. I hear but the roaring blasts. Strike the harp and sound the song! The son of Cultcha has gone to the Land of Strangers. Can I forget that beam of light, that breeze of the valley, the long-lost'd sunbeam of love? I have heard the mournful tale. When the hero left these shores, three days he stayed in the ship unseen—alone. It is dark. The meteor of night is dim. The sea darkly tumbles beneath the ship. Slowly, with unequal steps, he ascends the deck. Unfrequent blasts rush through his hair. Grief is dwelling in his soul. The song is faint on his lips. His face is like the darkened moon. His arms hang disordered by his side. His hair spreads wide across his face. With trembling steps he nears the edge—He feels the unseen foe! See Cultcha's mighty hero falls!! Thrice he sighs over the dark billows. Thrice they echo back the mournful sound! He bends his head above the sable surge!! Then with a bursting sigh, he pours his signs on night!!! Unhappy youth of Love, let me forget that dreadful sound. The hero resumes his soul. He gains the upper deck. He pours the song "My soul, O lambent maiden, lies far away in thy bower; but my corse is on this all-too-rolling ocean. Never more shalt thou flop with Ia-Cultcha's chosen son, nor sweetly sigh over a new 'Depression.' I am light as the feather of our love, yet my limbs support not this airy form. How long will ye roll around me, O darkly tumbling ocean!" Near, two sailors receive his words, SWAB'EN of decks, and STARNO, foe of strangers. They rose in their wrath. "SWAB'EN, lay that wanderer low," said STARNO, in his pride. SWAB'EN heaves his marlin-spike. He follows it with words. "The hero ducks. The shaft falls rolling on the deck. STARNO turns away in wrath. The hero's song is heard no more. Rolled into himself, he departs. Pleasant is the joy of grief.

II.

THE Chief steps on the stranger's shore. Soon the feast of shells is spread. The joy of the hero is great.

Again he resumes his soul. He forgets the dark-rolling ocean. It is in Fildelia's Hall. The strangers come like a stream. His fame has reached their shores. They fill the hall. Sixty youths come in. Each bears the Flower of the Sun. The robe of each descends to his knees. They fill the foremost seats. Behold! he comes, the Son of Fame! He bears the long, bending Lily. His face is like the broad, blank moon in the skirt of a cloud, before the storms arise! He sees the youths. A cloud grows on his soul. He pours the song, and calls forth all his steel. The sons of the stranger yawn. His eye is like a green meteor. His face without form, and dark. He tosses his wandering hair. A voice is heard in the mist, "O, cut it, Son of Cultcha!" The hero's wrath arose. His lips are trembling pale. He shakes the dreadful Lily. He speaks, amidst his darkening joy. From thought to thought rolls along his Kosmic Soul. The sons of the stranger flee away. Like mist they melted away. One stranger Chief remains. He lifts his voice:—"Son of a distant land, where thou dwellest in a field of fame, there let thy song arise, but visit us no more!" The Son of Love is alone! He hides the big tear with his disordered locks, and turns amidst his crowded soul. In wrath he leaves the Hall. His voice is heard in the mist, "Awake my soul no more! I am come too soon!!"

III.

WHY art thou sad, O Son of Songs? The vanquished, if brave, are renowned. Soon hast thou set, O beam of light! but thou shalt rise like the beam of the East, amongst thy friends, where they sit in the Dadoed Hall and the Chamber of Yallery-green. Return! Return! for thou hast left us in darkness. Thy voice has been heard. Thou hast sung of the inexpressible. Thou hast strung the harp in Bostona. Thou art one amongst a thousand foes! Thou art not understood! Come, O come away, that joy may return to my darkened soul! For shall I live, and the Son of Cultcha low? Return! Return! for we will wither together, O car-borne Son of Erin!



"LAPSUS LINGUÆ."

Pater. "NOW, LOOK HERE, MY BOY, I CAN'T HAVE THESE LATE HOURS! WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, MY FATHER WOULDN'T LET ME STAY OUT AFTER DARK."

Filius. "HUMPH! 'NICE SORT O' FATHER YOU MUST HAVE HAD, I SHOULD SAY."

Pater (sneering). "DEUCED SIGHT BETTER THAN YOU HAVE, YOU YOUNG—"
[Checks himself, and exits!]

MRS. RAMSOTHAM infinitely prefers "Closure" to "Clôture." In the latter case, she says, one is so apt to omit the circumspect aspect over the "o."

THE ROYAL ST. JAMES'S PALACE MINSTRELS.

THE Meeting was most successful. What's the next step—taken of course to music? The notes seem to be coming in from all quarters. H.R.H. The Prince of WALES was an admirable conductor, and the Duke of EDINBURGH a first-rate *chef d'attaque*.

The PREMIER and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE were in perfect harmony, both telling some capital stories about music in the olden time, and setting the room in a roar, as such good "corner men" are bound to do. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY and Lord ROSEBURY performed very effective solos; and if Cardinal MANNING did not oblige the company with a Gregorian, it was not because there was no opera-tunity for him, but because there was no time; and so he with some other leading composers (both His Eminence and the Archbishop compose—their own sermons, which have a most soothing effect) joined most heartily in a grand unison chorus, by way of a vote of thanks to the Prince, who has so energetically taken up the cause of music in this country. Three cheers for the three Princes, and success to the Royal College of Music!

"I COULDN'T see the gentleman when he called," explained Mrs. RAM. "He came so early, that I was only, as the French say, *ong Jézabel*."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 74.



SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P.

A MOST EFFECTIVE WATER-SPOUTER.

"AFTER DARK" THOUGHTS.

For Pedestrians on the Thames Embankment.

How peaceful is this scene? Is that a shadow of a man hiding? Of two men? . . . How smooth is the water? Sure I heard a footstep behind me. Shall I have to take the rough with the smooth? Wish I could see a policeman. Wish a policeman could see me. Was that a cry for help? No—a cat. Ah! if the Magistrates would only give these Embankment Roughs plenty of the Cat. . . . What was that? . . . Wish I hadn't read that article on the "London Morgues" in the *Pall Mall* last Thursday. No cabs? No police? Fortunately, I've left my money and watch at home. But—they don't know that. Ha! what's that? . . . No—yes. . . . Thank goodness—the street at last! Beautiful place, the Embankment, to show to a foreigner at night, as one of the Sights of London unequalled by anything on the Continent!

Parliamentary Proverbs.

NEVER do to-day what can possibly be put off till to-morrow.

A tax in the hand is worth two in the bush.

A remark a day is a speech a year.

Where the cry is great the wool is small.

When Supply comes in at the door, Legislation flies out of the window.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

A DISSOLVING VIEW.

No! I am too sad to sing. I will hang my harp upon the hat-peg, and I will shed salt tears o'er the Diving-Bell. The friends of my youth are gone; the Surrey Zoological is bricks and mortar; Cremorne is a respectable building-site; Jumbo is Barnum'd; the tank at the Royal Polytechnic Institution is dry, the Diver is dead, and the Bell is sold. And ye ask me to sing! Go to, my Brethren, or go three, or go four—it is all one to me. I will weep, I will mourn, I will howl and be exceeding sad, for the abode of Science of my youth is no more. The dissolving-views have dissolved for ever, the merry chromatope whirleth not, and the oxy-hydrogen microscope has retired from business. A garish daylight has been let into the theatre where young maidens wore the arms of young men round their waists, in the dark, years ago, and muddy-booted miscreants penetrate the hidden mysteries of the laboratory. The vacant laugh of the scoffer is heard where GEORGE GROSSMITH warbled, and where PEPPER'S Ghost perambulated.

Go on, Messrs. RUSHWORTH, ABBOTT and STEVENS! It doubtless takes three of you to do this fearful work. I can bear it, I have nerved myself to the task. I will endure it to the bitter end. I will stay here throughout the three days' sale, nor will I depart hence until the nethermost of the six hundred and eighty-nine lots have been disposed of. Everyone is touched like myself, and everyone is anxious to bring away some little reminiscence of this great and glorious Institution. The Centrifugal Railway was bought by the LORD MAYOR; sixty-six large Leyden Jars by Mr. BRADLAUGH; the Cast-Iron Diving-Bell by Mrs. LAWOTRY, to form a portable summer-house for her ensuing tour—of course, she would be the one

* Oh, come! We didn't ask a minstrel to write prose. "*Lay on Macduff!*"—but we hope he won't misunderstand the quotation, as we do not mean that we expect him to give us a lay on *Macduff*.—ED.

to "bear away the belle;" "eight rolls of leather bands" by the Bishop of LONDON, for distribution among the hard-working clergymen of his diocese; the "skillfully-made mechanical life-size figure, LEOTARD," by Mr. SCLATER, to take the place of Jumbo at the Zoo; "a capital 4-horse power double-cylinder expansive condensing steam-engine," by Mr. W. S. GILBERT, for his forthcoming operetta (the new steam-music by Dr. SULLIVAN will cause, I am told, a great sensation); "a mahogany case, containing six TWADDELL's hydrometers," by the Lazy Minstrel; "a set of *séance* apparatus" by Mr. GLADSTONE and "a clever model of a round of roast beef, under a glass shade," by Mr. ARTHUR CECIL. "A large glass plate electrical machine, glass 7 feet in diameter," was purchased by Messrs. COMYNS CARR and PINERO, to take a leading part in their new drama of *The Spark*; "a rain box, a wind machine, a 'crash' ditto, a 'drum' ditto, with stand, a sheet of iron for thunder, and a bell," by the Middlesex Magistrates.

My tears fall thick and fast. I lose all count of time, I soar backwards in the illimitable realms of retrospection. O RUSHWORTH! O ABBOTT! O STEVENS! ye have done your fiendish work but too well! The last lot, "a patent bottling-machine, with earthenware pan, 2 plaster busts, and 1 inlaid loo-table," is knocked down. The raucous brokers' men and the irreverent auctioneers' clerks are departing. A policeman informs me they are going to shut up the place, and I must not sit in the tank any longer.

And this is the boasted age of Science and Enlightenment! Carry me out into the moonbeams! Let me take my afternoon crawl in the Solar System! Let me weep!

[The rest of the manuscript is blistered with tears, and quite illegible.]

SIR E. WATKIN is going for a Channel Tunnel, not for a sea-side Pier-age. If his under-the-sea scheme comes to the ground, how will the title of Barren Channel Tunnel suit him? He's perfectly welcome to it.

OUR BOYS' NOVELIST.

BEING STORIES OF WILD SPORT AND STIRRING ADVENTURE, FOR THE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF THE YOUTHS OF ALL NATIONS.



YOUNG HARRY SAVES CACHUCA'S LIFE.

YOUNG HARRY.

OR,

WITH THE HAZ PIRATES FROM THE HEBRIDES TO THE HAVANNAS.

(By the Author of "The Madcap Middies, and the Menniaque Indians of the Strait West Coast.")

LITTLE CHAP. I.*

HARRY TAKES HIS FIRST START IN LIFE.

HARRY was a foundling from his earliest youth.

He was discovered one night in a dark lane by the kind Vicar of the place, who happened at that time to be Parson BYE. The Vicar himself constructed a cradle—he was celebrated for his vicar-work—and tended the babe with the utmost care.

His excellent preserver's motto was, "May we never want an infant or a bottle to give him," and on this treatment little HARRY thrived wonderfully.

One night he woke Parson BYE, and said, "Please tell me the secret of my birth;"

and then his Guardian, who was very sleepy at the time, could only reply that on his back was imprinted an "H" and on his arm were marks which might have been caused by vaccination, but which bore a close resemblance to a coronet.

"Was there no coat-of-arms?" inquired HARRY, eagerly.

"No," replied Parson BYE, as he swallowed the remains of his night-cap, which was still by the bedside. "You hadn't a rag on of any sort, my poor young HARRY."

"You named me young HARRY, because you thought my father might be —"

"Old HARRY. Yes," replied the excellent Clergyman, lying down and preparing to sleep.

"I am of noble descent," said the boy proudly.

The worthy old Clergyman frowned. He disliked dissent of any sort, noble or otherwise. But there was no time for explanation, for HARRY, mistaking his kind friend's manner for an expression of repugnance, exclaimed, "You shall never see me more, till my deeds shall have proved my title," and dashing out of the room, locked the door on the outside. Then, for with all his bravery and daring he had a tender heart, he whispered "Hush-a-Bye," and softly descended the staircase.

When the worthy Clergyman awoke at a late hour the next morning, he found on his study table a short note to this effect—

"On succeeding to my title and estates, I

* We have agreed with the Author that instead of dividing it into "Chaps," which might grow into great big Chaps, far over the heads of the small Boys for whom this Novel is specially intended, he should keep them all as "Small Chaps," as possible. He has agreed to this, so far as affects the First Chap. of each Number, but objects to repeating it. We let him have his way, as he's a good Chap himself.—ED.

hereby promise to pay fifty pounds to my kind protector, the Rev. G. O. BYE. Bless you. Good Bye!

Signed,
YOUNG HARRY.

"The lad has a generous nature," said the Vicar to himself, "and in after years this may be an interesting reminiscence." So saying, he placed the document carefully in his pocket-book, and rang the bell.

Only one servant had seen Master HARRY, late on the previous night, making faces at himself in the looking-glass.

"Why did you not stop him?" asked Parson BYE, somewhat wrathfully. "Did you not see he was taking himself off?"

But 'twas too late: he had gone.

Then Parson BYE went to his bureau. It was unlocked.

In another second he realised the true value of the writing in his possession, and the good old man in his heart of hearts devoutly wished that HARRY might obtain that title and those estates of which he had gone in search, and might never forget all he owed his sorrowing benefactor.

CHAP. II.

A FEARFUL ENCOUNTER.

HARRY was now his own master, so he at once proceeded to get on good terms with himself, ordering himself about, and obeying with an alacrity that bespoke the most perfect discipline; at the same time conversing with himself in the most confidential manner, yet in such a way, that familiarity was ever tempered by respect.

"My dear HARRY," he said to himself, "your one object in life must be to find your parents. For that purpose you must go all

over the world if necessary. Never forget the fifty pounds you borrowed from excellent Parson BYE, and never, never, think of returning to that part of England you have just quitted, until you can do so with feelings of generous pride and pleasure."

"Hallo, HARRY!" shouted a youthful voice, addressing him by name.

HARRY at once recognised his playmate, JACK POODIN, who, two years since, had run away from home to join a travelling circus.

"I'll go with you," cried JACK, heartily, after hearing HARRY's plan for the future. "I know all about Indians, and Pirates, and here's a cutlass I've been doing the combats with. I can bring the highly trained steed, we must get on."

As HARRY grasped his friend's hand he started, for on the balcony above he had caught sight of the loveliest pair of eyes he had ever beheld.

JACK saw the direction of his glance, and said, "Don't you know her?"

"No."

"That's the Spanish Dancer. Her name's CACHUCA."

At that instant, CACHUCA, a beautiful dark-eyed maiden from the sunny South, whose smile displayed a front row of dazzling pearls of which the Great Mollusk himself might well have been proud, glided from her seat, and approached HARRY, as JACK, after whispering in his ear that he would return in two minutes with the steed, discreetly retired.

HARRY was fascinated, and stood rooted to the spot.

All at once arose a shriek of agony.

Merchants, clerks, traders of all sorts, were

hurrying *pêle mêle* terrorstricken out of the Exchange, which was the centre of commerce in this thriving seaport town.

"The Bull! The Bull!"

Bursting his bonds, scattering jobbers and speculators of all sorts left and right, on came the monster perspiring at every paw, tossing its own head in sheer cruel wantonness for practice sake, until it could reach something else to toss.

For one second it paused, as if in search of an object on which to wreak its terrible vengeance, and now, for the first time, caught sight of CACHUCA.

CACHUCA, motionless with fear, could only shriek out in despairing accents, "Save me! Save me!"

The Bull had already made a hundred run, he now made one rush.

Have you ever seen a bull rush in the middle of a street, with a helpless girl right in front of it?

It is an awful sight.

HARRY, who had never as yet been daunted by the largest bull's eye, quailed for an instant only.

But in that instant the savage beast heralded his approach with a tremendous flourish of his two horns, previous to giving the right pitch to the unhappy CACHUCA, and would have got her up in the air, where she might have been joined by HARRY in a second, but for the latter's presence of mind.

Seizing the cutlass which JACK had left behind him, HARRY ran forward to confront the beast, as CACHUCA, throwing up her arms in despair, fell within an inch of the infuriated animal's horns.

(To be continued.)

A PARTY AT THE PLAY.

SIR.—When you requested me to assist at the first night of *The Manager* at the Court Theatre, I acceded gladly to your demand. When you asked me, on our next meeting, what I thought of the piece, I, with considerable diplomatic skill, referred you to the daily papers. You, with considerable alacrity, referred me to the door. When again you asked me to visit the Court Theatre, I said I would, softly murmuring the while, "What have I done to deserve this?" Sir, I am glad of that second visit. *The Manager* goes with roars of laughter from first to last. It is capitally played. Mr. ANSON represents a first-rate Music-hall frequenter, who knows all the songs by heart. His hat, gloves, and get-up generally are very comic. Miss LOTTIE VENN is *piquante*—always a safe thing to say of this clever little actress—and a young friend who gauges every-



Mr. Anson's Wedding Pair.—A Plain Bun-buy and a Lottie Venn-is-on.

thing by Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD's entertainment, rapturously declared that the Dado Song is worthy of a shrine in a Gaiety burlesque. This from him is high praise, and should make both Miss VENN and the Composer of the song happy for life. Mr. D. G. BOUCICAULT wants a little repose, but I hope he won't take it just yet, as evidently he couldn't be spared. Good is Mrs. LEIGH, admirable is Mr. KEMBLE, never seen to greater advantage than now; Miss LINDA DIETZ plays the piano very nicely, and if Miss MEASON would just play her part a little bit quicker, her acting would be equal to her make-up, which

is wonderful. But the marvellous improvement in the piece, even greater than the ruthless elimination of the former tedious business, is the change in the acting of Mr. CLAYTON. When Mr. CLAYTON first appeared, disguised as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, he imparted into the part of *Chiff*, with the disguise, the elephantine playfulness which renders the HOME SECRETARY's replies to questions in the House such pleasant reading. Now the part is actually well played, and is



The Manager "awaking" Miss Dietz, and going in "All for Her."

laughter-provoking. And the more credit is due to Mr. CLAYTON, for one can see in his every look, his every gesture, his yearning to button a very tight frockcoat over his spacious figure, and with his right hand firmly clasped over his eyes, to wave his left hand in the air, and in broken accents spurn for ever a wicked wife, or cast off an erring daughter, in a word, to cause his audience to yawn instead of laugh. I, for one, don't pay ten shillings to yawn; several of my dearest friends can afford me that sensation for nothing.

I am told *My Little Girl* is worth seeing. I did not see it. I wanted to, but my young friend, pointed out that if we saw *My Little Girl*, our dinner would be robbed of its chief necessities—coffee, cigarette, and *fine champagne*. The latter he declared were certain to assist digestion, *My Little Girl* might or might not. We made a certainty of it. And from 8'45 to eleven we laughed consumedly.

* It is well worth seeing; but our Candid young Critic gives his friend's reason for missing Mr. D. G. BOUCICAULT's *Little Girl*, about which we shall have something to say "in our next."—Ed.



A STATEMENT TO BE RECEIVED WITH CAUTION.

Grandpapa. "WHAT! YOU'RE GLAD JUMBO'S GOING AWAY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE SO FOND OF HIM, DORA!"

Dora. "YES; BUT LAST SATURDAY HE TOD ON MY TOE!"

"ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE LYCEUM.

"*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas l'amour*," is what one feels inclined to say after witnessing the superb revival of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum. This judgment may require some qualification perhaps, but it is probably a pretty close approximation to the truth.

Magnificent it is. As a series of stage pictures it is unprecedented, and can scarcely be surpassed. Some of the scenes—notably *Capulet's* garden and *Juliet's* chamber—might be transferred to canvas with but little alteration, and accepted as striking and satisfactory works of Art, having a grace of composition worthy of DICKENS or of FREDERICK WALKER, and a charm of colour suggestive of BURNES-JONES or of HOLMAN HUNT. And if the presence of the picturesqueness that charms could compensate for the absence of the passion that moves, this revival would indeed be a distinguished and unqualified success.

But of *Romeo* it might almost be said, as it has been said of poets, that they are born, and not made. And that Mr. IRVING is a born *Romeo*, can hardly be maintained. The "manufactured article" may be generally impressive, and sometimes fine, but that it should lack spontaneity and the nameless charm of the inevitable, is hardly surprising. Perhaps the more temperate admirers of Mr. IRVING will be inclined to say that his *Romeo* is better than they expected. If it is not the ideal *Romeo*, it is an interesting impersonation; not weak, not grotesque, sometimes graceful, always thoughtful and careful, only something different from SHAKESPEARE'S type of essentially youthful and romantic if absorbed and "star-cross'd" passion.

In fact, one has a strange feeling all through, that it is not so much *love* that is moving Mr. IRVING to such intense and sometimes exaggerated action, as some other strong emotion of a more mature spirit than the *Romeo* of the drama, something which might be the perturbation of *Hamlet*, or the wildness of *Macbeth*, which is not distinctively and necessarily the fate-crossed passion of an amorous and ill-disciplined youth for a lovely Italian girl.

The same comparative maturity of feeling seems to permeate Miss TERRY'S impersonation of *Juliet*, to a less degree perhaps, but still continually and unmistakably. Her deliberate intensity has little of the warm impulsiveness,

checked ever and anon by girlish misgivings, which we naturally look for in the youthful daughter of the *Capulets*.

The importance of this perhaps not easily definable divergency from what seems the Shakespearian ideal, will no doubt be differently estimated by different minds, but it gives a tone to the entire performance.

In the earlier scenes *Romeo's* depression seems almost more the boding moodiness of a hero of tragedy, than the mere mooniness of a fantastic lover, whilst *Juliet* is more *triste* and "intense" in her demeanour than a fancy-free girl of fifteen needs be, one would think—at any rate when dancing a minuet. But Miss TERRY'S acting when *Romeo* introduces himself and bandies amorous fantasies with his new *innamorata*, is charmingly girlish, with an innocent tender exultation which is quite in the tone of *Juliet*. The Balcony Scene is very beautiful as a scene, and—

"*Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,*"

be a very interesting wooer indeed. The difficulties of making love partially by dumb-show from the ground level to a lady perched out of reach above, are fairly surmounted, there is no pump-handle passion, and the amorous pantomime is not more ludicrous than is perhaps inevitable; though Mr. IRVING, hiding behind a tree about as thick as a hickory sapling, is somehow inopportunistly suggestive of a policeman secreting himself in the shadow of a lamp-post. Miss TERRY looks lovely, but one cannot quite feel that she looks *love*—the love of *Juliet* at least, which surely would not be so deliberately and almost monotonously "intense" either in action or rhetoric, but more radiant, swift and shifting in mood and tone. Charming love-making, of its kind, but there is not much movement in it, and it does not greatly move.

In the Scene with the *Nurse* on the Terrace of *Capulet's* Garden, Miss TERRY is animated and graceful, and there is considerable power in the Loggia Scene, when the *Nurse* brings the news of *Tybal's* death and *Romeo's* banishment. And the power is shown without strain or extravagance. This can hardly be said of Mr. IRVING'S frenzied outbreak in *Friar Laurence's* cell when the same news is brought to him. *Romeo's* despair is so wildly unrestrained as to become almost abjectly ignoble, and the introduction of Mr. IRVING'S favourite business with his body linen seems almost suggestive of poverty of invention in the rendering of emotional pantomime.

The Bed-Chamber Scene is simply exquisite, as a picture, nor can the acting here, either of Mr. IRVING or Miss TERRY, be said to be unworthy of so superb a setting. More of youth and of warm passion are manifested here than in any other part of the play, and the parting at the window, as the sun rises over lovely foliage into a sky of pre-Raphaelite radiance, is admirable, whether considered as picturesque spectacle or emotional acting. Admirable also is Miss TERRY in the scene and soliloquy preceding her taking of the *Friar's* draught; genuinely powerful and impressive both in gesture and elocution.

In the Scene with *Balthasar* and the *Apothecary*, Mr. IRVING is almost at his best. Is he aware how far more effective he is in these moments of restrained intensity of voice and bearing, which are such welcome—if too occasional—specialities of his acting, than when tearing a passion, and his linen, to tatters?

The catastrophe in the tomb is well managed and strongly acted—save for the somewhat ludicrous trailing of the body of *County Paris*—and the play closes as it has proceeded, picturesquely, impressively—everything but movingly.

First impressions of a performance which must charm and, in parts, deeply interest, even if as a whole it cannot satisfy one's ideal of what Mr. IRVING aptly calls "the Italian warmth, life, and romance (we may add fervent youthfulness) of this enthralling love-story."

Of the minor performers we can only now say that Mrs. STIRLING is, at all points, admirable as the *Nurse*; that Mr. TERRIS, as *Mercutio*, is admirable at almost all points; that Mr. FERNANDEZ is an excellent *Friar Laurence*; Mr. MEAD a sufficiently grim and cadaverous *Apothecary*; Mr. GLENNY a satisfactorily truculent *Tybal*; Mr. HOWE an adequate *Capulet*; and Miss L. PAYNE as cold and chin-lifting a *Lady Capulet* as ever was ill-fitted with the charge of an ardent and imaginative daughter.



THE TURF.

Elderly Clergyman (who was passing). "I'M VERY GLAD, CABMAN, TO SEE YOU IMPROVING YOUR MIND BY READING DURING YOUR SPARE TIME."

Cabby (with a Sporting Paper). "IMPROVIN' MY MIND! I DUNNO. I BACKED THIS 'ERE 'OSS ALL THROUGH LAST SEASON, AND HE NEVER LANDED ME ONCE!—AND I 'VE FOLLERED 'IM UP, AND NOW HE'S DROPPED ME ANOTHER DOLLAR ON THE 'GRAND INT'NATIONAL 'URDLE!'" (*Gloomily.*) "IF YER CALL THAT IMP—"

[*The Parson retires!*]

ALL OVER THE PLACE;

Or, What it will Come to.

"They desire the extension of a system already carried to unwarrantable lengths—that of sending unique specimens of art from town to town; as well as the actual dispersion of national art treasures throughout as many towns as may hereafter decide upon setting up free libraries. This claim indicates a deplorable misapprehension of the true nature and functions of national museums and art galleries. It assumes that they are simply collections of curiosities intended for the amusement of idle spectators, which may be carted about the country like the monstrosities of a peripatetic showman . . . London is not merely the capital of the nation, but of a great empire, and the embodiment of that empire's highest activities. Jealousy of its possession of the national treasures is the narrowest and most miserable manifestation of provincialism that it is possible to conceive."—*Daily Paper.*

SCENE—*The Portico of the National Gallery.* Educational Enthusiast and Colonial Friend, whom he is Lionising, discovered in the act of leaving their umbrellas.

Educational Enthusiast (making for one of the large halls). Yes, and as I was saying, these magnificent and imperial collections when once stored here have by no means accomplished the whole of their beneficent work. Oh, dear no! On the contrary, they may be said only to have just commenced it; for from this fruitful centre all the provincial aspirations towards artistic training are not only fanned but fed. (*With pride.*) There is not a borough in the three kingdoms, be it ever so humble, if it possess but a free library and an enterprising Mayor, that may not command and secure on loan, for an indefinite period, the very choicest art treasures that these walls contain. But now, let me see,—where is the *Teniers*? (*Looking at number of room.*) Ah! here we are! (*Referring to Catalogue, and after some confusion, finally stopping opposite a large blank space on one of the walls.*) Dear me—but it certainly was here! Why, the *Teniers* is gone! How very odd! Ah! this fellow can

tell us. (*Applying to Local Official.*) What has become of the *Teniers*?

Local Official. What has become of it? Why it's at Berwick-on-Tweed; and I don't expect we shall see it back again.

Educational Enthusiast (noticing gaps in all directions). Why!—dear me!—these breaks quite—in fact—quite spoil the collection, as a whole; and—(*stops before a picture*)—good gracious! what on earth has happened to this *Domenichino*? Why it is positively flaring!

Local Official. Yes, that came back from Stoke Pogis just like that. The Secretary says he thinks the Charwoman must have washed it down with the rooms every Saturday—all the time it was there—and that the Corporation had it touched up by the Borough Artist to make it all square before they sent it back again. It's twice the picture it was, to my taste; but many people, who was accustomed to it before, don't like it.

[*Gives further details, which drive the Visitors in despair to South Kensington.*]

Educational Enthusiast (hurrying Colonial Friend exultingly in the direction of the Raphael Cartoons). But, as I was saying, if the application of the principle has perhaps been a little overstrained at Charing Cross, here at least it is carried out with a marvellous completeness and success. For instance—(*finding the Cartoons have disappeared*)—why—they never can!—absolutely, there isn't one of them left!

Local Official. The Cartoons, Sir? In the Hall-by-the-Sea at Margate, Sir? They've been there this three years, Sir; though I have heard say there is some talk of moving two of 'em to a rival Institution at Pegwell Bay.

[*Gives still further details, which again drive the Visitors off in despair, this time to the British Museum.*]

Educational Enthusiast (after dragging his Colonial Friend in shame and humiliation through half-empty rooms, mutilated manuscripts, odd volumes, and imperfect classifications). No, it is useless



JUMBO IN CHANCERY.

to mind matters! This is certainly infamous! The provinces and their artistic aspirations be hanged! Here, if the Harleian MSS. are flying about all over the hedgerows of England, they can't so easily move the stuffed animals. You wanted to see the *Hippopotamus Africanus major*. I can at least show you that.

[They once more dash off to South Kensington, and make for the National History Department, get a catalogue, and enter the Pachydermatous-room.

Educational Enthusiast (stopping in amazement opposite a misshapen specimen). Why, what has happened to this creature! It is no more like a hippopotamus than I am. Here—what's the meaning of this?

Local Official. That bend in his legs, and the lump on the top of his back? Well, it does spoil the look of him; but you see, Sir, he went all the way to Cornwall, came back in an accident, was telescoped by the tender, and lost a good bit of his stuffing, to say nothing of the shape of his head. So we've made the best job we can of him, by filling him out with a couple of kitchen chairs and a bolster. Moving him about costs so much, that's all the department

can do for him out of the grant this year. But, bless you, Sir, it isn't everybody that's so particular as you; for there's many likes him best with the lump and his legs curled; and I dare say when he goes to Weston-Super-Mare next spring they'll want to keep him there altogether, and run him on the end of the pier through the season along with the German Band.

[Is continuing, when *Educational Enthusiast* dashes off with his *Friend* once more, this time to the Tower, to see the "Crown Jewels," and the "Block," but finding the former at Jersey and the latter at Rosherville, finishes the day in despair in Baker Street, invoking maledictions on the Provinces, in the midst of the only priceless and complete collection now left the Nation.

A GENTLEMAN asked Mrs. RAMBOTHAM if her friend the Professor hadn't "written a great deal?" "Ah! he has!" replied Mrs. R. "There's only one word to describe him, and that is Voluminous! He's a voluminous writer!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



SOME OF THE HEADS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

House of Commons, Monday Evening, March 6.—BRADLAUGH again! Getting a little monotonous. Nothing to look for but the old game. Tired to death of the Parliamentary *caneen* with the Sergeant-at-Arms. Sick of BRADLAUGH posturing at the Bar. Laugh no more at LABBY "defending the British Constitution"; nor weep any more to find how little we've learnt these fifty years.

"Going to vote with us?" said Mr. NEWDEGATE, as Mr. CALLAN, Mr. BIGGAR, Mr. HEALY, and a troupe of faithful Irish Members filed into the Division Lobby. "Now that's nice and kind. If it hadn't been for the Duke of WELLINGTON and ROBERT PEELE in '39, you wouldn't have been here to help us. So it's all for the best."

Not so monotonous after all. BRADLAUGH quite a genius. Went on quite new tack to-night. Sat under the Gallery as quiet as if he had exhausted his swearing capacity, and couldn't say a bad word if he put forth all his force. All over by eight o'clock. GLADSTONE moved Address to the QUEEN, on getting Clean out of the difficulty with MAC. Members so profoundly moved that they had to leave the House in large numbers. Scores of them led fainting into the dining-rooms, where they crowded the tables, and ate their dinner whilst to empty benches the PREMIER and Leader of the Opposition made speeches congratulating the QUEEN.

Debate on Lords' Committee to follow. All speakers, few hearers. CLAUD HAMILTON lustily shaking the Abercorn pepper-box over GLADSTONE. Accuses him and BRIGHT of "reaching the united age of 140" and never spending six months in Ireland.

"You've been there a good deal, my Lord?" Sir CHARLES FORSTER said, meeting him after the debate, and furtively taking the opportunity to examine his hat.

"Of course I have," says CLAUD. "Know every bit of the country."

"Ah!" says Sir CHARLES. "Well, I've such a continual bother with my hat. Always losing it, don't you know. Takes me hours searching for it: haven't time to go into these matters myself. But I wanted to know all about Ireland. And you've been there a good deal, and GLADSTONE and BRIGHT haven't? Fancy the way to learn most about Ireland is *not* to visit it. Haven't seen a hat anywhere, have you?—rather large size, name inside"—But Lord CLAUD was gone.

Business done.—House, for the third time, declines Mr. BRADLAUGH's company.

Tuesday Night.—Nice pleasant afternoon discussing Canals, Railways, and the arrangement of the position of lamp-posts at Accrington, Blackburn, Bolton, and other important centres of population. At one moment Ministerial crisis threatened. Ministerialists wanted three lamp-posts on the right-hand side of the main street, as you go up, and two on the other: Conservatives insisted on having three on the other, and only two on this. Finally, after two hours' debate, compromise effected. *There will be two on each side.* But these things shake the Imperial Parliament to its foundations.

After three hours and a half of exciting conversation of this kind, PREMIER obliged to abandon intention of renewing the debate on the row with the Lords, and at half-past eight House Counted Out. Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR quite pensive. Reminds him of early days, he says, when he was on the other vestry at Chelsea. Mr. Alderman LAWRENCE sniffs at House of Commons, says the Common Council of London is quite an important gathering by comparison.

"We," says the Alderman in stentorian whisper, "would have left this to private committee, who would have had a little dinner, and settled the matter off whilst taking their coffee."

But then the Alderman was vexed because the House would not let him read the whole of Mr. Justice HAWKINS' remarks on sentencing the Embankment Roughs. Fact is, Parliament must look after the affairs of the Nation. The Bolton Lamp-posts, the

Accrington News Boys, and the Blackburn Nurseries are part of the affairs of the Nation. Let us begin at the beginning. We'll get up in due time to larger affairs.

Young CLAUD burnt his fingers last night when he attacked GLADSTONE for describing Earl GREY's apprehensions as old-womanish. Whatever W. E. G. may think on the subject, it would be safe to contradict any assertion that he said so. Lord CLAUD having made the statement stuck to it with the audacity of youth, and undertook to prove it. Found to-night he could not do so. Would have been better to make frank apology and recantation. Instead, attempted to argue the matter. Smitten by thunder-bolts hurled by Jove, who was exceedingly wrath.

Business done.—None.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Another pleasant afternoon with the lawyers. MONK brought in a Bills of Sale Bill. Tried to throw a clerical, not to say an episcopal air over it. Might have succeeded if left to himself. Speech would have passed for a bishop's charge, and the measure under discussion might have been known as the Bills of Sale Bull. But the lawyers would not have it so. "Can't have the Church meddling with our matters," HENRY JAMES said in his snappish way.

"But MONK is not an emissary of the Church, though his name is against him."

"So is his appearance," JAMES insists. "It's no use his wearing that dusty miller's suit year after year, and going out in July just like a young man about town. When he's at home everyone knows he wears gaiters, a broad-brimmed hat, and a bishop's apron."

JAMES really seemed to take the thing to heart. When later he got up to speak, there was a general depression in his manner and tone of his voice, suggestive of a funeral service. HARCOURT always is funereal when he is not funny, and sometimes then. Invariably appears on these occasions, for fear the House should forget he once knew a little law. Would have thought he had enough on his mind with charge of the Magistracy and other criminal classes, without poking his finger into purely legal discussion.

Only want Mr. GREGORY to complete the delirious joy of the afternoon. For a thoroughly depressed care-cankered man, give me GREGORY. Believe he is a solicitor in a respectable practice, and takes the money at the Foundling. Otherwise, a large field open to him as an undertaker.

As CHARLES RUSSELL says, "GREGORY walking at the head of an otherwise well-conducted funeral would make the fortune of a struggling firm."

Nothing mean about CHARLES RUSSELL. No superior-branch-of-the-profession airs about him when a solicitor in large practice is under discussion. Only wish he would not think it necessary from time to time to deliver such tremendous orations on Ireland.

Business done.—About ten lawyers made speeches without fees.

Thursday Afternoon.—Great joy everywhere. An end of this wearisome debate about the naughty boys in the Lords. Great rush of talent for the last night. Mr. BUTT, a gentleman of singularly mild manners, opens the debate.

"Doesn't look as if butter would melt in his mouth," as Mr. COTES says.

Then CHARLES LEWIS, who talks like a Police Court Lawyer, discusses the Solicitor-General for Ireland as if he were the prisoner in the dock, and shakes a fat forefinger at the SPEAKER as if he were a Magistrate on the Bench, strongly suspected of having a pecuniary interest in the case; the Solicitor-General virtuously indignant; Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN mellifluently incoherent; Mr. ARTHUR MOORE, with his voice getting the better of him, shouting at random; Mr. CHAPLIN, with some more parodies of the Disraelian manner; Mr. SMITH, with fresh leaves from *Enfield's Speaker*:

Mr. LOWTHER aggressive and inaccurate; Lord HARTINGTON in his best form; Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE more than usually depressing; then the division and heartfelt thanks to have done with the business.

Amid the growing exhilaration as night came, MUNDELLA sits on the Treasury Bench sad and gloomy.

"What ails JOHN ANTHONY?" I whisper in the ear of HERBERT GLADSTONE.

"Overwork at the Privy Council," says Young Hopeful. "What with the care of the cattle on a thousand hills, and the education of children in a million streets, things get horribly jumbled sometimes. To-day a clerk came to JOHN ANTHONY for instructions as to what was to be done in the case of a certain industrial school. J. A. took up a form, signed and sealed it, and it was only after it had been posted that it was discovered he had signed one of the Cattle Order Forms, and issued peremptory instructions that the school should be slaughtered at the port of debarkation."

Business done.—Lords finally spanked by 803 votes against 235.

Saturday Morning.—BIGGER better than ever. Said last night that FORSTER's visit to disturbed districts in Ireland solely prompted by desire to gloat over sufferings of the people. House horrified. SPEAKER insists on withdrawal. "Why cert'nly," says JOSEPH GILLIS, and then finishes his speech at leisure.

"What a lot of fools you are, TONY," says J. B. to me after. "I say any horrible thing I please. They shout 'Withdraw!' I withdraw, and there's an end of the thing. Only I've said what I wanted to say." Devilish sly, JOEY B.

Business done.—A few Votes in Supply got between two and three this morning. All previous hours of the sitting wasted.

SKETCHES FROM "BOZ."

(Adapted to Well-known Characters.)



Mr. Gladstone as Pickwick.



Lord Granville as Snodgrass.



Mr. Bright as Tuppence.



Mr. Chamberlain as Winkle.

IRELAND.—The best Cattle for Cattle Maimers—the Cat-o'-nine-tails!

JUMBO'S LAMENT.



Air—"Why did my Master sell me?"

O WHY did the Council sell me?
Why did 'cute BARNUM buy me?
Why did false BARTLETT doom me
To exile far away?
What did my Alice tell me?
Public with buns who ply me,
Vote me a paddock roomy,
Where I may rest or play!

Chorus—Why did the Council sell me?

Why did stern Justice CHITTY—
Man who from law ne'er flinches—
Quash ROMER's kind injunction
On my behalf? Bohoo!
Will they, devoid of pity,
Haul me away with winches,
Force me, without compunction,
Far from my well-loved Zoo?

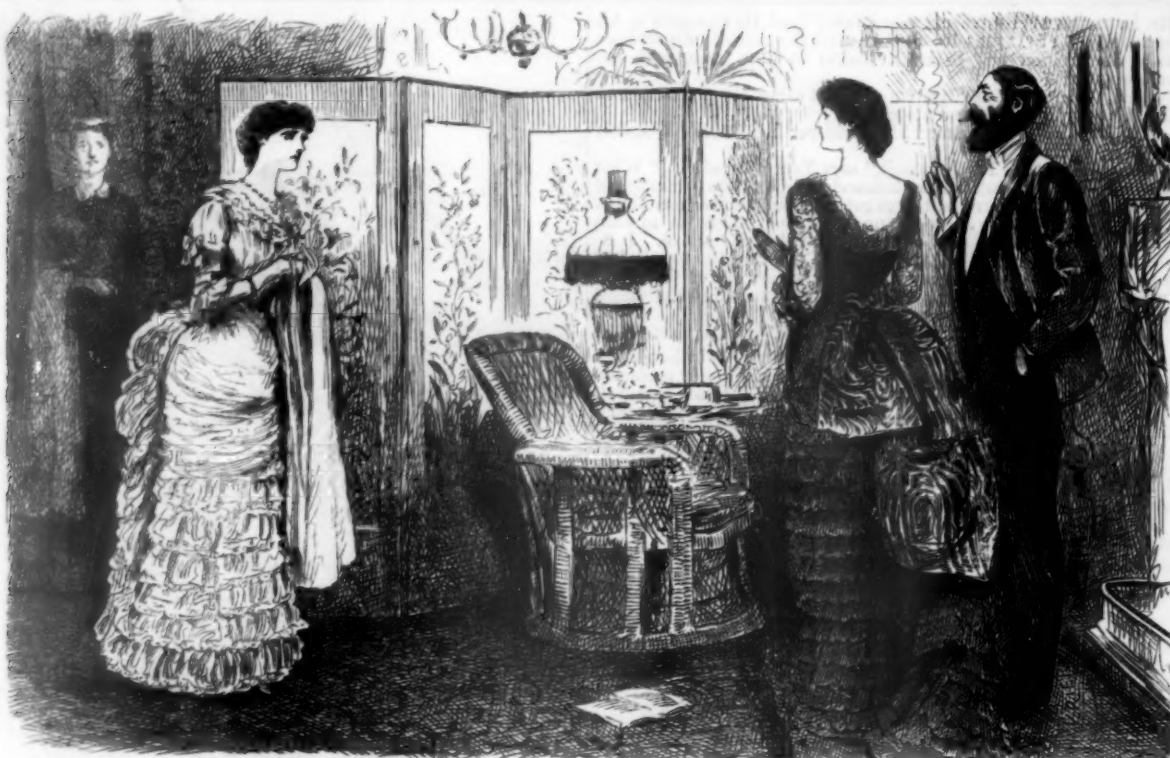
Chorus—Why did the Council sell me?

Mrs. RAMSDENHAM AND HER SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS.—"They're getting on," said the excellent old lady. "Last Sunday I showed them a picture, and told them the story of SIMPSON and the Lion."

TERPSICHOOREAN.

"Will you dance at our dance?" He said, "Dance, yes I do
Like to dance with a dancer whose dancing is true;
For you dance as a dancer should dance, and you knew
I could dance with no dancer that dances like you."

MORE FREQUENTLY MET WITH THAN FALSE TEETH.—False Tongues.



FILIA PULCHRA, MATER PULCHRIOR.

"OH, PAPA DEAR! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO CHAPERON ME! I NEVER GET A PARTNER WHEN MAMMA COMES!"

MI-CARÊME.

The Story of a Determined Attempt.

It is always the way. ALPHONSE reflects, according to his inviolable custom at this time of year, the first three Fat Days are failures, because one has just been having an indigestion of New Year and Twelfth Day. A man requires the austerity of Lenten fare to make him properly appreciate the ecstasies of the *Mi-Carême*; and this time they are going to be ecstasies. Limited myself to a pint of Montebello a day, and one day actually had an exclusively fish dinner (*cabillaud, truite hollandaise*, red mullet, and a *friture des merlans*) to give me an adequate appetite for the joys of Mid-Lent. I have sworn to appreciate them ever since I can remember, and never succeeded since I have been out of my *lycée tunic*; but this time I shall do the thing thoroughly, *à la Gavarni*, *sacré* anything that happens to be handy if I don't.

The first step towards doing the thing thoroughly is getting a false nose. Nothing really rapturous to be done at *Mi-Carême* without a false nose. Consult authors of antiquity, dating as far back as 1830, and discover that the best, the most classic type of false nose has a moustache attached. Send for classic type. EUPHROSINE, the *bonne*, away two hours, and gives warning on her return: is not going to do errands that make her look ridiculous, not to say improper; as if EUPHROSINE could be made to look anything but ridiculous enough to be the very pink, the incarnation of propriety. Breakfast rather a failure in consequence of Words—"words, not feeds," the motto on these domestic occasions. Found, however, the desired nose at a *bric-à-brac* shop on the Quay; supposed to have come straight down from HENRI MURGER, and looks like it, being a faded and flaccid affair, that wouldn't seem so irresistibly comic if you hadn't made up your mind to it. And how it tickles!

First comic effect, on *concierge*. A request for information as to what wine I have had for breakfast, and an announcement that the *cordon* would not be pulled when I wanted to come in.

Second comic effect, on *divers blouses*. Vituperation in too distinctly precious Zolaese; and a crowd of three hundred revellers patiently following me to see me revel. I find it difficult; and

throwing some cigar-stumps isn't of material assistance. Form a defensive alliance with the Only Harlequin—and—

Third comic effect: find ourselves at the *poste* charged with creating tumults, and obstructing the Republic's highway. Cry out "*Ohé beau masque*," to the *Commissaire*, just to keep him up to the humour of the situation, and had to find bail in a thousand francs each.

Had the classical *Mi-Carême* black-puddings at dinner—and didn't feel quite like *Mi-Carême cancan* afterwards; but resisted, with the help of those little glasses which in time make spectacles of one; and to the *Opéra* intent on orgies.

Conversation heard at orgie. "But the fact that Panama has held its own, *mon cher*."—"No, I rather think the *Crédit Lyonnais* being still at par."—"They'll never get through with that Bankruptcy Bill; ROUVIER says"—"Oh, 'ang it, ARRY, let's do a drain; blest if they 'aven't even not played 'All for LIZA!'"

Valentino. Considerable animation imparted by the presence of two washerwomen, who have obviously remembered to dine before coming! Respond however to a demand for a quadrille with a haughty: "*Pour qui nous prenez-vous?*" Wallachians in great form.

Bullier. The last Chicard being taken away by six *gendarmes* as I enter. He had waltzed with more than three revolutions to the minute—a thing as wicked as three Ninety-threes in the eyes of the authorities. Saw two students disguised in masks, and several in *absinthie*. Japanese in sweet profusion.

Skating. Only respectable Cupid borrowed my watch-chain. Greeks in abundance.

Folies-Bergères. Saw a quadrille that seemed to be almost enjoying itself. Sorry though to hear a cavalier gent say to the proprietor: "No, *Monsieur*, I can't give you two somersaults a round, unless my salary is increased by ten sous a night." Fair number of—pon my word—Frenchmen here.

Home—and notice to quit from landlord. And to think that, in company with sixty thousand other people, I shall make this attempt all over again next year!

STOCK EXCHANGE.—I take your Money; you take my Paper.



"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"



PRINCIPLE.

"HOW DID IT COME ABOUT
 "A FELLOW SPOKE DISRESPECTFUL O MY SISTER,—SAID SHE WAS CROSS-
 EYED,—SO I——"
 "WELL, BUT DOES SHE——"
 "HAVEN'T GOT A SISTER, SIR. IT WAS THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING THAT
 I GOT LICKED FOR!!"

CAB LAW.

*In the West End. Present in Police Court—the Magistrate, Clerk, Police-
 Officers, and the British Public.*

Clerk of the Court. SNOOKS versus TOMKINS!

[A Cabman stands up in the dock. Complainant steps into the witness-box.]

Clerk. What are you, Sir?

Complainant. An attorney's clerk, in the office of Messrs. DIDDLEB & Co.

Magistrate. What is your complaint against this man?

*Complainant. I offered this man a shilling—his legal fare—to drive me home
 from the office on Saturday night three weeks, and he refused to take me unless
 I paid him double fare.*

Magistrate (to Cabman). Is that true?

*Cabman. Quite true, yer Vurship. It was the night of the fog, yer Vur-
 ship, and sich a fog I nivr seed in all my days. An this ere Gent—I don't
 think, yer Vurship, he's a real Gent—jumps into my cab, and says, "Cabby,"
 says he, "look sharp, and drive me to Kentish Town Station." "Well," says
 I, "I'll try my best, for I'm blowed if I can see my 'osses tail in this ere
 fog, but expect you'll give us a hextra shillin for the job." "Me pay you a
 double fare!" said the Gent; "I'll see you somethink first! If you don't go on
 at once, I'll summon you." And so, yer Vurship, he 'as summoned me.*

Magistrate (to Complainant). I suppose it was a very foggy night?

*Complainant. Oh, yes, your Worship, it was. But I submit that has nothing
 to do with the case. Here is the Act of Parliament. Not a word about fogs
 or snow either. But any Cabman refusing a lawful fare, is liable to a penalty
 of forty shillings and costs.*

*Magistrate. You are right in your law, young man, and I must impose a
 fine on the Defendant.*

Complainant. Twenty shillings, your Worship?

Magistrate. I shall fine him one penny, and the costs of the summons.

Complainant. My costs, your Honour. This is my second attendance.

Magistrate. I shall allow you nothing.

*Cabman. Well, it's werry hard on us: sixpence a
 mile, fog or no fog. It ain't right, yer Vurship, and
 you knows it. But I heers summat about us Cabbies
 sendin' a chap to Parliament, for them chaps up yonder
 don't know nothink about us, and don't want to. But I
 lives in ope that there's a good time coming.*

[Pays his fine and costs, and exit.]

THE RIME OF THE POTENT MINISTER.

*A potent Minister
 stoppeth an
 M.P. about to
 speak.*

*It is a potent Mi-
 nister,
 And he stoppeth
 an M.P.*

*"By the ancient
 rules of Par-
 liament,
 Now wherefore
 stopp'st thou
 me?"*



*"The SPEAKER rises in his chair,
 Eftsoons debate will close.
 Ere it be late, I fain would state
 Why I this Bill oppose."*

The Minister.

*"Let SPEAKER rise; let bell ring out;
 Division lobbies fill.
 Vote mayst thou quick; thou shalt not
 speak."*

The Minister hath his will.

*The M.P. is spell-
 bound by the
 Right Hon.
 Gentleman's
 Majority.*

*The Member mutely gave his vote;
 Still as a stone was he;
 And thus spake on that potent man,
 Head of the Ministry:*

*The Minister ex-
 plaineth the
 Clôture.*

*"My followers press, the Tories talk;
 And thus our course is slow.
 But with my Clôture, I have made sure
 It shall no more be so."*



*"So then attend, my Tory friend,
 Or Irish if thou be,
 Or Independent Liberal,
 Or Radical M.P."*

*"He speaketh well who loveth well
 My measures great and small;
 But he who favoureth them not,
 He should not speak at all."*

*"He speaketh best who speaketh least,
 Whate'er his views may be.
 A silent vote be yours, my friend;
 The speaking leave to me."*

*The silenced
 M.P. paireth with
 a friend, and lis-
 teneth to no more
 Debates.*

*That Member paired him
 with a friend,
 Of different views be-
 sure;
 And as no more his voice
 was heard,
 So never more himself
 appeared
 In the dumb-show of
 Clôture.*



OMELETTE AU JUMBO.

*THE Jumbo of the House of Commons—MR. BRADLAUGH.
 The Jumbo of Ireland—MR. PARNELL.
 The Jumbo of Art—Aestheticism.
 The Jumbo of London—The Middlesex Magistrates.
 The Jumbo of the Theatres—The LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
 The Jumbo of Journalism—Parliamentary Reports.
 The Jumbo of the Ladies—Tight-lacing.
 The Jumbo of the Stage—Elevation of the Drama.
 The Jumbo of Covent Garden—The Duke of MUDFORD.
 The Jumbo of Literature—Reviewers.*

*NEW BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE QUESTION
 OF CAIN."—The Reply of the Rod, The Answer of
 Birch, and The Response of the Twine.*

FLOREAT ETONA!

"When RODERICK MACLEAN
He fired at the QUEEN,
By a young lad of Eton
He promptly was beaten!"
Richard the Rhymeaster.

THE name of RODERICK MACLEAN,
That cheap assassin, mad or mean,
Who fired on woman—and a
Queen!—

Will charge our memories with
spleen

When years have sped.
But pleasure mingles with the sad
Fierce recollection of the cad,
Coward and bully—both as bad—
When we recall the Eton lad
Who punched his head!

At Windsor, when the sun was
down,
A villain, shoeless, through the
town
Skulked, fearless of a Nation's
frown,

To crown the Dead.
He fired upon his QUEEN! dear
life!
A Nation's Mother, widowed wife.
Up rushed young Eton in the
strife
And punched his head!

They land one Superintendent
HAYES,

Well versed, no doubt, in Wind-
sor's ways,

And crown with patriotic bays
Officials all in countless ways,

Precise and prim.
But, on my honour, I prefer
That boy who, fearless, in the
stir
Out-darted, thinking "All for
her!"

And went for him!

"What was his motive?" asks
the Law,

This tiger with the velvet paw?

A frothy love of empty jaw?

Had he a mind in which a flaw

Could co-exist?

A wretch is scarcely worth a care
Who lies in ambush with a snare,
And prates of rights, and says
"I dare

Do all that beasts dare do! Be-
ware!"

He should be hissed.

What shall be done with him—
the wretch?

An introduction to Jack Ketch?

Of servitude a lengthy stretch?

Or flogged instead?

Ill-fed, no doubt he'll whine and

groan;

Philanthropists will pray and

moan,

And mumble o'er this rotten bone.

Go to! Young Eton gave the

tone—

Just punch his head!

Jeu d'Esprit.

It has been objected that the
Cloître would give the power of
closing debates to a naked ma-
jority. They would then possess
the *Cloître* without the *Clo*.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 75.



HENRY IRVING.

"ROMEO! ROMEO! WHEREFORE ART THOU ROMEO!"

Shakspeare.

[*.* But had the Divine WILLIAMS witnessed the performance, he might
have been able to satisfy his own query.]

EXAMINATION PAPER UNDER THE NEWEST CODE.

(For Industrial Scholars—testing their qualification for the Anglo-French
title of "Chevalier d'Industrie.")

1. WHAT is the meaning of "rigging the market"?
2. How many games of billiards must you play a week to realise a thousand a year?
3. Explain the racing terms "pulling," "welching," and "not wanted."
4. What is "Nap"? Give your notion of an ideal card-party. Should it include rich youngsters, bones, and champagne?
5. Give a list of money-lenders. Show how you may tout for them without getting kicked out of your Club.
6. Draft a Bankruptcy Bill that will give the maximum of protection to the debtor and the minimum of relief to the creditor.
7. Given your complete ruin, show conclusively why you should "take up tobacco" or embark in "the wine business."
8. Lastly, explain how, in spite of "luck at cards," and "posting at TATTERSALL'S," you may yet pass for "good form."

LAYS OF A LAZY
MINSTREL.

'SPRING'S DELIGHTS.

SPRING'S Delights are now re-
turning!

Let the Lazy Minstrel sing;
While the ruddy logs are burning,
Let his merry banjo ring!

Take no heed of pluvial patter,
Waste not time on vain regrets;
Though our teeth are all a-
chatter,

Like the clinking castanets!
Though it's freezing, sleeting,
snowing,

Though we're speechless from
catarrh,

Though the East wind's wildly
blowing,

Let us warble, *Tra la la!*

Spring's Delights are now re-
turning!

Let us order new great-coats:
Never let us dream of spurning
Woollen wraps around our
throats.

Let us see the couch nocturnal
Snugly swathed in eider-down:
Let not thoughts of weather
vernal

Tempt us to go out of Town.
Though the biting blast is cruel,
Though our "tonic's" not *sol-
fa*,

Though we sadly sup on gruel,
Let us warble, *Tra la la!*

Spring's Delights are now re-
turning!

Now the poet deftly weaves
Quaint conceits and rhymes con-
cerning

Croton oil and mustard leaves!
Let us, though we are a fixture,
In our room compelled to stay—
Let us quaff the glad cough mix-
ture,

Gaily gargle time away!
Though we're racked with pains
rheumatic,

Though to sleep we've said "ta-
ta,

Let us, with a voice ecstatic,
Gladly gargle, *Tra la la!*

Spring's Delights are now re-
turning!

Doctors now are blithe and gay!
Heaps of money now they're
earning,

Calls they're making ev'ry day.
Ev'ry shepherd swain grows
colder,

As, in vain, he tries to sing;
Feels he now quite ten years
older,

'Neath the blast of blighting
Spring!

Though we're doubtful of the
issue,
Let us do the "La-di-da,"
And in one superb *A-tishoo!*
Sneeze the merry *Tra la la!*

THE RECENT AERONAUTICAL
ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE CHAN-
NEL—"What did they do it
for?" exclaimed Mrs. RAMS-
BOTHAM. "The French didn't
want 'em, as they've got a
Balloon-sur-Mer on their own
coast."

OUR BOYS' NOVELIST.

BEING STORIES OF WILD SPORT AND STIRRING ADVENTURE, FOR THE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF
THE YOUTHS OF ALL NATIONS.



THE ABDUCTION OF CACHUCA.

YOUNG HARRY;

OR,

WITH THE RAZ PIRATES FROM THE HEBRIDES TO THE HAVANNAS.

(By the Author of "The Madcap Middies, and the Menniaque Indians of the Strait West Coast.")

CHAP. II.

(Continued from previous Number.)

WHEN HARRY recovered, he was in JACK's arms, in the middle of the road.

"Where am I?" was his first question.

"Here," was the answer.

"And CACHUCA?"

"You saved her life, but—"

"But what?" asked HARRY, in an agony of suspense.

"Some Pirates were coming along the road, and they—"

"Carried her off?"

"Yes. And," added JACK, in a voice broken by sobs, "they have taken away DAISY too."

"DAISY!" repeated HARRY, who had now heard his friend mention this name for the first time.

"Yes. The only girl I ever loved."

"We will pursue them!"

"We will!"

"And rescue them!" cried HARRY.

"Or perish in the attempt!" exclaimed JACK.

CHAP. III.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

THE two boys gripped each other's hands in token of friendship. The trained steed which JACK had brought from the circus, was a strange-looking animal, almost bare-backed, but for a strap supporting a couple of pistols. No saddle or bridle.

"No reins," observed HARRY.

The animal moved its on fore leg (its other was the one that was off, so this was a little against its speed) in the air as if wishing to shake hands. "True," returned JACK,

alluding to this action, "it never reins, but it paws."

"If we can once reach the sea," said HARRY, as he held on by the mane, "we can put the beast to excellent use as a screw."

"And," put in JACK, "if we could only get a sale for her—"

"That would be better still," returned the other. Suddenly JACK exclaimed,

"Ha! the Pirate-ship, with the black hull!"

"Where?"

"In the offing!"

There it was, sure enough, and by using the powerful glass which they had fortunately brought with them, they descried CACHUCA and DAISY lying ill and helpless on board the Pirates' vessel.

They spurred forward, but at that moment the clock of the village church struck three.

It was at this hour that the highly-trained steed had been for years accustomed to do a trick with the pistols which she carried in the holsters. She seized one of them with her teeth, and with a tremendous effort shot both the boys over her head.

Fortunately they escaped unhurt, but not without a severe shaking.

Then their attention was directed to the animal.

She had stopped dead.

"Impossible to revive her," observed JACK.

"Quite," said HARRY. "Yet we must get to sea. O, for a boat!!"

"No, Massa," uttered a voice in peculiar negro dialect, "don't say 'O for a boat,' say 'pay for a boat,' and SAMBO's is berry much at your service."

"Who are you?" asked the two boys in the same breath.

"Me am SAMBO. Me lib in de water. Dey call me de Blaak Boy, and de Boy ob de Noir," returned the little negro boldly.

They felt they could trust him. Was he not a boy and a brother?

In another moment they were in his boat pulling furiously.

But the blaak hull gradually disappeared as she went over the horizon and down the other side.

It was hard work pulling, and they were getting very thirsty. They had had nothing to eat or drink for twenty-four hours.

HARRY took some water in his hand and drank it.

"Salt?" inquired JACK.

"No," replied HARRY, making an ugly grimace. "Sour."

This would have puzzled them, but for SAMBO's explanation.

"Me know all 'bout it, Massa: de water in dese parts am like milk, and de tide ab turned."

"If we only had some food," cried JACK.

Suddenly, HARRY exclaimed, as he pointed to the floor of the boat, "A vegetable is

better than nothing! see! A Leak! a Leak!"

It was too late. In another second the boat received a violent shock, and before HARRY could realise the extent of the calamity, his forehead struck against a sharp rock, and he knew no more.

CHAP. IV.

THE PIRATES' CAVE.

WHEN he recovered consciousness, he was lying in what appeared to him to be a naturally-formed Hall-by-the-Sea.

SAMBO and JACK were seated before a large fire. On finding he was awake, JACK at once brought him some honey.

"Where did you get this?" asked HARRY faintly.

"Eat first, and ask afterwards," replied JACK.

As HARRY eagerly obeyed the order, JACK went on to inform him that the rocks were honey-combed by nature, and this was the result of their search.

The cavern, in which they were, was spacious, warm, and well lighted.

"Fortunately," JACK explained, "I had saved the other pistol, and shot a sea-bear just as he was licking his chops. SAMBO knew how to cook the liver, and he hung up the lights about the cave, which is now beautifully illuminated."

"Me catch 'lectris eel to-morrow," said SAMBO; "then we hab bouciful 'lectris lights."

They were hopeful.

But where were the Pirates? And what was the fate of CACHUCA and DAISY?

Suddenly he cried "Hush!"

A cry?

"It am de cats," whispered SAMBO.

"Or a sea-mew," said JACK.

"No; a female in distress," exclaimed HARRY. "Give me the barkers."

And thrusting a couple of pistols into his belt, he muttered to himself "Barkers is willin'," and, taking a cutlass in his right hand, he crept through a crevice, while the

two others remained behind, ready for action at an instant's notice from their leader.

HARRY listened intently. The sound of a small bell arrested his attention. He crept on; then he traversed a long gallery; thence he descended, and picked his way among a lot of empty boxes, some numbered, and some with names on them. To whom could they belong? Where was he? Then he came upon what he supposed must once have been used for stables, but which were now merely rows and rows of empty stalls. Behind these was a dark pit. One step back, and he would have fallen into it.

Suddenly, from his coign of vantage in one of those stalls, he heard the sounds of music and revelry, and then saw a heavy drapery gradually ascend, and his heart beat high at the extraordinary scene before him.

The Pirates of whom he was in search, in every variety of costume, were playing, drinking, dancing, dicing, in a spacious cavern. They were armed to the teeth, which were as false as their tongues, displaying most formidable double-barrelled guns; knives and pistols were in their belts, and even the very dice they were playing with were heavily loaded.

Three ferocious-looking men, evidently the chiefs of the band, were conferring together in the centre; while, a little way from them, lay on a couch the unhappy CACHUCA, evidently being comforted by her friend DAISY, who sat by the pillow.

HARRY threw a yearning glance in their direction, but luckily it fell on them without attracting the Pirates' attention.

CACHUCA and DAISY started slightly.

HARRY threw another glance towards them.

At that instant one of the Pirate Chiefs paused suddenly in his whispered conversation, and, drawing a pistol from his breast, in which he had a secret pocket cut on purpose, he walked towards the place where HARRY was concealed.

(To be continued.)

PRACTICE FOR THE BOATRACE.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



A Good Start.



Coaching from the Bank.



Dropping down from the Crab Tree.



A Scratch Eight.

"I ADMIT having said so," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM to the Count de GALANTINE, "but then, my dear Count, it was what you call in your beautiful language, a mere *farce* in the parlour." Mrs. R., says the Count always looks so pleased and surprised when she speaks French to him. We can readily imagine he is more the latter than the former.

OFFICIAL IGNORANCE!

THE Great Pooh-Pooh must be somewhat annoyed by the remarks of Mr. Justice HAWKINS on the unchecked ruffianism of the Thames Embankment. Perhaps we expect too much from a Seldom-at-Home Secretary when we ask him to know something about the Government of London, and we expect a great deal more when we ask the Chief of the Police to help him with information. Sir EDMUND HENDERSON may have many good qualities as a police official, but a knowledge of metropolitan manners and habits is not prominent amongst them, and he is probably as honestly ignorant of the state of the Thames Embankment as he is of the condition of the top of the Gaymarket. Scotland Yard is not far from either place, and is quite close to the Thames Embankment, but criminals never feel so secure as they do when working under the very eyes of authority. When a street gets very notorious, it is usual for Bumbledom to alter its name, and probably this will be done in the case of the Thames Embankment. "Sikes's Avenue" would be a pretty and appropriate title.

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung* reports the discovery, in the Moscow Custom House, of "some cases of hats, charged in the crown with explosives, so that if thrown down they would burst as bombs." There is nothing new in this. The Nihilists have evidently invented explosive hats—merely a development of percussion caps!

IMPALED.

WHAT is the difference between a thirsty Herald and the art he practises?
The one is a dry Herald, the other Herald-dry!

"WHAT's the use of land to a Irish peasant?" asked 'ARRY.
"When he 'asn't it he can't pay his rent, and when he 'as it he 'oes it."



A MODEST DISCLAIMER.

Self-satisfied Amateur (showing his Drawings to Our Artist, R. A.). "AND RECOLLECT I'M NOT IN THE TRADE, MIND YER. I'M A HOBBER, BY PROFESSION!"

THE LAMB OF LAMBETH.

(Fragment of a River-side Romance of the Day.)

HE smote his odorous, if oleaginous, moleskins softly with his Titanic palm, and, pushing back his closely-fitting sealskin-cap from his simian forehead, lifted his prognathous jaw to the inky sky, and chuckled exultantly upward towards a far gleam of murky moonlight.



A Rough Sketch.

"Yeugh—yeugh—yeugh! If this yer ain't a spiffin lark, swelp me pickles!"

Mystic words, yet full of strange significance, the sinister shibboleth of chartered Crime!

Chartered; for this river-side region was as much his home and happy hunting-ground as the jungles of Bengal—or Tiger Bay—to the Carnivora of the East or the East-End.

The dusk irregular heap at his bluchered feet seemed to stir slightly, and a sort of suffocating sigh stole forth on the "blend" of pottery-smoke, river-stench, and sulphuretted hydrogen which in that region passed for air.

A crackling execration came from the snarling blubber-lips of the moleskin'd Mystery, and he smote crashingly down on the nearest end of the heap with a lead-weighted truncheon he held in his dexter "bunch o' fives."

A sharp spasm and—silence!

The Mystery looked around him. The mist-pall'd river rolled sluggishly before him, behind him, through the sombre reek, the sodden-walled alums reared themselves, curving to right and left lay the well-kept Broadway of the Embankment. There were wayfarers about, here and there, they passed wide of the Mystery and noticed him not. Plain folks were they, and Mysteries were no

"BAC"—HURRAH!

A Baccaratian Ballad. Music by Offen-'bac'.

DEAR old chappy! Shut up! I am certain to win.
SAM 's taken the Bank for a monkey:
Just once, you 'll allow, if I didn't cut in,
I should be a deliberate donkey.
There 's CHARLIE just come from the Gaiety door;
There 's PUG with his grin so eternal;
There 's JONES, who still owes me a pony or more;
There 's America's positive "Curnel."

I know I shall win! Just to try, here 's a quid—
Waiter! give me the change for a "tennar"—
For Banco I swear I should certainly bid,
Were I lucky as most other men are.
Mine 's the hand. By the piper! my first is an 8,
Next 's a picture—no, only 2! Dash it!
The Banker turns 9. Just my luck! But I 'll wait,
And bet you I 'll very soon smash it.

The Bank 's got the luck. SAM 's eyes twinkle with glee.

As 7, 8, 9, he keeps turning;
My temper 's beginning to ooze in a D.
And my head with this atmosphere 's burning.
But luck is a jade never won by faint heart—

This turn I shall slap down a "pony."
I 've 9!—so 's the Banker! The pony 's in carte:
My brain boils, my eye 's getting stony.

I 've lost nearly all! I 'm a blossoming ass!

I shall soon have my cab-fare to borrow:

By Jove! Here 's a novice. He must have a "pass."

I 'll back him from now till to-morrow!

Quelle veine! He 's already eleven times passed—

The Banker would like to repress him.

Here! I 'll take the *Suite*. Such a run cannot last.

I 've won all mine back! Hurrah! Bless him!

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM writes from Paris, that it is a most dangerous city to live in, inasmuch as there is a magazine of combustibles in almost every street. Is it possible that the good Lady alludes to a *magasin de comestibles*?

business of theirs. A hundred yards to the right a hustling group howled and clamoured. 'Twas twenty Borough brutes "limbing" a Lambeth lout. As far to the left there was wild chuckling varied by a shrill shriek. The shriek came from the lips of a too effusive woman who found her son lying with his skull fractured by a flying brick; the laughter from those of the cluster of young ruffians who had supplied the building material.

The Mystery in Moleskin rubbed his horny hands together gleefully, and danced a demoniac double-shuffle, varied by an occasional kick at the now silent and inert heap at his feet.

Splash! The stream having raised only as much remonstrance as lies in a sound like the leap of a big fish, swept the burden entrusted to it away to join the many others of the same kind daily committed to its discreet care.

And he moved on, for approaching slowly—very slowly—and gazing attentively at the lights on the opposite bank of the river, was the airy and fortuitously noctivagant stroller, facetiously known as the Guardian of the Night.

"I am a dirty old fellow, no doubt, from no fault of my own, though," growled Father Thames, indignantly, rising from his bed; "but I 'm not a Venetian Canal, and I 'm not the Bosphorus, and I object to becoming a depository for Murder, as well as a receptacle for filth. Ruffianism on my banks and Death in my current, the nocturnal recreations of the Lamb of Lambeth and his like, will have to be dealt with more summarily and satisfactorily, than by a formal question from an Alderman, or an optimistic reply from a Home Secretary."

ANSWER to an Esteemed Correspondent, who wants to know what "The Bardo Treaty" is? If our Esteemed Correspondent will call on Mr. ALFRED TENNYSON about lunch time, and will ask the Bard what he is going to stand, the latter, unless he playfully replies that "he will stand none of his nonsense," will give him a B. and S. Those whom he thus treats style the Laureate "The Bard o' Treaty."
—G. E. D.



"THE QUESTION OF—CANE."

Deputy Chairman of Country School Board (there had been a row about a Child having been corrected). "THERE 'ERE MASTERS AIN'T NO CALL TO CANE THE CHILDREN. DAME CRAWLY TEACHED ME, AND TEACHED ALL MY FAM'LY, FOR 'EARS AND 'EARS, WITHOUT EVEE A BEATIN' OF US, AND SHE TURNED OUT FOOTY GOOD SCHOLLARDS, SHE DID!"

QUIDA PLAY-GIARISED; OR, HOW WOULD IT ACT?

SCENE—Manager's room, Royal Propriety Theatre. Manager discovered keeping appointment to hear Distinguished Authoress read an unvulgarised stage-adaptation of one of her own novels.

Manager. Ah! You open the play in the smoking-room of a London Club? Excellent idea. Proceed, my dear Madam, with your description of the scene. I am all attention.

Distinguished Authoress (continuing the reading from her MS.). "The scene represents a spacious easy chamber, lined with the laziest of divans, seen through a fog of smoke, and tenanted by nearly a score of men in every imaginable loose velvet costume. Some are puffing away in calm meditative comfort, others are talking hard and fast, while through the air, heavily weighted with the varieties of tobacco, from tiny cigarettes to giant cheroots, from rough bowls full of cavendish, to Sybaritic rose-water hookahs, a Babel of sentences rises together. As these rush in amongst each other, and are tossed across the eddies of smoke in the conflicting of tongues, loosened in the *tabagie* and made eloquent, though slightly inarticulate by pipe-stems, the Curtain rises.

Enter a tall fair man, with the limbs of a Hercules, the chest of a prize-fighter, and the face of a Raphael angel—"

[Continues reading for forty minutes pages of brilliant dialogue about horse-racing, monkeys, gambling, training on venison and champagne, demi-monde broughams, welshers, muscle, "the Guards' crack," and other edifying trifles, carefully selected with a view to high-class comedy.]

Manager (slightly bewildered). Hum! A little long, for a Prologue, a little long. Hum—yes! Are we near the end?

Distinguished Authoress. The End? Here you are—the last line. *(Reads.)* "Davis (muttering with a mastiff's savage growl). Curse him. The d-d swell—he shan't live long." There, that brings the Curtain down well—eh?

Manager. Yes: hum: ha—very good—very good. But *(reflecting)*, do you know, I'm afraid a good deal of all that, excellent as it is, will bring the LORD CHAMBERLAIN down too.

Distinguished Authoress. Nonsense! Listen to this. *(Reads.)* "Enter St. John Milton.—He is a delicate handsome creature, with a face like some pretty brunette's, and has the air of a man who has been cut all to pieces a hundred times."

Manager (dubiously). Hum! Difficult part. I suppose we must put SMITH into it. But he won't look it.

Distinguished Authoress. No, you must get a French Marquis who has matriculated in Africa: one who can speak English like a SHEKIDAN, and turn a double somersault like PAGONI. There are hundreds of them waiting for an engagement on the quays where stood the ancient Carthage. You had better telegraph. But listen to this.

[Continues more brilliant dialogue, in which a Member of Parliament, a pleasant fellow, as gentle as a woman but as wild as a grouse in November, listens to the cavalry officer's description of how he set the skulls of all the Asiatics he had ever killed, in a row on the top of the flat roof of his house, one illuminating night, in Calcutta, with the skulls all filled up with clay, and a candle stuck into each, lighting up the fleshless jaws and shining through the orbless eyes.]

Manager (rising). Oh, but my dear Madam! Believe me, no audience—for audiences are critical now—will take that as a rational picture of the average British officer as commonly accepted in society. You must, I fear, thrilling as it is, cut out the skulls. *(Warning.)* Why, there would be a roar!

Distinguished Authoress. At what? At the daring of a *grande âme*—a great soldier! Nonsense! *(Proceeds with the piece, and after fifty minutes more of brilliant dialogue about Phryne, Apis, St. John's Wood, tigers' eyeballs, Pommery and Greno, the Holy Grail, and gold-hued tropical birds, continues.)* "Any quite fresh scandal is a great relief. If you be discussing a divorce, for instance, you need not mind the presence of the relatives in the least,—scarcely of the husband nowadays. The only person whose feelings must not be hurt is the co-respondent. Where this last interesting personage is in the plural, you had better not invite two of them at the same time. They are sure to have either too much jealousy or too much compassion for one another."



SAMBOLANE.

A MAN AMONGST THE "LORDS" OF THE ADMIRALTY.

(Enter MR. RENDEL. Sensation.)

Manager (seeing his opportunity of breaking in). Ha! ha! capital! Very good—very good!—pointed. But I am afraid just a little *risqué*? However—(looking at watch)—if we could come to some action, now? You'll permit me to say so, my dear lady, but the piece, admirably as it is written, does want action.

Distinguished Authoress. Enseignez à votre grand-mère! Allons! I was coming to it: what do you say to this as a bit of good stage-direction? (Continues.) "Beltran, with his hand still at his throat, shakes him to and fro, as though he were a child, and beats his great shock head against the iron pillar."

"Nellie (listening to the dull thud, as his skull is again and again dashed against the iron, and gasping in awful fascination). You will kill him, my Lord—(she seizes with both hands the sleeve of Beltran's coat)—you will kill him!"

"Beltran (without looking up). Why not? (He strikes the man's skull yet again against the iron column, driving it home upon the metal as though he drove a nail in with a mallet.)"

"Nellie (her great blue eyes dilating). Is he worth it, Sir?"

"Beltran (with a quiet, contemptuous smile). I doubt if he be. (He flings the man down with a crash upon the floor.)"

Manager (who has been listening now for two hours and three-

quarters, with determination). Good gracious, my dear Madam!—but—the house would never stand it! Why, it's horrible, it's revolting! In fact, it's—it's—

Distinguished Authoress. Perfectly true to nature, *mon ami*: There's not a Peer in *Burke* who wouldn't give a *prolétariat*, not of his order, worse punishment than that!

Manager. Ah! that may be. I don't doubt it for a moment; but I should like to know *who's to play the part*?

Distinguished Authoress. Of that—*J'en sais rien*. That's your business! Allons! Will you take the piece?

Manager (inspired by sudden *Happy Thought*). Leave it with me, my dear Madam; and I'll let you know, without fail, to-morrow! [And he does.

"THOSE Cusses must let Jumbo come here, darn 'um!"
Yes! he was right, and Jumbo goes to BARNUM.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM tells us her married Sister has recently taken a charming house in Kensington. It is in the middle of a garden, surrounded by shrubs—indeed a perfect little *Russian Herby*.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons—Monday Night, March 13.—Mr. WARTON came down to-night prepared to do the State some service. Army Estimates down for Committee. CHILDERS talks about the law and the necessity of having a vote to-night. GLADSTONE makes appeals on the score of public business. Mr. WARTON knows these things are meant for his ear, but is not to be turned aside from his purpose.

"Army all very well, and Navy too," he says to Mr. WHITLEY, "but there's something undermining the constitution of this country, sucking its heart's blood, and that is Patent Medicines. There are Patent Medicines and Patent Medicines. I've tried 'em all. Pepsine Pills, warranted to strike only on the box; Langallibale's Lotion; the Anonymous Ointment; the Cheerful Cherry Pectoral; Cinder Biscuits; Delicious Dog Soap; Corn Plasters for the Corpulent; Digestible Worm Powders; the Wonderful Wafer; the Bashful Beetle Poison; Widow Whelpton's Pills—I've tried 'em all, in short, and now look at me! Been a good deal of talk, I know, about my wearing gloves. Never had 'em off since the SPEAKER took the Chair. Know what people say. Most of them think I've taken a vow never to take my gloves off till GLADSTONE's deposed. All a dam, dear WHITLEY. Fact is, I've been experimenting with Patent Medicines and Powders, till I rather expect you will see something when I do take off my gloves."

Interesting sight to see WARTON during early proceedings, surrounded by flysheets of advertisements, and treatises on the Pharmacopoeia. Also a choice selection of samples, bought regardless of expense, at one shilling and three-halfpence the bottle, all neatly arranged on the Bench, with interstices filled up by pill-boxes of



Signore Gorsto and Vartoni in their popular Duet, "Why don't he name the day?"

various sizes. WARTON hands about a pill-box for snuff, but no one cares for one just now. Tried very hard to get BIGGAR to take a dose of the Immaculate Embrocation. BIGGAR said he was pretty well at the moment; but accepted a small box of voice lozenges, and a bottle of Towle's Cimolite, which he said he'd try on The O'GORMAN MANON.

A few words on Egypt *à propos* Army Estimates. Then, passing over Industrial Schools, we reach Mr. WARTON's Motion. Unfortunately at the moment W. was refreshing himself with a packet of soothing powder, having first rubbed into his hair a small bottle of Mariani's Meat Juice. Just swallowing a dose of Congreve's Chimethioplaston (recommended for chilblains), when he discovered Mr. REDMOND on his legs talking about Ireland. The Irishman had stolen a march on him! He had lost his turn; and, folding up his pill-boxes like the Arab, he stole away, though not quite so silently, repeating to himself several times the form of affirmation.

Business done.—Army Estimates introduced.

Tuesday Night.—"McIVER is a well-meaning young man," HARCOURT said just now, critically eyeing the Member for Birkenhead. "But his Parliamentary manner is uncommonly like that of a Jack-in-the-box."

When one comes to think of it, that's true. Some kind of mental dynamite suddenly goes off in the great mind of McIVER, and in an instant he is up on his feet. The House roars. M. holds out hand deprecatingly, and turns his innocent and spectacled face (so like the late Mr. Toots) from side to side, feebly smiling. Gets off a few

words. SPEAKER interposes on point of order, and M. shoots down on his seat as if the spring were withdrawn. Up again with hand outstretched, and spectacled face more than ever like Mr. Toots.

"If the House will pardon me," he says, in a voice that does not seem to belong to him, "I will give them a few details."

House not inclined to pardon him in any circumstances. With the prospect of a few details impossible. A sustained roar, as if Jumbo had been got into the box, and was surprised to find the door shut. It is now that M. is so like a Jack-in-the-Box. Momentarily disappears from sight. Just as the House thinks all is over, there he is again in exactly the same attitude, with hand pleadingly outstretched, a hysterical smile spread over the lower part of his features, and head turning rapidly from side to side, like a Mandarin in a tea-shop. House howls, M. disappears, brief silence, M. shoots up again; whereupon such a roar, that his glasses jingle on his nose. Concludes he will return to his speech another day.

House Counted Out at half-past seven. Not unreasonable, seeing it sat till four this morning. "Most astonishing place this," says Mr. LYON PLAYFAIR. "Last night, Government night, private Members bring on miscellaneous motions occupying the time till a quarter to One, when business begins. To-night, private Members' night; might have had it all to themselves, and they all cut off like school-boys, leaving House to be counted. If what took place last night up to a quarter to One, had been transplanted to to-night, evening might have been pleasantly occupied, and the business of the nation might have been done."

Curious how old Members stick to traditions of the place. Here's LYON PLAYFAIR who, with all he has undergone, thinks the House of Commons is a place where the primary object is to do business!

Thursday Night.—Here's FORSTER been doing something again. Begin to give up all hope of his reformation. Only just looked in, and don't know yet what it is; evidently something fearful. Expect he's shot a landlord from behind a hedge; or been out marauding at night with his face more than usually dirty, and being one of a party of twenty, has dragged a man out of bed and shot him in the knee; or, perhaps, it is a woman whom, being backed up by Young Hopeful and supported by a body of armed men, he's heroically dragged out of her homestead, with murderous threats; or maybe he's only ruined some tradesman by boycotting him; or perhaps he's been found out in the still more agreeable and gentlemanly pursuit of living at ease in the Westminster Palace Hotel on the coppers of Irish servant-girls and the dollars of American Fenians.

Don't wonder he looks so guilty with his head sunk on his breast, and his hair in a state of revolution. Sail on, SEKTON! Bowl away, BIGGAR! Hark forward, HEALY! Come on, CALLAN! Never let it be said that because a man is a Minister he shall not be punished for these things, or at least held up to the scorn of honest men.

Say all this to DILKE. "You'd better wait till you know what it's all about," says he; "it's as well to do that before talking about it."

It may be in ordinary circumstances, but it certainly is not parliamentary. DILKE says all this hullabaloo which has so excited my ingenious mind, is because FORSTER, when he went to speak at Tullamore, let the *Irish Times* know, but didn't tell *Freeman's Journal*. If that's so, must tear out that leaf of my Diary. Have had a little too much of the *Freeman* and its business affairs of late. HEALY, the other day, stopped Committee of Supply while he wanted to know why some advertisement was sent to "the *Scotsman* of Glasgow" and not to *Freeman's Journal*. All very well to help a colleague; but rather hard on the House.

LAWSON says he's going to strike a bargain with GRAY. Ask him how much he's lost on this and similar transactions. Propose a vote in Supply, and so have done with it. "Save several days in the Session," he says, "and the country is rich." WILFRED is evidently coming round to correct views on the matter of compensation.

Business done.—Up to midnight none. Then TREVELYAN introduced Navy Estimates in excellent speech.

Friday Night.—Everybody getting up Memorials to the PRIME MINISTER about everything. C. RUSSELL wants the British taxpayer to buy out the Irish Landlords, and present the holdings to the Tenants. McFARLANE wants feather-beds for the suspects at Kilmalham, and a sugar-basin-a-piece when they take hot whiskey, instead of having lumps doled out to them as at present. NEWDEGATE wants Mr. LABOUCHERE expelled; and STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE wants the loan of one of H. M. ships to be placed at the disposal of RANDOLPH, so that he can go on a cruise that will not bring him back till September. All these Memorials are "extensively signed."

Must do something myself. Session wearing on, and my name's scarcely been in the papers. Shall get up Memorial to the PRIME MINISTER, praying that grilled bones and London porter be supplied to all Members on production of their cards, when the House sits after one o'clock A.M. Fancy this will be pretty extensively signed.

Business done.—Talk about Borneo. Some small votes in Supply.

ALMAACK'S REDIVIVUS.

"There have been rumours for some months past that there would be a revival of Almaack's this season, and this proves to be the case."—*Morning Post*.

ALMAACK's again! how strange it seems,

This last of Fashion's changes,
And backward in the world of dreams

The Singer's fancy ranges;
To beaux and belles of ancient days,

When CORYDON and PHYLIS
Won tribute from Morrisian lays,
Within the halls of WILLIS.

They come each exquisite and buxom,

Who shook the dice at hazard,
And who, when flushed with wine and luck,

Scored "Charleys" o'er the mazard.

Each dandy who in coat sublime

Laughed loud, drank deep, made merry,

The heroes of the golden time,
Of famous Tom and Jerry.

Once more we see Bob Logic's "specs,"

And Tom so curly-hatted,
The wondrous shawls that swathed their necks,

So terribly cravatted.

We see them at the masquerade,
With all its fun and fury,

The visits to the Op'ra paid,
And Green-room of Old Drury.

And now shall Almaack's come once more,

With all its tapers gleaming,
The highborn dames who took the floor,

Mid Stars and Georges dreaming.

Shall we at Almaack's "sport a toe,"

High destiny fulfilling,
As that old song said long ago,
Through mazes of quadrilling.

"The grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,"

Unless the story false is;
Will GLADSTONE, at these public balls,

Lead LAWREY down the waltzes?

Will SELBORNE twirl and pirouette,

A veritable Shaker,
And BRIGHT on Wednesdays forget
That he was born a Quaker?

An age of Plutoorats and prigs,
We may perchance laugh louder,

But wit methinks went out with wigs,
And epigram with powder.

You can't bring back old times to-day,

Though some folks have a bias
For standing, as the Classics say,
Within "antiquas vias!"

BIG STORIES FOR LITTLE HUMANITARIANS.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"—*Elderly Lady*.

No. I.—JOSEPH AND THE JELLY-FISH.

JOSEPH was wandering along the shore at Dover, and he saw a poor helpless Jelly-fish that had been left by the tide on the sand.



His first impulse was to shovel it up with his spade and cast it into the sea: his second thought was to touch it gently. (Many children would not have been so bold, but JOSEPH knew his *Tract for the Time* by heart, and was a brave boy.) He patted it, and stroked it with the greatest reverence, and he found it icy cold. JOSEPH shed tears as he said, "Ha! No doubt this poor

Jelly-fish has been out all night in the cold and the wet, without even a great-coat, or an umbrella, or a pair of goloshes, while I was sleeping in a nice warm bed, after a bountiful supper and a quarrel with my nurse!" He tenderly raised the Jelly-fish in his spade, placed it in his little wooden pail, covered it carefully with seaweed, and took it home. He knew there was not a moment to be lost, so, placing it in a large basin, he determined to give it a warm bath. He lifted the kettle from the nursery fire, and poured its contents on his patient. To his horror the Jelly-fish vanished altogether and a savoury odour pervaded the nursery!

At this moment Admiral SINBAD, JOSEPH's papa, came in, and inquired what was going on. He smiled as he listened to his son's simple story. Suddenly his eyes sparkled, and placing his hands on the boy's sunny curls, he said, "JOSEPH, my lad, you have done well. Your kindness has not been thrown away. Though you have sacrificed the Jelly-fish, you have probably made one of the greatest gastronomic discoveries of the age!" And if ever you dine with the Admiral, and have some of his famous Jelly-fish Soup, you will come to the conclusion that the grateful father did not overrate the discovery of his little son.

PRACTICE FOR THE BOATRACE.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



A Sliding Seat.



Quick Recovery.



A Steady Pull.



The Crew in Comfortable Quarters.

THE MODERN PROMOTERS' DIARY.

(Adapted from the Original American.)

Monday.—Received Prospectuses of my new Company, "The Under-the-Sea-to-Australia Submarine Tunnel Association." Sent out invitations to all the principal people in the *Court Guide*.

Tuesday.—Accompanied the Editors of the Daily Papers, the Members of the Royal Academy, and the Fellows of the Royal Society, to see proposed terminus of the "U. S. A. S. T. Association" at Brighton. Breakfast *à la Française* at the "Bedford" afterwards.

Wednesday.—Carried the Commander-in-Chief, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and their respective *suites* to Dover, to see if a branch line of the "U. S. A. S. T. Association" (terminus defended by the Castle) could not be established under Shakspeare's Cliff. Luncheon subsequently at the "Lord Warden."

Thursday.—Conducted all the Dukes and Duchesses and Professional Beauties in Town to Eastbourne, to see if the sea appeared adapted for the construction of the "U. S. A. S. T. Association." Grand garden-party after the inspection, in the Devonshire Park.

Friday.—Attended their Royal Highnesses to Hastings, and had the honour of explaining to them that it was proposed to make the Submarine Tunnel, promoted by the "U. S. A. S. T. Association," under the sea. Was permitted to make arrangements for the special train to Hastings, the private Royal Dinner in a marquee, &c., &c. Their Royal Highnesses expressed their satisfaction at their day's amusement.

Saturday.—Acted as *cicerone* to a large party of guests, consisting of the Members of both the Houses of Parliament, all the Managers of the Metropolitan Theatres, the Directors of the London General Omnibus Company (Limited), the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, the Judges, the Metropolitan Magistrates, the Commanding Officers of all the Metropolitan Volunteer Corps, Captain SHAW, C.B., the Rev. Mr. HAWKES, the Senior Master in Lunacy, the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, Mr. ALFRED TENNYSON, the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, the Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, the Lord Chamberlain, the Members of the Marylebone Cricket Club, the Commissioners of Police, the Chief Rabbi, the Fellows of the Royal Zoological Society, Mr. SCOTT (personal attendant on Jumbo) the Head Master of Westminster School, the Dean of Christ Church, The Coroner of Her Majesty's Household, Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOK, the Lecturers of Gresham College, and Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, to Ramsgate, to see if the harbour would interfere with the "U. S. A. S. T. Association." Supper and fireworks subsequently, at the "Granville."

Sunday.—Sent out 2,437 invitations for next week.

A RECENT traveller in Borneo observes that, whatever his own impressions of the island might be, he was sure that he had left a wonderful impression behind him. Being asked to explain, he replied that "He had left a great Dent in Borneo."

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND."—ALICE at the Zoological when her Jumbo has departed.



"READY! AYE READY!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "THAT LADY WAS EVIDENTLY INTENDED BY NATURE FOR A CHINESE, SIR CHARLES! I WONDER WHO SHE CAN BE!"

Sir Charles. "SHE HAPPENS TO BE MY SISTER, LADY PLANTAGENET DE LA ZOUCHÉ. MAY I ASK WHY YOU THINK NATURE INTENDED HER FOR A CHINESE?"

Mrs. P. de T. (equal, as usual, to the emergency). "SHE STRUCK ME AS HAVING SUCH EXQUISITELY SMALL FEET!"

PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY REFORM BILL.

ALL Members of Parliament to be paid an annual salary by their constituents, sufficient to secure a certain standard of professional ability.

No Member of Parliament to be a Director of more than ten public Companies, or to hold more than two public appointments at the same time.

Every Member of Parliament to be in his place on the first of January, and to remain in his place, with the exception of a month's holiday in the autumn, until the first of January following.

Parliamentary, or office-hours, to be from ten o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night.

All extra hours after six o'clock at night to be discountenanced as much as possible; but when inevitable, to be treated and paid for as "overtime."

In all "counts-out" (if any) the Members absent, unless from unavoidable illness, to be fined not less than one guinea each, the money to be paid into a fund for aged and infirm Members.

No Bill to be discussed more than ninety-six hours in the aggregate, and no Act of Parliament to be longer than four sheets of folio foolscap.

All purely local questions to be fully discussed in departmental Parliament—or Committee-Rooms—one devoted to Ireland, and another to Scotland, and to be brought only before the General Assembly when ripe for action.

Every Member of Parliament to be subject to re-election every year, and to be dismissed by constituents at three months' notice.

No taxes, on any pretence, to be voted until near the close of the working year, and after the annual stock-taking in December.

The country to be divided, at once, into electoral districts, so that population and representation may be brought into harmony with each other.

No provincial Member to have a voice or a vote in or upon any question—such as the opening and closing of public-houses, the regulation of theatres, or the dismal Sabbath—which may be properly regarded as a purely metropolitan question.

All bad language and misbehaviour during debate to be checked by fines, and, if necessary, by suspension of salary, in the discretion of the Speaker or Chairman.

THE MOST-FAVOURED-NATION CLAUSE—AND EFFECT.

Madame Julie, of the Chaussée d'Antin. Tant mieux, we shan't see so many of those abominably ugly ulsters that used to spot the beautiful Boulevards, and there will be an end of those dowdy straw hats and bonnets. At last we shall be left alone with our Taste. No more cold cream, JUSTINE? How am I to put on my rouge? It is shameful, four-hundred francs a pot, because of the tariff. It is really too dear even for a complexion. What are our Legislators thinking of? They are tempting Providence, for most assuredly if we go out in our own hair and our own skins—there'll be a Revolution.

Miss Rosie (Memberess of Bective Home Stuffs (and Nonsense) Society). Do without France, indeed! Just let them see. Give us Huddersfield and we'll do without the world. Let me see, I am going to be married next week, and they say a nice linsey wolsey—No; I can't go to church in a linsey wolsey, and the Committee may say what they like about a handsome cheviot—the Committee isn't going to be married, I suppose, and can't feel like a bride. I regard the suggestion of cotton print as a positive insult. There is no help for it, Papa will have to spend his next year's income on a Lyons silk; and as for the orange-flowers, as they must come from Nice, I suppose all he gave us to begin house-keeping with must go for them. And oh, what will FRED think of me if I appear without Eau des Fées—and in Bloomsbury-made boots?



MENDING THE MACHINERY.

MASTER JOHNNY BULL. "NOW, THEN—DO GET ON!!"

W. E. G. "ALL RIGHT, MY LITTLE GENTLEMAN! WE SHALL GET ON BE-U-TIFULLY!—(Aside.)—WHEN I'VE SCREWED IT UP A BIT!!!"



WILLIAM H. WOODWARD, M.D.

WILLIAM H. WOODWARD, M.D., is a graduate of the University of Chicago, where he received his M.D. degree in 1908. He has since held various positions of responsibility in the medical profession, including Chief of the Department of Medicine at the University of Chicago and President of the American Medical Association. He is a member of the National Academy of Medicine and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.



IDIOMS RENDERED LITERALLY.

"ACH, VATER!" "YESSIE!"
 "AFTER ZIS, I WOULD LIKE TO BECOME A VELSCH RAPPIT!"
 "!!!!!!!"

REMARKABLE ROMANCES.

By a Rambler.

No. I.—THE MARTYR.

He was a long-legged youth, with a costly walkingstick in his hand, and a large white flower in his button-hole, and he sat next to me in a front stall at the Frivolity Theatre. Ever and anon he sighed and groaned with such fervour that he completely distracted my attention from the polished humour of the three-act Burlesque-Drama (so different from the old head-over-heels-in-and-out-of-my-lady's-chamber Extravaganza), which was being performed. It was after he had uttered one subdued wail of more than womanly tenderness that my heart fairly yearned towards him, and I made bold to address him as to the cause of his woe. At first he either did not hear or did not heed me, but when I was half way through the fourth time of asking, he turned his eyeglass plaintively towards me, and murmured, "Don't mind me, I am a miserable martyr."

"Curiosity is often the handmaid of pity," says the late lamented writer, WAGGLETHORPE of West Drayton, and so I proceeded to inquire in what way and from what cause he was suffering? He pointed silently to the programme with his finger, and I read, "Unprecedented Success. 2000th night of the sparkling farcical play, 'The Fairy with the Golden Socks; or, the Good Young Girl who Dyed.'"

A convulsive shudder shot through my neighbour's frame as he read these words.

"There," he whispered hoarsely, "is my fate."

"How so?" I asked.

"Because," he whispered, wildly, "I have seen this confounded trash two thousand times. I was here the first night, and an irresistible impulse has compelled me to return on every evening since. Don't suppose I enjoy myself. I simply loathe the piece. I knew all the dialogue backwards, till it disappeared in gag, which I can repeat with equal ease. I can imitate all the low comedians; I can

sing all the songs; I can execute all the dances. In short, Mr. GLADSTONE is not more versed in the mysteries of a Budget than am I in the ways of this burlesque. And yet it is slowly killing me."

The single diamond which confined his snowy shirtfront heaved with emotion, and small pieces of quill fell from the toothpick which he clutched nervously between his teeth.

"Do you see," he continued hoarsely, "do you see that angelic being on the Prompt side, in apple-green tights and a man's collar? She has doomed me. She is the fatal Circe who lures me to this theatre. You must know, Old Chappie," he added, in a more commonplace and resigned tone of voice, "she has masked me."

"Good heavens!" I cried, "what do you mean?"

"The first time I saw her, she sent a glance over the footlights in my direction. That glance, Sir, has cost me over a thousand pounds' worth of stalls, and rather more than double that amount in bouquets, while three West End jewellers have enlarged their premises since I dealt with them, and a French *bon-bon* manufacturer talks of retiring from business. I tell you that if this piece is not taken off I shall be ruined, and probably quit this world in a manner incompatible with my birth and education."

Here he gave a deep sigh, like the east wind sighing in a pine wood, just as the performers on the stage were executing a dance of delight at the termination of their labours.

"My duties are not yet over," cried my new-found acquaintance, "Come, and you shall see!"

He plunged recklessly through the spectators, heeding little the agonised and often opprobrious cries with which his progress was greeted, and I followed as best I could in his wake. I came up to him round a corner, where he was standing in front of a dimly lighted portal of modest dimensions. Around him was a crowd, for the most part composed of beings arrayed like unto the Martyr. There was no talking in their midst; Melancholy seemed to have marked them for her own; and by the light of an adjacent gas-lamp I could see that a relentless scowl was fixed upon their fair young brows, while the determination set upon their lips was not generally concealed by hirsute adornments. A slight movement was presently perceptible. My unfortunate acquaintance was visibly affected, and hastily mopped his countenance with an embroidered cambric handkerchief.

"It's she," he murmured, leaning against the lamp-post for support. "She's always first."

The form of a lady with her features closely veiled, passed swiftly by us and entered a brougham standing by the pavement.

"Home!" said a woman's voice, a door banged, and the vehicle rolled away. Clutching hold of my arm, the Martyr reeled into a neighbouring house of refreshment, and called for a glass of brandy diluted with soda-water.

"Did you see that?" he asked abruptly, almost fiercely, after he had drained the goblet.

"She didn't seem very pleased to see you," I observed—by way of sympathy.

"Pleased to see me!" he echoed loudly, nay, almost howled. "Why, great heavens, man, I never spoke to her in my life!"

I gazed on the speaker for some few seconds, pressed my fingers to my burning brow, and then rushed violently forth into the night.

The fate of that man overpowered me. I think of him more in sorrow than in anger. The burlesque drama is still running.

Crystal Palace Electrical Exhibition.

THE *Daily News* says that "JOHNSON AND PHILLIPS show centipedes, buoys, and mushrooms."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMBOTHAM, when this was read aloud to her. "Fancy an Electric Centipede! Why, we shall be having Electric Blackbustles next! I dare say that was one of 'em I saw the other day in the hall, for the shock it gave me I never shall forget. I hope none of my nephews will turn out Electric Boys, or they don't come *here* for their holidays. I'll never eat another Mushroom. Read on, my dear."

Supply!

THOUGH the Session, as far as it has gone, has been productive of nothing but pot and kettle discussions, and the prospect of any beneficial and necessary legislation is as remote as ever, the first signs of "Supply" are beginning to shew themselves. Government may be paralysed, but taxation is never prostrate. In most trades it has been found highly undesirable to pay for work in advance, but legislation and government are exempt from the ordinary laws of business. If "Supply" were deferred till August the country might get some value for its money;—perhaps?

JUST FOR A CHANGE.—In *Romeo and Juliet*, Mr. IRVING to play the Apothecary.

"FORSTERTER IN
MODO," &c.

(For a Kilmainham Concert
in their extra hour and a
half after supper.)

THE Art of Irish Govern-
ment

Is as simple as can be
With your Forsterter in
modo and
Your suaviter in re.

You keep six hundred
people
Tightly under look and
key,

With your Forsterter in
modo and
Your suaviter in re.

You don't allow a trial,
For that would folly be,
With your Forsterter in
modo and
Your suaviter in re.

You pass an Irish Land
Act,
Which all Lawyers hail
with glee,

With your Forsterter in
modo and
Your suaviter in re.

Its work will last a century
Or two, and may be
three,

With your Forsterter in
modo and
Your suaviter in re.

And sixty thousand soldiers
Must always ready be
With your Forsterter in
modo and
Your suaviter in re.

THE RENT THAT PADDY
WOULDN'T MIND PAYING.—
A Peppercorn Rent.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 76.



ALFRED THE GREAT.

"WHAT WE CALL OUR BARD'S OUR BEST,
AND MAY HIS POETRY NEVER BE WERSE!"
Halfred Minor.

"DRINK, PRETTY
CREATURE, DRINK!"

MR. HOYLE has again done a public service in making up the figures of our Annual Drink Bill. In 1881 he shows an increase of nearly five millions sterling; the total, without tobacco, being over one hundred and twenty-seven millions of suction for the year. One hundred millions of this represent drink, and the odd twenty-seven millions the duty or taxation taken by the Government.

Putting it this way, the drinkers pay the cost of the Army and Navy, or the interest on the National Debt. When sobriety becomes universal, it will be a bad day for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Sots wha' hae for GLADSTONE bled,
Sots wham BRUCE* by nose has led,
Taxes are by drinking fed,
Drink, and pay, and die!

* Lord NEWBARD, the great Licensing Peer.

If True!

"It is reported that the Empress of AUSTRIA's famous horse 'Nihilist' was ridden to death by his mistress in a stag-hunt with the Duc d'ANJALIS at Chantilly."—Daily News.

Nihilist killed by an Empress! Retribution. But this Nihilist was a horse. The real Nihilist is not so noble an animal.

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

THE SARCASTIC AUCTIONEER.

I HAVE just met with a curious case that seems to indicate a change in the habits or system of the above highly respectable and conscientious class of Gentlemen.

I dropped in lately to a sale of "Important Works of Art," as the bills described them to be, and found a very small audience assembled, who were listening with most provoking calmness to the biting sarcasms of a much-excited Auctioneer, who, having apparently failed to induce those present to bid, by the ordinary persuasions of his professional brethren, was trying the effect of the novel system above alluded to.

For instance, a neighbour having offered three guineas for a rather large Landscape, which I thought possessed some considerable merit, I ventured to bid three and a half, when, to my great astonishment, I was immediately assailed with a series of most ironical suggestions from the Auctioneer.

He asked me, to the great amusement of the rest of the small audience, whether, leaving out of question altogether the value of the beautiful work of Art now before me, and scarcely hoping that I would give some slight consideration to the presumed value of the handsome frame, I would favour him with a bid for about the value of the glass! "Would not three and a half guineas," he continued, "be a rather low price to give for the Picture if it were only for the purpose of putting it up in my garden as a cock-shy for my children?" Shouts of laughter from the audience followed this remarkable suggestion.

Providence has been kind to me in many respects, and I have no children, and I am not quite certain that I thoroughly understand the exact nature of a cockshy.

But, be that as it may, surely this is a strange way in which to be

treated for the simple offence of bidding three and a half guineas for a picture which was eventually knocked down for five.

I ventured once more, after allowing myself sufficient time to recover my usual equanimity, to again follow the lead of a neighbour, and bid three guineas for a little picture by BODDINGTON, when the Auctioneer burst out again, and said he thought that, with another such sale, and with just such another lot of similar lively bidders, he should quietly go home and commit suicide!

Surely this was a somewhat unnecessarily strong threat, but, strange to say, instead of exciting in others, as of course it did in me, feelings of heartfelt sorrow for the poor man, the announcement was received with a shout of derisive laughter!

Could they have doubted his sincerity?

Be this as it may, I carried off my treasure, and am quite satisfied with my bargain; the only drawback to my thorough enjoyment of its beauty being a slight fear lest I may inadvertently have been the innocent cause of the death of an amiable Auctioneer, who may have fallen a victim to a too sensitive nature.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

NO JOKE FOR JURYMEN.

Lock the Jury up together,
Lock them up the livelong
night,
Even in the closest weather!
Is it rational? is it right?

What pretence can lawyers put
up
For a rusty rule, but fudge?
Why, a Jury when you shut up,
Not as well shut up the Judge?

"WHEN the Channel Tunnel Company's operations get below low-water mark, they will come under the control of the Government," said the PREMIER. So do the operations of most people who get below low-water mark, as they end in the Bankruptcy Court.

OUR BOYS' NOVELIST.

BEING STORIES OF WILD SPORT AND STIRRING ADVENTURE, FOR THE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF THE YOUTHS OF ALL NATIONS.



FEARFUL FATE OF THE LAST OF THE HAZ PIRATES.

YOUNG 'HARRY:

OR,

WITH THE HAZ PIRATES FROM THE HEBRIDES TO THE HAVANNAS.

(By the Author of "The Madcap Middies, and the Menniague Indians of the Strait West Coast.")

CHAP. V.

A PERILOUS ESCAPE.

"'It 'im! 'it 'im too! 'it 'eaps on 'em!" cried HARRY, as, in his excitement, he dropped an Haz Pirate at each shot of his revolver.

JACK and SAMBO now hurried to their friend's assistance, discharging their pistols in every direction.

In the confusion caused by the smoke, and the sudden discomfiture of the Pirates, HARRY seized CACHUCA in his arms, and, followed by JACK bearing DAISY, joined SAMBO at the entrance of the cave, which they now discovered, for the first time, was some hundred feet above the sea-shore.

How to descend?

"The plan is easy," said HARRY, "Let

us form ourselves into a line, and then drop ourselves over gradually."

The noble high-spirited girls consented to lower themselves for this once.

Then, as they reached the shore, they gave a hearty cheer, which was echoed by a yell of despair from the Pirates above, as each one of them, in a fit of hopeless rage, absolutely changed colour and became a vivid yell.

"Mine! Mine for ever!" cried HARRY and JACK, as they embraced CACHUCA and DAISY respectfully.

"Hush!" said SAMBO, who had got his ear to the ground, and was listening intently.

A strange sound fell on their ears.

Was it the sound of a fish?

No: of a dog.

SAMBO, creeping on his hands and knees, beckoned them to follow him.

CHAP. VI.

FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.

An old man in the dress of a Buccaneer was seated by a Pirate Ship, on whose black hull was painted the death's-head and cross-bones. SAMBO pointed as he whispered to the others, "It was him coffin we heard."

"He seems to be an old sea-dog," muttered

HARRY.

"And that's his barge," replied JACK.

"Secure him! and the ship is ours," cried

HARRY.

The old man started to his feet, with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, when, on seeing CACHUCA, he threw all his arms in the air, and uttered a loud cry of surprise and joy, while CACHUCA turned deadly pale, and would have fallen but for HARRY.

"I am not a pirate," gasped the old man, convulsively. "I have been their prisoner for years, and have worn this hateful disguise. Behold!" and so saying, he tore off the Buccaneer's dress, his long beard, with which went a pair of spectacles, a false nose, and a grey wig, and appeared before them in the costume of an elderly Grandee of Spain.

"My name," he said proudly, "is Don BOLERO."

"Ha!" exclaimed CACHUCA, every fibre in her body thrilling with intense excitement. "In consequence of political trouble, I became a Tabooed Nobleman. For many years I had to hide my head, as you see," he added, pointing to the wig, "and the Pirates stole me while I was asleep. Disappointed at not obtaining a ransom, they made me their slave, nay more, their buffoon, for in the evening they compelled me to dance to amuse them. Fortunately, when I was young, I was an accomplished dancer—"

"You were!" sobbed CACHUCA.

"Yes," he said, as turning a pirouette and standing on one pointed toe, with his left leg in the air, he gracefully extended his hands to the weeping girl, "yes, you inherit the talent. You are CACHUCA, the dancer—"

"And you?" inquired HARRY, eagerly.

"And I?—I am her Grand Pa!"

"I thought my Grand Pa was executed long ago," said CACHUCA, simply. Then they embraced.

"She is nobly born, then?" asked HARRY, sadly.

"She is," replied Don BOLERO. "Her father was my son, whose mother did honour to a long line of Spanish Springes Hun-hf-unos; her mother was of the great Fandango family, and her uncle was Don CLIBO DI CASTAGNETTO."

"And I am nameless!" sighed HARRY. But there was no time for mournful thoughts, as the Pirates were already on their track, and in the offing appeared another vessel of the same build as that which they were now launching.

Don BOLERO now introduced them to the other captives, who having been his companions in misery were eager to serve as their crew. They were a Tiller, who had been kidnapped while he was ploughing the ocean; a Painter, who was strongly attached to the ship when the Pirates captured it; and a small British Ensign, made prisoner in an engagement.

They all worked with a will, and in less than ten minutes the vessel was quite at sea.

"What's she doing?" asked HARRY, as he watched the Pirate Ship through his glass.

"Forging ahead," replied Don BOLERO.

"Another crime!" murmured CACHUCA.

"I'll bring 'em to," said JACK, who had just loaded one of the biggest guns. "I'll send 'em a hundred pound note. You fire the other," he said, turning to HARRY.

"I'm better with my pistol," replied Young HARRY, citing his revolver as an instance in point.

Boom—bang—bash!

"Hooray!" shouted SAMBO. "Raked her fore and after! shot away her rudder and all her masts."

Young HARRY and JACK had had some experience as pupils at a boarding school, which was now of the greatest service to them, as they knew how Pirates could be boarded by the weak; so the three lads at once seized the grappling irons, and knocking all who attempted to oppose their attack into the sea, they stood on the deck of the redoubtable *Pitch-Falcon*, having first entrusted CACHUCA and DAISY to the care of Don BOLERO, and the two Ship's Companions fore and aft.

The Pirates drew their swords, the ominous click of their pistols was heard, and they were

about to rush on the three boys, who were prepared to receive them with their revolvers, when a loud authoritative voice cried—

"Hold!"

CHAP. VII.

THE COMBAT—THE REVELATION—FEARFUL END OF HOHETO.

It proceeded from a tall, fierce-looking man, in a Greek dress. In one hand he carried a sword, in the other a pistol, and a couple of the national *stikkars* were in his girdle. His eyes were lit up with Greek fire, as he addressed the crew.

"There shall be no more blood shed than is necessary," he said, sternly. "I love CACHUCA."

"So do I!" retorted HARRY.

"We will fight for her. If you conquer me, this ship, with everything in it, is yours. If I conquer you—"

"I accept the terms," cried HARRY; "but first, who are you?"

"I am HOHETO, the last of the Haz Pirates. My first-lieutenant, TOM DAPPER-MEIMOMOMOS, will swear the men to obey you should I fall. They know the nature of an oath."

They did: the nature of their oath need not here be recorded: enough that they did swear. CACHUCA and DAISY, on the other vessel, heard and shuddered.

Then the struggle for life and mastery commenced.

First they fired their pistols with so excellent an aim that the decks of both vessels were cleared as if by magic.

Then they drew their swords and daggers. One, two, three, four—over!

One, two, three, four—under!

The sparks flew about.

HOHETO drew back, and made one tremendous lunge at HARRY, who at that instant was fortunately carried away by excitement to some distance out of the Pirate's reach.

Immediately returning, HARRY saw the Pirate change colour, but, not to be taken in by a faint, he rolled his shirt-sleeve up to his shoulder, to give himself more ease in striking, and, as he took up his sword-carriage preparatory to driving the weapon home, HOHETO gasped, fell back, shrieking, as he pointed to HARRY's arm—

"Those marks!—an 'H' and a coronet—"

"Yes, yes!" cried HARRY, stooping over him.

"I am—I am your Wicked Uncle. Your father was the Earl of HARB-AND-HARFORD. He married the girl I loved. To be revenged, I stole you out of your little cradle on wheels, —your draught Bassinet—and left you by the roadside. Then, as there were warrants out against me, I joined the Revolutionary Greeks, and pronounced for the Haz Pirates."

"But my father—my mother—"

"Alas! your mother, the Countess of HARB-AND-HARFORD, fell a victim to drains; and your father stood too long at the bar of the house;—when somebody came up to him after some hours he was found there flat, and within a quarter of an hour he was quite dead."

"Then I am—"

"You are the Earl of HARB-AND-HARFORD, Marquis of FROTH, Knight of MALTA, Owner of mines of Quartz, lands from Beeritz to Beersheba, your coronet set in early purls with the ancient motto of the family round it, '*Homo sum, nihil alimimum, me pester*,' . . . the papers are in the locker—bless you!"

"Oh, Uncle, you're not going to leave us," cried HARRY.

"Yes, tell it . . . to my old companions . . . the Marines," gasped his Uncle, faintly. "My

hours are numbered: from one up to twelve. I can't go beyond twelve." Then with a sigh, he added, "I have lived fast: I am dying as I lived—dying very—very—fast."

Once more he turned towards HARRY.

"Farewell!" he gasped, "forgive your Wicked Uncle—and—remember to bury him as becomes one of the HARB-AND-HARFORDS."

"We will get you the best bier that money can procure," sobbed HARRY, "and it shall be carried by four stout porters."

His Uncle pressed his hand.

Suddenly the sky darkened—there was a roar as of a volcano—the sea rose in a huge spiral cone. . . .

When they recovered themselves, HARRY, CACHUCA, and the others, found themselves safe on their own vessel. The *Pitch-Falcon* and her crew had disappeared for ever!

The Wicked Uncle had gone up in the water-spout, and had been dashed down to the depths of the sea.

The crew, unable to swim, sank to rise no more, the last fiercely shouting their well-known motto, "*Sink and die!*"

Such was the end of HOHETO and the Haz Pirates.

CHAP. VIII.

DISPOSING OF ALL HEROES AND HEROINES.

A BITTER tempestuous night: "A sort of night," as Parson BYE, as he sat by his fire-side, said to himself, "when one wouldn't even turn one's toes out." So he kept them in the hot water in which, during the greater part of his life, he had mostly found himself.

A knock at the door! A knock!

"Yes," cried a fresh young voice, which he instantly recognised,—a knock and a ring; and so saying, HARRY, wearing an Earl's coronet, accompanied by his blushing betrothed CACHUCA, knelt before the good old man, holding up the wedding ring.

"Bless you, my children!" exclaimed Parson BYE, quite taken aback. He was taken aback so far as to return to that night when HARRY borrowed the fifty pounds.

"Here is the sum twice told," said HARRY, as Don BOLERO stepped forward and presented a purse to the astonished ecclesiastic.

"Now then! marry us!" cried HARRY and CACHUCA together.

"By all means," replied Parson BYE, joyfully. "No Fees!" Then he paused. "Are you licensed to be married on the premises?"

"I am the Earl of HARB-AND-HARFORD," replied HARRY, proudly. "And am entitled to all the prerogatives of the Licensed Wittlers."

"Then you know the sign?" faltered the Clergyman.

HARRY gave him a peculiar tap.

"That's it!" exclaimed Parson BYE, gleefully. "You are, indeed, the Earl of HARB-AND-HARFORD."

The next week the Earl and Countess of HARB-AND-HARFORD gave a succession of splendid hops to all their tenantry. JACK married DAISY. SAMBO took to novel-writing, under the name of Mr. BLACK, and was very successful. DON BOLERO occupied himself in gardening. One day while instructing a boy how to cut capers, he broke off short, and was never again half the man he had been. Subsequently he took to his asparagus-bed, from which he never rose again.

The Earl and Countess lived happily ever afterwards, and heard no more of the Haz Pirates, except in ordinary conversation.

• • • The next in Our Boys' Novelist's Series will be full of thrilling incidents, but of a rather more domestic and scholastic character.



Country Woman (to *Parson*, who had called to ask why *Johnny*, the eldest, had not been lately to school). "WHY HE WAS THIRTEEN YEAR OLD LAST WEEK, SIR! I'M SURE HE'VE HAD SCHOOL ENOUGH. HE MUST KNOW A'MOST EVERYTHING NOW!"

Parson. "THIRTEEN, MRS. NAPPER. WHY, THAT'S NOTHING. I DIDN'T FINISH MY EDUCATION TILL I WAS THREE-AND-TWENTY!"

Country Woman. "LOR, SIR! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU WERE SUCH A 'THICK-HEAD' AS THAT!"

ENGLISH NIHILISTS.

THE English Nihilist is a much more cautious creature than his Russian prototype. The Russian works with dynamite and other explosive material, and comes out boldly as a self-evident assassin, but the English Nihilist skulks behind a brick wall or underneath a drain-pipe, and uses nothing more criminally destructive than the forces of Nature.

The Russian Nihilist may or may not be a mechanic, but the English Nihilist is always a plumber or a builder. He lays his poison-traps without prejudice or favoritism in the "eligible mansion," or the "bijou residence,"—in the "rustic retreat," or the "rus in urbe dwelling-house." He is not too proud to work destruction in a hovel, but he is seen at his best when he is engaged in constructing a palace. He followed the Prince of WALES to Yorkshire, some ten years ago, and nearly killed him in the hospitable but unhealthy "Lodge" of a popular Peer; and after this he tried all he could to make old Marlborough House a fever-den.

His latest triumph has been at Bagshot Heath, in the mansion lately occupied by the Duke and Duchess of CONNAUGHT. With thirty or forty thousand pounds to spend in porticoes and stucco, he planned and constructed the drainage system with the most perverse ingenuity. Wherever there was a hidden pipe, he nearly always made it communicate with filth; and not content with the ordinary methods in use for poisoning a household, he put on a special pipe to carry sewer-gas into the body of the dwelling. Having nearly killed the Duchess of CONNAUGHT at a time when she innocently thought she was breathing the pure air of the country, and certainly required it, he shields himself in the well-worn armour of brutal trade stupidity. While his Russian brother is hanged or goes to Siberia for his crimes, the English Nihilist would probably seek for damages in a Court of Law for defamation of character!

SLOPS ALL ROUND!

Tennyson Teetotalised.

[The Manchester Good Templars having expostulated with the Poet Laureate for countenancing "in his latest so-called patriotic song, *Hands all Round*," the heathen and intoxicating custom of drinking toasts (in anything stronger than toast and water) it is understood that the conscience-stricken Bard has prepared the following "revised version" for the special use of the I. O. G. T's.]

First pledge the Alliance, friends, and then

A health to WILFRID, champion dear!

He honours best that best of men

Who drinks his health in ginger-beer.

May LAWSON'S jokes for ever live,

With washier shine from day to day,

He's Freedom's true Conservative

Who Zoedone imbibes alway.

Slops all round!

Heaven the Wittler's hopes confound!

To the great cause Teetotal swig, my friends,

And the great name of LAWSON round and round!

To Local Optionists who long

To hold the land in leading-strings,

By boldly banning liquors strong,

For lemonade and such sweet things.

To all who 'neath our watery skies,

Would English wits with water whelm,

To Toastandwaterdom's swift rise,

Till the Good Templar rules the realm.

Slops all round!

Heaven the Wittler's hopes confound!

To the great cause Teetotal swig, my friends,

And the great name of LAWSON round and round!

To all our Statesmen, so they be

Forwarders of our League's desire,

To both our Houses, if with glee

They'll quench, in water, Freedom's fire,

What odds though Freedom's flag should sink,

Whilst high the Temperance banner waves?

Shall Britons bondsmen be to Drink

Through fear of being Slopdom's slaves?

Slops all round!

Heaven the Wittler's hopes confound!

To the great cause Teetotal swig, my friends,

And the great name of LAWSON round and round!

ELEPHANTIASIS.—A disease very prevalent lately in and near the Zoological Gardens.

JUDGES' JUSTICE.

"Law is the perfection of human reasoning."—*Blackstone's Joke.*

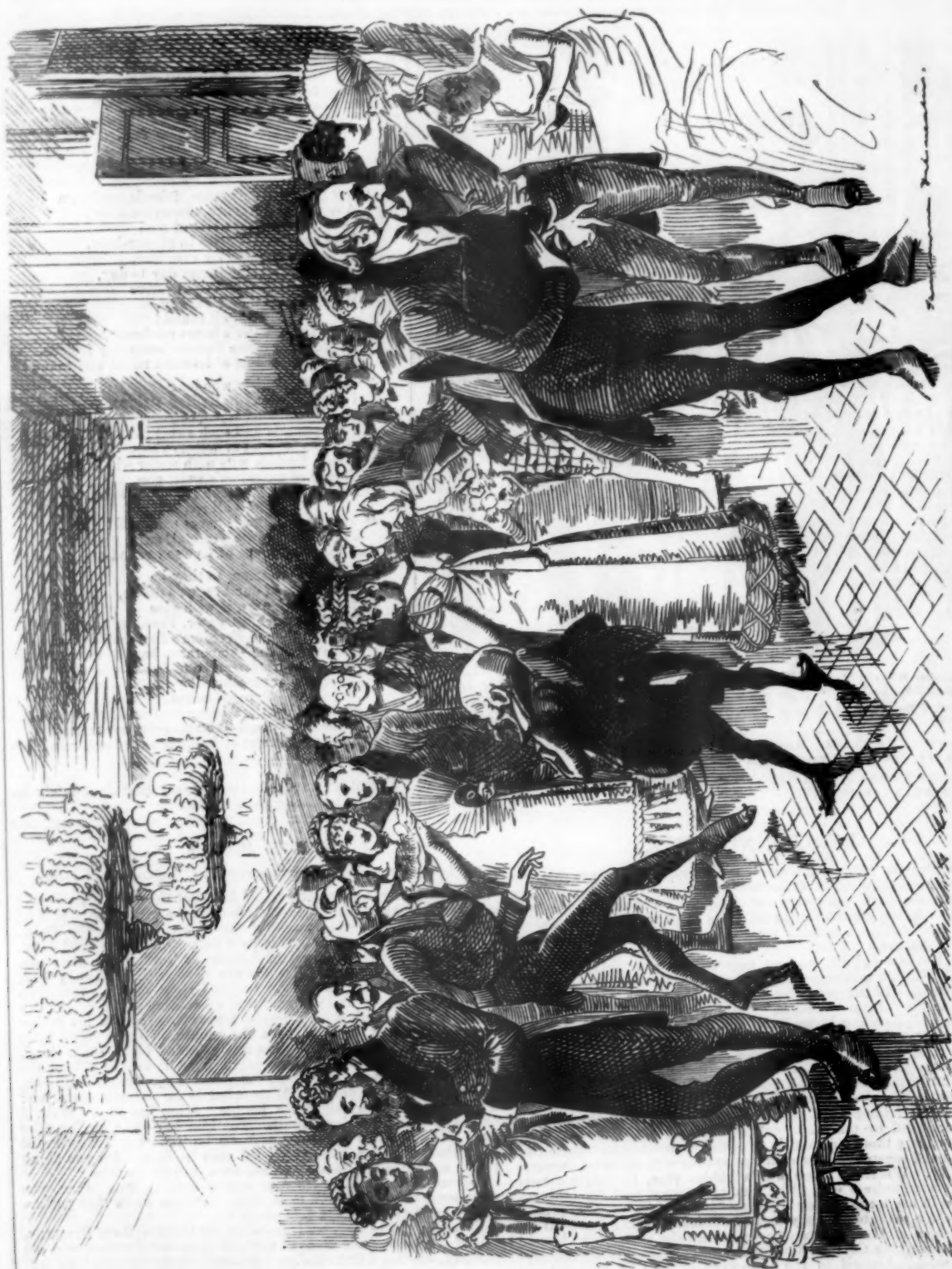
Mob. Oh, here's a lark, BILL! I have got the office. Two coves is a going to fight in that there field behind the plantation. It's all been arranged. 'E got it up for the nob. There's the Dook. Them there two is Earls. And there's JOE. And there's old JACK. Why, all we jolly roughs out of London is 'ere. There they are. I'll back the little 'un. Give me the cove with the sandy 'ead. Shake 'ands, and get to work. Brayvo! right on the conk. His heye is bunged up. Did you hear that a sounding on the ribs? My hoptics, but he won't want a dentist for a bit. There's his hother heye gone! Don't he bleed from the mouth, neither? The little 'un can't see, you Juggins! The sandy-'eaded bloke can't stand, you fool! Down 'e goes. There—ain't 'e got it on the side of the odd? Ooray! more teeth out. Another heye bunged hup—oh, lovely! There's a smash! Why, what is he a-lying down for? What?—says he's sprained his hankle. Stick 'im hup. Well, I can see he's knocked down again. Put him hup—put the boulder hup. Why? Ain't I got arf-a-crown on 'im. Let 'im go on till 'e's killed. Let 'em both go on till they're dead. Do you think we is a come 'ere, at great hincovenience, to play marbles?

Representative of Law (in blue, and a helmet). Now, then, you really must be good 'enough to go away. Do you know that you are assisting and abetting at a prize-fight?

Mob. Oh, you be jiggered! See what old CAVE, and old STEPHEN, and old LOPES, and old NORTH, and old 'Anging 'AWKINS, and old MANISTY, and old DENMAN says. We are 'ere by haccident, we is!

[*Exit Representative of Law.*]

AUTHORITY FOR THE CLÔTURE.—MR. BURE.



ALMACK'S REDIVIVUS; OR, TERPSICHOREAN A-GILLETTY.

A TOM-JERRY-AND-BOB-LOGICAL RESULT OF KATE GREENAWAY COSTUMES AND TOM SMITH'S CRACKERS.

• If the "G" in Gilletty is hard, then we "plead Gilletty" to softening it for the sake of the pun.

LONGEVITY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE *Corset sans Arêtes*. This newly invented article of apparel derives its name from a similitude to the sardines of the same name. It is a boneless corset, newly designed and invented by students of Girton and Newnham; ladies of course whose studies have rendered them duly conversant with anatomy and physiology—sciences applied in its construction.

Whilst affording all requisite support to the frame, the *Corset sans Arêtes* behaves as such in not compressing the ribs and contracting the waist, thus in not arresting the circulation in vital organs which those bones inclose, and into which they ought not to be squeezed, but often are by ordinary corsets. The adoption of the boneless corset will therefore, by preventing the fatal effects which the common corset too commonly produces, tend to preserve the person of the wearer from premature reduction to that mere bony framework of which the form and arrangement constitute the foundation of the Figure. On view at the Hygienic Wearing Apparel Exhibition, Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street; where also may be inspected various other novelties in female costume, calculated to admit of health and comfort, and avert a great and distressing variety of sufferings and ailments.

An elegant costume is, in the language of milliners, sometimes styled a *confection*. In its somewhat different way the Boneless Corset must, as a sweet thing in corsets, be allowed to be a *bon-bon* to Beauty.

Cambridge Nursery Rhyme.

[THOMAS GEORGE TUCKER, Scholar of St. John's, Cambridge, March 23. Though First in the Classical Tripos, he is the Last of the Senior Classics under the old Régime.]

CLEVER TOM TUCKER

Worked, came no mucker.

What did they give him?

Tripos and butter.

Now he can't cut it, Classic for life,

And he may marry, "Fellow" with wife.



TROUBLES OF A DANCING-MAN.

"GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD CHAFFIR! INDIGESTION!"

"INDIGESTION, INDEED. I'VE PROMISED THIS WALTZ TO LADY GORGONZOLA GRIMSHAW. THE MUSIC'S ACTUALLY BEGUN—AND—AND—I'VE LOST THE SOLITAIRE OUT OF MY SHIRT-FRONT!"

THE NEW ALMACK'S.

(A Chapter from "Life in London.")

"So this is the new Almack's!" said Corinthian TOM to his COZ JERRY. "Times have changed indeed since you and I sported a toe among the EXQUISITES, and danced with the MARCHIONESS OF DIAMONDS!" "Yes, indeed," returned JERRY, "it seems to me to be more like 'All-Max' in the East than the place where the PATRONESSES were the arbitresses of Fortune." "Tell it not on the Corinthian Path," said TOM, "that we have been here, though I see some CHARACTERS of the Great World who have come to hum these dames like a quack doctor, and inspect the curiosities gathered here by GILLET." "If this be the Cream of SOCIETY," quoth BOB LOGIC, who joined the pair at that moment, "it is evidently a good deal turned." All laughed at this Sally, and the OXONIAN went off, as the CORINTHIAN remarked, to join his Sally in a corner, for it was evident that here was the *flask* part of mankind.

It was certainly an omnium-gatherum, for one or two *Swell*s had arrived to look at the MENAGERIE. There was an EARL who had seen *Nauteh-girls* in the far East, which, as the OXONIAN remarked, was *nauteh* of him, a piece of *Wit* at which JERRY laughed till reproved by his COZ: there was a SCOTCH DUKE who often makes a *mull* of it, LORD WOODCOCK, and another LORD who, the CORINTHIAN observed, was the *twisp* of the Turf. A politician with a *Pantaloon-like* countenance, was "having his fling," and there was even a ROYAL DUKE come to look on at this RAREE-SHOW. TOM, as we know, was the Go among the "GOES," from *Blue Blazes* to the Royal Institution, and his peep into ALL-MAX was, as he observed to JERRY, only *en passant*, for the *beau monde* was to be found elsewhere. But to amuse his COZ as they walked up the room,

TOM pointed out the starched-up LADY, the consequential FAIR ONE, the upstart MRS., the professional BEAUTY, the turn-up nose DEMURE CREATURE, and other birds enticed by GILLET, and fondly supposed to be SOCIETY. But 'twas all a sham, and no more like the ALMACK'S of other days than the *Slucery* or the *Whistling Shop* of the East-Enders. True, there were one or two great MEN, come there out of Curiosity, the eloquent GLADSTONE, the philosophic PUNCH, and others well-known in LIFE IN LONDON, to stare at the strangely arrayed divinities who had got in, as TOM said, with a GOLDEN KEY.

"It appears, my dear JERRY," said the CORINTHIAN, "that anyone can enter here who chooses to 'sport his blunt'—that is, to pay, and that is a very different thing to passing the SCRUTINY AT ALMACK'S! That was in old days the meridian of fashion, the rallying point of rank, but these worthy people are only playing at being in SOCIETY, are but SMATTERERS and marks for RIDICULE to shoot at." JERRY fully agreed with his brilliant COZ, that this attempt to revive ALMACK'S had nothing to do with the GREAT or little world in the Metropolis, and that the *tout ensemble* was rowdy in the extreme. As the CORINTHIAN said, *knee-breeches*, even when worn by a QUAKER, do not make a man the arbiter of LIFE IN LONDON.

Little Bumbledom and Big Bumbledom.

THE St. Pancras Vestry have refused to give the Metropolitan Board of Works as much money as they have asked for, on the ground that they are opposed to the Income-Tax in Advance Screw invented by ROBERT LOWE, and are not in love with the extravagant system adopted by the London School Board. We quite agree with Little Bumbledom in this instance. For the way they hit all round, they ought to be called St. Spankus.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

MONDAY Night, March 20.—Mr. RAIKES offering a few remarks on the *Clôture* resolution. Not a cheerful man Mr. RAIKES, but I'm told by several Members that at one time he was the gayest of the gay.



"Raikes' Progress with the Nineteenth Century."

Spirits always overflowing; full of zest and humour and cheerful views of the universe.

"And what happened to bring about this remarkable change?" I asked, looking with renewed interest at the Right Hon. Gentleman with his whitening hair, his leaden-hued face, his drooping knees, his lack-lustre eyes, to all of which his melancholy voice is so well attuned.

"Why," says Sir WILFRED, "he was Chairman of Committees for several Sessions with the Major roaring at him every night, Mr. BIGGAR hooting him, and Mr. PARCELL eternally prodding him. Could see him waste away night after night. Blood faded from his cheeks; hair growing grey, and gradually stealing over him the air of depression which he now disseminates through the House. LYON PLAYFAIR will go the same way unless we get these

Rules through. Beginning to show a strange pallor already. RAIKES thinks he ought to have a little longer experience of it in the old style. Not fair to him, he says, that his successor should be relieved, and thrive amid progress and business."

Most interesting man, Sir WILFRED. Hardly anything you can ask him about that he does not know. Often find he knows things that nobody else has heard of. Wish he was a little more sociable. Can't bear to see him drinking his toasts in water.

Later in the evening when Members getting a little sleepy, H. FOWLER fairly waked us up. There's a voice of which a Borough may well be proud! Base notes really charming; used with great effect to increase the natural horror of anything Conservative. H. F. as usual in a state of white-heated indignation. Casting withering glances at the Opposition below the Gangway. A stout fist shaken at the front Opposition Bench at the moment happily empty. Mr. WATSON evidently terrified into silence. Takes pills in rapid succession, and drinks nervously from a tumbler containing Widow



"Drawing Gladstone."

WHELPTON's Hair-Wash for Inward Application. A great loss to the Stage when Mr. FOWLER turned his attention to Politics. In remote country towns wouldn't he have made the rustic's hair curl in *Othello*, *Richard the Third*, or other parts where chest-notes are useful, and opportunities for groans expressive of withering scorn not unfrequent!

Business done.—Got on a bit with debate on *Clôture*.

Tuesday Night.—Down early. Found House in a state of intense excitement. Lobbies crowded. House full. Signs of agitation everywhere. Thought BRADLAUGH had got in, and sworn terribly, like our army in Flanders. Sir CHARLES FORSTER running about in state of excitement.

"What's the matter, Sir CHARLES? Found your hat?"

"No," said the Hon. Baronet, mopping his forehead; "Seaswan, Mumblemouth, and Oysterpattie Railway Bill."

"Ha!" I said, "I'm glad of that." Never wise, especially for a new Member, to look surprised. At the same time determined to get to know about it. Met WHITLEY with a look of stern determination banishing the accustomed smile.

"What's this Oysterswan, Mumsea, and Mouthbles Bill?" I asked.

"Don't know," he replied. "Haven't the slightest idea; but am determined to vote for Second Reading if I lose my seat. You come along with us, TOBY."

Met Sir ROBERT CARDEN on other side of Lobby. Repeated the question.

"Why, it's a Bill, you know—Dyingswan, Scalloped Oyster, and Mumsteward Railway. Most important thing. You really must vote against it." Things getting a little mixed, and not clearer after further investigation. One man tells me it's a Bill to bring Oysters to Mumbles. Another says it's to remove Mumbles from the Oysters. Mr. CAINE says he has heard it's to provide a new set of teeth for Oystermouth; but then, as he says, Oysters don't want teeth, and if they did, the demand should be resisted in the interest of the consumer. Fancy having a set of false teeth rattle



THE CROWN AND THE HAT.

Richard (very) Cross. Off with his hat! . . . So much for—!

inside you after having swallowed an oyster! Confusion and uncertainty everywhere. Only thing clear is, that out of 216 Members 55 made up their minds to vote for the Bill, and 161 against.

More than ever impressed with the wisdom of Parliament. We can't get on with public business, and as for the Indian Budget we shall probably have it brought in in August. But, as Sir CHARLES FORSTER says, "Perish India! only let's look after the Mumbles." We don't know anything about it, and can't very well learn when a thing is sprung on us in this way at private business time. Still, it's our system, and we must stand by it.

Business done.—Swansea, Oystermouth, and Mumbles Bill thrown out. Debate on County Franchise indefinitely adjourned.

Thursday Night.—Everybody, except a few sour Radicals, supposed to be in ecstasies to-night. Two young persons about to marry—Prince LEOPOLD and Princess HELEN. Message from the QUEEN to say, perhaps the Commons would like to make a little extra provision on the occasion. Of course we will. Mr. GLADSTONE not quite as cheerful as might have been expected in the circumstances: Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE even less so. More like a funeral than a wedding. Spirits depressed by long speech from Mr. LABOUCHERE, in which he stumbles about a thicket of figures. Mr. BROADHURST less funeral; but Mr. HEALY superb. Objects, he says, to "giving these people" (meaning the Royal Family) "anything whatever." Perhaps, if they were to join the Land League, and would undertake to make themselves disagreeable on all occasions, might have a weekly allowance and hotel-quarters. Otherwise not a penny. "Never saw a Prince; don't know what a Prince is like," he added reflectively, as if he had some suspicion it was a natural curiosity, and perhaps had three pairs of hands or two heads.

"Fact is, Toby," TIM said to me confidentially afterwards, "we've got so many descendants of kings amongst ourselves that I haven't time to look after your Prince. BIGGAR's the only man amongst us who isn't a more or less direct lineal descendant of BRIAN BORI."

But if Mr. HEALY hasn't seen a Prince, H. R. H. has several times seen him. Often looks down upon them from the Gallery over the Clock. Takes quite a friendly interest in JOSEPH GILLIS.

STORY next, with a tremendous discharge of penny rockets at

Royalty. Everything large about STORY except his stock of modesty. Tall man, large beard, large voice, and large pockets, into which he thrusts large hands. Went on for half-an-hour.

"Wish they'd make a long STORY short!" WILFRED plaintively whispered. GLADSTONE wound up with speech better than the first, and House glad to be done with it.

Business done.—Vote of Royal Dowry carried by 337 votes against 42.

Saturday Morning.—House of Commons pleasantly engaged last night in reading papers on Free Trade. Heard it all before. Read most of it in Cobden Club papers, which the genial President regularly sends me.

Looked in at Lords. Much better debate. For seven weeks Lords have had nothing to do. Met regularly at five, and after saying "How d'ye do?" across the table, went home.

"Happy thought!" says Lord CAMPERDOWN, "Got no work to do. Let's meet an hour earlier, and do it."

Took immensely. "Have a wonderful effect on the country," said Lord SALISBURY; "especially with the Conservative working men." "Couldn't we, a-hem!" said Lord COTTELOE, getting as near the door as possible, in case of things being thrown at him, "Mightn't we—shouldn't we—in fact, wouldn't it do if we met once a week?"

Well for his Lordship he had his famous short jacket (made by Noah's tailor) on, and was ready to run. Table having been cleared of ink-bottles, Blue-Books, rulers, and other missiles (subsequently found heaped together by the doorway by which Lord COTTELOE had disappeared), House passed Resolution.

"Now," said Lord SALISBURY, rubbing his hands, "let them talk of abolishing the Lords as they will. Country will see we are in earnest. If this doesn't do, and tide of revolution still advances, WE'LL MEET AT THREE!"

Business done.—Revolutionary proceedings in the Lords. Commons discussed quite new and fresh subject.

BIG STORIES FOR LITTLE HUMANITARIANS.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"—*Elderly Lady.*

NO. II.—OLIVIA AND THE OYSTER.

OLIVIA had been a very good girl, and her Grandmother had given her a whole silver sixpence to spend entirely on herself. She went



tripping through the village, looking in at the shops and wondering what she should buy. As she passed the shop of BLOPECK, the Barber, she heard fearful screams. She did not run away as some girls would, she was a courageous girl, so she paused and looked inside. There she saw a poor decrepit Oyster securely tied in the Barber's chair. The features of the poor

creature were almost obscured by lather, and the Barber was just approaching his victim with an enormous razor.

"Oh! oh! Mr. BLOPECK," said OLIVIA, "Stop, pray stop! What are you going to do?"

"I'm just going to take off Mr. OYSTER's beard in a twinkling, that's what I'm arter, Miss," answered the Barber.

"Oh pray, pray, Mr. BLOPECK, spare him! He has never wronged you, Mr. BLOPECK, I will give you a whole penny if you will let me take him away." The Barber paused and shook his head, and flourished his razor. "Stay, stay!" shouted OLIVIA, "I will give you my silver sixpence to spare the poor thing!"

The Barber, who was but human after all, and very thirsty, was not proof against the little maid's entreaties, backed with a silver sixpence. The Oyster was released, and OLIVIA took him home, washed the soapuds off, brushed his beard, and anointed it with Macassar Oil. The Oyster long lived as one of the most valued retainers in OLIVIA's family, and his patriarchal grey beard was revered throughout the county. He never forgot OLIVIA, and when the little lady grew up and was married, he prepared a pleasant little surprise for her. He invited a couple of clever lobsters, who danced the Tarantella, and a dozen of his cousins from WILTON's, who snapped their shells gaily as a castanet accompaniment. OLIVIA never regretted her silver sixpence, or her kindness to the poor friendless Oyster.

"SPEAK BY THE CARD."—The Post-Card Reply plan will soon be in working order.



"'TIS AN ILL WIND," &C.

PORTSMOUTH F. BRIGHTON.

Henry Gladsworth Longfellow.

BORN, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1807. DIED, MARCH 24TH, 1882.

A LIFE Psalm, staidly sweet and simply strong
As any the dead Singer gave the throng,
Sinks to its close. But Fame will yet prolong,

In echoes clear, across two worlds wide winging,
And in all English hearts like home bells ringing,
Glad memory of the Singer and his singing.

BOW WOW; OR, SALISBURY AND THE SPECTRES.

THE following letter has been received by the Secretary of the Hole-cum-Corner Constitutional Club, in reply to Resolutions passed at an important and influential meeting (of ten all told) held in the upper room of the "Pig and Palladium," Hole-cum-Corner, to inaugurate the first Session of the Club. [The letter, is being handsomely framed, and will henceforth hang over the chimney-piece, beneath the stuffed dodo and racked blunderbusses, at all Club meetings.]

20, Arlington Street, March 16th, 1882.

SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 10th inst. I am infinitely gratified to receive the enclosed Resolutions, passed by so imposing a meeting of patriots and constitutionalists in the important hamlet of Hole-cum-Corner. At a crisis—a desperate and agonising crisis—when the Majority in the House of Commons are madly and mischievously wrong, it is comfort to know that the majority at the "Pig and Palladium" are sanely and soundly right. The Government has its cloven foot on the neck of our Religion, and its unhallowed hand at the throat of our Liberty! An imperious and dictatorial Minister, having thrown the dust of verbosity in the eyes of the People, is now endeavouring to slap the pitch-plaster of enforced silence upon the lips of Parliament. With a beglamoured country and a gagged House, that evil man hopes to work his wicked will, which plainly is to haul down the British Flag, root up the British Oak, cut the claws of the British Lion, play loggats with the British Crown and nine-pins with the British Constitution; in fact, to rob us at once of our Freedom and all our favourite Figures of Speech. Without the former, Creation would be one huge Radical Caucus; without the latter, the Hole-cum-Corner patriots—and myself—would be deprived of arms and of arguments. It is only in such "Resolutions" as yours—I receive heaps of them every morning—and in such horror-teeming replies as mine—I indite piles of them every evening—that there lies hope of averting the spectral prospect of the rule of Anarchy and Atheism which,—thanks to the great Atheistic Anarch GLADSTONE,—looms in the immediate future.

I am yours faithfully,

SALISBURY.

BURNABY BALLOONING À BOULOGNE.

Oh where and oh where has our Khivan Colonel gone?
In a Cockle-shell Balloon all from Dover to Boulogne.
But I hope in my heart that he now will stay at home!



AN EQUIVOCAL COMPLIMENT.

"I'M SO GLAD TO MEET YOU HERE, CAPTAIN SPINKS—AND SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE ME IN TO DINNER!" (Captain S. is delighted.) "YOU'RE ABOUT THE ONLY MAN IN THE ROOM MY HUSBAND ISN'T LIKELY TO BE JEALOUS OF!"
 [Captain Spinks's delight is no longer unmixed.]

"FISH ALL ALIVE, OH!"

THERE are certain statements on this subject that, in *Mr. Punch's* opinion, have been demonstrated to the meanest capacity as incontrovertible facts.

No. 1.—We all want more fish, and better fish, and cheaper fish, and we don't mean to cease agitating till we get it.

No. 2.—Fish brought to London by water arrives fresher, nicer, and in better condition in every respect, than fish brought by rail.

No. 3.—Billingsgate Market, from its confined space and wretched surroundings, is utterly inadequate for the purposes for which it was intended.

No. 4.—London requires two wholesale fish markets, one for fish brought by water, and one for fish brought by rail.

So far so good.

But now comes the mystery that no fellow can explain.

The Corporation, who boast of being Lords of the Markets, showing they recognise these demonstrable facts by having nearly completed a capital Market at Smithfield for the reception of fish brought by Rail, and by refusing to expend the enormous sum it would require to improve the approaches to Billingsgate, are yet actually opposing in Parliament the erection of a commodious Fish Market at the water-side, at Shadwell, on the ground that it interferes with some imaginary rights granted to them by some musty old Charter of EDWARD THE THIRD!

What do we care about EDWARD THE THIRD's opinion upon London Markets?

Bother EDWARD THE THIRD!

We want more fresh fish, and he, with his dead hand, stands in the way of our getting it.

We might as well be forbidden from eating fish with a fork because EDWARD THE THIRD always ate his with a knife.

Mr. Punch has a sort of sneaking kindness for the old Corporation, especially when he reads about their boundless charity, and their famous School, and their splendid Free Library, and Epping Forest and Burnham Beeches, and—no, not about the Griffin,—but

they must wake up to the necessities of this great Fish question, and, throwing EDWARD THE THIRD to the rightabout, withdraw their opposition to the proposed New Fish Market, and so earn the goodwill of the great masses of the poor of East London, and of all who want more of this delicate food for their overworked brains.

Surely this last thought should have its full weight even with the Members of the Court of Aldermen.

NEW LIGHTS FOR OLD.

Modern Magician sings:—

New Lights for old! 'Tis a taking cry.

Swift to my call will the Public flock?

New Lights for old! Will they haste to buy

At this *Liberal* rate all my glittering stock?

Light! Here's a light that would quite outshine

The magical lamp that amazed *Aladdin*.

And yet, though to push the exchange must be mine,

There is something the bargain exceedingly sad in.

If ancient lamps flickered not dreary and cold,

I never would cry "New Lights for old!"

But darkness has gathered obstructively round,—

How to disperse it? Aye, that is the *crux*.

Must I not, learning of EDISON, sound

'Midst Parliament's chaos a new "*flat lux*"?

Can I, like Ajax, fight on in the dark?

Nay. Our old rules are all sixes and sevens.

This is the day of the carbon and arc;

Science must lend us a hint at St. Stephen's.

Yet, if the old lamps could be trimmed or controlled,

I never would cry "New Lights for old!"

H.R.H.'s MOTTO FOR SANDOWN.—"*Fairplay's a jewel!*"



"NEW LIGHTS FOR OLD ONES!"

(THE MAGICIAN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.)

"A few evenings ago, Mr. GLADSTONE paid a visit to the Crystal Palace, to inspect the Electric Apparatus on exhibition there. —Daily Paper.



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ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1900

THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

From Dumb-Crambo's Point of View.



The Cockswain and his Crew in Excellent Feather.



Got "Off"!



And pulling well together,



Soon drew a-head.



They shot Hammersmith Bridge.



A Spill occurred near the Gas Works.



They Hugged the Shore.



Splendid Finish.

ART FOR ALL.

"Let us have a dramatic school."—Mr. Lewis Carroll in *St. James's Gazette*.

"Let us have a musical school."—The Prince of Wales and the Rest of the Royal Family, in *St. James's Palace*.

MATRICULATION PAPER.

Dramatic School.

1. Which do you consider the most comfortable stage-door to wait outside in London?
2. (a) How many theatres have adopted the no-fee system?
3. Name them.
4. In which theatre and over which play have you been to sleep most often?
5. (a) Whom do you consider the worst Actor on the Stage?
6. State your reasons.
7. In how many burlesques have you heard the word "extraordinary" pronounced "eggstraordinary"? and what was the general context?
8. From what piece are these lines taken?—
"Aren't they the sources of our sweetest joy?
When they get all they want, they are, dear boy!"
9. Write short biographies of Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN, Miss CONNIE GILCHRIST, and Little SANDY.
10. Draw outline maps of the Royal Box at the Court, the Omnibus Box at Drury Lane, and box A 1 at the Gaiety, and indicate which seat in each you would take for choice.
11. Supposing yourself seated in the stalls where, in case of fire, would you make for in Covent Garden, the Haymarket, the Strand, and Sadler's Wells.
12. Who is your favourite Acting-Manager?
13. How would you distinguish between a paper and a paying audience?
14. What is your honest opinion of the dramatic works of SHAKESPEARE, and would you take shares in a National Theatre, started to revive the classical drama?
15. Beyond taking notes behind the scenes, what are the duties of a fireman?
16. Define the following—(a) Flies. (b) Sky-borders. (c) Mash. (d) Refreshments of the purest quality. (e) Fire-proof. (f) Money turned away nightly. (g) *Succès d'estime*.
17. Do you think a dramatic school is needed by playgoers?

Musical School.

1. Would you rather be served with a writ, or receive a card in the lower corner of which is printed "9 o'clock, music"?
2. In the event of capital punishment being abolished, how would you reward—(a) an amateur tenor; (b) a middle-aged baritone, who was once told that his voice resembled that of "CHARLEY BARTLEY"; (c) a commercial gentleman with a taste for the violin; and (d) two sisters whose duets are greatly admired at evening parties in Brixton?
3. What oratorio do you dislike the least?—and why?
4. Suppose HANDEL's father had been successful in quelling his

son's love for music, why do you think it probable that Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN would have composed "*In my first husband's time*"?

5. Hum the tunes of the songs from which the following are excerpts:—

- (a) The dear old Dutch endures too much
You really must reform.
- (b) We are, we are, we are!
- (c) There never was a coward
Where the Shamrock grows.
- (d) Ri-folderiddol,
It's a rum, rum world.
- (e) Isn't it funny what money can do?
Put on your Sunday face.
- (f) Nicier than lamb,
Sweeter than jam.
- (g) We'll all get toory-boozey
Now the good time's come.

6. State approximately the number of glasses of refreshment a Chairman of a Music-hall consumes in an evening.

7. In the event of a musical critic committing murder, would the mention of his profession be in your opinion a sufficient plea of insanity?

8. What crimes will diminish the most thorough universal spreading of musical education?

9. Supposing every child is taught the piano, what effect is this likely to have on infanticide?

10. Do you think we can struggle on without a National School of Music?

TOUCHING!

"DEAR JUMBO,
"ONE who rode on you ten years ago as a girl, sends you her
Picture drawn by herself from a Photo, in loving remembrance."



PHOTO (not sent).



COFT.

THE REFORM CLUB.—A Building celebrated for its Pillars.
"O Reform it altogether!"—SHAKESPEARE.

"SCOTT WHA HA' ;"

Or, Jumbo's Address to his Keeper.

SCOTT wha ha' your Jumbo fed,
SCOTT wham Jumbo aft hath led,
Soonest mended least that's said
Of your shabby victory!

Wha dare ask how I behave?
Here I'm caged up like a slave;—
Guess if I'd got loose, a shave
They'd all had to turn and flee!

What's the good of British law?
CHITTY only finds a flaw!—
Though I bang my head half raw,
Their sole game is "On wi' me!"

There,—I call the whole thing
low!

E'en my trumpet I can't blow;
Off! Here, let me gang below—
Steward! Let me do, or die!

"JORDAN v. The New River Company," in the Court of Appeal last Wednesday. We were curious to learn what cause of complaint such an Old River as Jordan could possibly have against the New River. But as Jordan seemed to be at low-water mark, the case was not heard, but dismissed to "t'other side of Jordan" till further notice.

TRUTH, alluding to the probability of Lord Mayor ELLIS obtaining a Baronetcy on the occasion of the QUEEN's visiting Epping Forest, calls Mr. ELLIS "the last of the Mohicans." It would have been more appropriate to have said, "the last of the Mayoris."

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says "Invitations are the sincerest flattery."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 77.



COLONEL FRED BURNABY.

OUR KNIYAN COLONEL, WITH THE PLUCK OF A CLASSIC HORATIUS COCKLES, OUGHT TO BE MEMBER FOR AIR-SHIRE.

A PHILISTINE TO AN
ÆSTHETE.

(By an Oxford Undergrad who "makes hay" in an Æsthete's room "while the sun shines.")

If I were big NAT LANGHAM,
And you the Suffolk Pet,
I'd strike out from the shoulder,
Between your eyes, you'll bet,
And give you such a drubbing,
As you would not forget;
If I were big NAT LANGHAM,
And you the Suffolk Pet.

If I were Jockey ARCHER,
And you my racing horse,
I'd give you such a breather
Across a stiff race-course,
That you would think your fortunes
Had altered for the worse;
If I were Jockey ARCHER,
And you my racing-horse.

If you were an old dog-fox,
I Master of the Quorn,
I'd hunt you every morning
With hounds, and horse, and horn,
Until you wished, "intensely,"
That you were never born;
If you were an old dog-fox,
I Master of the Quorn.

If I were a wild Indian,
And you were my canoe,
I'd shoot with you the rapids,
Like the wild Indians do,
And care not if by drowning
Myself I could drown you;
If I were a wild Indian,
And you were my canoe.

AN IMPORTANT MEMBER TO
BE AFFECTED BY THE *CLUBS*.
—The Tongue.

BOB'S DIARY; OR, HOW SOME OF 'EM LIVE NOW.

(Being an Extract from the Haphazard Note Book of a Fast Young Man about Town—"all of the Modern Time.")

SICK to death of Aldershot, and sent in for leave at half-past ten this morning. Ought to get it, I am sure, for I haven't been up to town for three days, and anything drearier than this hole I can't imagine. A man must have change in this life, not only of scene but of companions. Here it is the same men day after day, till one is driven wild at the sight of their faces. Didn't feel much inclined for breakfast at eleven, till I remembered that a man had told me at CHARLEY's the other night that you could eat anything however bad you were, if you only poured a sauce composed of equal parts of mustard, Worcester and Harvey (but chiefly mustard), over it. Tried it, and worried down some food.



Forget who the man was, but he had a greater idea of the truth than CHARLEY, who told me he had driven that little girl from the Frivolous Theatre down to Richmond last Sunday, and I don't believe he ever spoke to her in his life. How men do lie about women, even I—but Stables!

Got my leave, and those wretched Stables not being over till one, as near as nothing missed the train, and got no

lunch. Had a brandy-and-soda at Woking, however, which did as well.

Blessing to be in London again, and see a new face. Drove

straight to Club. Met FREDDY, whom I hadn't seen since the last time I was up. Swore that TROLL would win the Two Thousand, but I haven't forgotten him and his confounded *Shinglass* last year. Saw HARRY, who has backed *Iroquois* to win City and Suburban, and wanted me to stand in half his bet. Thought he was off his chump, and told him so. Coolness; but a "split" put it right. Met JACK, who told me he was going to marry one of the Leicestershire girls. Asked how about BABY? Says he has made settlements. What with? His monetary condition strongly resembles that of the historical soldier whose bankruptcy read:—"Liabilities, £16,000; assets, a little fishing-tackle." Saw a lot of other men whose names I have forgotten. What with champagne-cocktails, asked about a dozen of them down to Aldershot for the next meeting. How they are all going to be accommodated in one room, don't know. But it don't much matter; as though everybody always promises to come down, nobody ever does.

At four went for a stroll down Piccadilly, and saw everybody I knew. Met JOHNIE, who had had a good night with the Jews, and paid me the pony he owed me. Good fellow, JOHNIE. Saw BABY in a hansom, and she saw me, worse luck! and stopped. Just off to the Club to wait in the hall for JACK, and then to speak her mind about his marriage before everybody. Evidently JACK's day out. Swore that JACK had left the Club before I got to town, and had gone to the Gun Club. She wouldn't have it, and said that we men always backed each other up in any lies when girls were concerned. Do we? Thought we generally crabbed each other's form.

Discovered that while I was talking to BABY, the carriage pulled up in front of the cab was my eldest sister's, with her husband. They'll tell the old man, and there'll be no money from home for this child. Felt cheap at this, so went up Bond Street and had a B. and S. at TALL's. They give you more brandy there than at any other shop in London—which is good. I suppose this made me order a bangle, rather pretty too, pearls and diamonds, to be sent down to the stage-door of the Joyous. Took a stall there for to-night.



SHE WAS "SORRY SHE SPOKE"!

Young Farmer (surveying the Stock). "A PRETTY TIDY LOT, MARIA."

Wife (considerably the senior). "AYE, BUT THEY WOULD NA BE THERE MAYBE WERN'T NO FOR MY BRASS!"

Husband (nettled). "WHOT, LASS, GIN IT BE COOM TO THAT W' YE, IF IT HAD NO' BEEN FOR YOUR MONEY, MATHAF YE WID NA BEEN HERE YERSEL!"

Ordered some cigars and some new shirts. Felt like ordering the whole street, so drove to Jermyn Street. Found a man in the Turkish Bath I hadn't seen for ten days. He hasn't altered much. Bath full. Nobody seems to have been to bed for three nights. Old POLY won four thousand last night at the Underdise. I know I am in luck, so shall have a go there myself to-night. Send out a man to wire for leave from Adjutant's Drill to-morrow. Found TOM and CORKY being shampooed. Asked me to dinner. TOM had dined with me three days ago, so accepted. Had a cup of tea, and felt very ill afterwards. My constitution is not what it was, and I musn't tamper with it in this manner.

Went back to Club. Read telegrams. *Mal-de-Mer* has won a race at last, and of course I hadn't a "couter" on. Dreamed.

Dined with TOM and CORKY at a new place they had discovered, and raved of. Of course, beastly dinner, but very good Boy. Had two magnums of it. CORKY suggested another, but TOM and I wanted to see the First Act at the Frivolous, so we all went together. Got in in the middle of the Second Act. A lot of people there—CHARLEY, FREDDY, REGIE, HARRY, the Johnnies I have asked to Aldershot, JACK, JOHNNIE, Old POLY, and a lot of others. The Smaasher looked awfully fit. Waited at stage-door for her, and took her to the Orchid to supper. She didn't wear my bangle, and had got on a big emerald necklace. I hate emeralds. Who gave them to her? General row. She cried, as usual. Somehow this made me remember that I had never had an answer to my telegram about leave. Told her so, and said I would send her home. Would I see her home? Did so. Fought the whole way in the cab, and parted for ever on the door-step.

Through this got to Waterloo in time to see the cold-meat train steam out of the Station. Swore like mad at everybody connected with the South-Western.

Back to Club. All sorts of men. Had a lot to drink. Heard some new stories, and put them down on my shirt-cuff, and then some ass spilt a glass of Kummel over it, and I couldn't read them then, and have quite forgotten them now.

Went to Underdise at three. Any amount of good play. Had won a "monkey" by four. Kept steady for an hour and a half, and then lost a "thou." in three coups. This means Cork Street on Monday. Caught six o'clock train to Aldershot, and slept till eight. Extra brandy-and-soda, and tub.

Colonel wants me in the orderly-room. What shall I say? I can't kill another grandmother. Colonel in a very unbecoming state of wrath for a married man and a father of a family. Said I thought as there had been no answer to my wire, that it was all right. Wanted to know if I also thought that he and the Adjutant were going to sit in all day waiting telegrams from me. Leave suspended for a week. Collapse. Leave, Love, and Cash all gone in twenty-four hours!

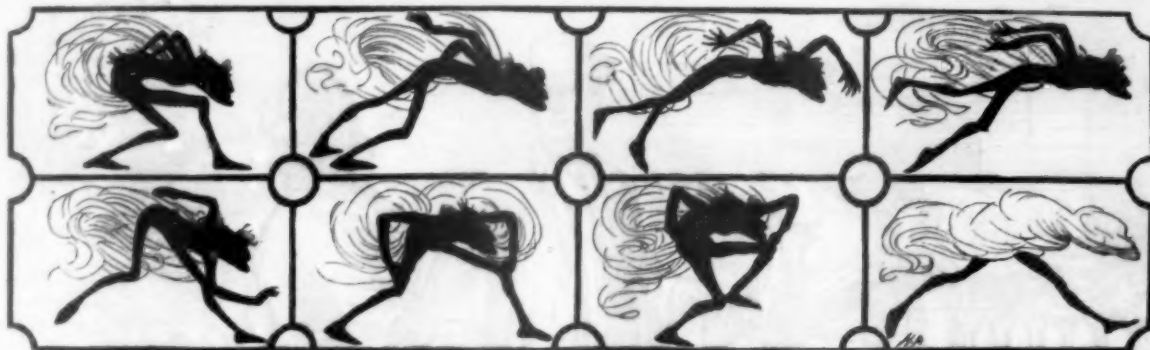
"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE."

MR. PUNCH learns with great satisfaction that the QUEEN, with that kindness and good taste that seem so natural to her, has intimated to the LORD MAYOR, through H.R.H. the Duke of CONNAUGHT, that it is her intention, some time in the merry month of May, to dedicate to the People's use the magnificent recreation-ground in Epping Forest that they owe to the public spirit and munificence of the Corporation.

What a grand thing is true womanly courage! and how readily it shows itself in comparatively small things!

Now mark the difference, one among many, between the good sober sense of our "Tight" little island—(can Sir WILFRED ever sing this song?)—and the want of it under the influence of the Nihilistic terror in Russia. The Queen of ENGLAND is fired at by a wretched lunatic, and on the first opportunity she has of showing herself in public, actually suggests that it should be on a Saturday afternoon, that as many of her People as possible may partake in her joy.

We are a Loyal Family, we are, we are, we are! And a Favoured Nation, too! *Vivat Regina!*



NEW ZOÖPRAXISCOPIC VIEWS OF AN EMINENT ACTOR IN ACTION.

(By Our Own Zoöpraxiscopist.)

NOTES FROM GATCHINA.

(Communicated by the Proprietors of the "Boston Intruder.")

March 1.—There are few places which the *Boston Intruder* does not reach; and fewer still into which their Correspondents do not penetrate. Got in here by pretending to be a Surveyor, commissioned to report on a projected railway, for which an American firm of Contractors would buy up any quantity of land at proprietors' own estimate. Liberal commission all round. Gentlemen in attendance seemed to see it. Arrived quite safely, though in a state of considerable alarm. But no one fires at me; my food is not poisoned, and I have not once been blown up.

March 2.—The Emperor is monarch of all I survey. With the exception of Colonel TCHOKIMOFF, Commander of the Garrison, Count FALUTIN, High Chamberlain, and Dr. NOSOFF, Sworn Analytical Chemist, there is no one at Gatchina his rule to dispute.

March 3.—Colonel TCHOKIMOFF has just come in to say that at about a hundred yards' distance from the Park-gates a suspicious-looking stranger has been observed. Troops called out. Reconnoitering party sent forward.

Afternoon.—The suspicious-looking stranger, Correspondent of the *New York Personal*, anxious to interview His Majesty. Not if I know it. Possibly Nihilist in disguise. *Ex nihilo nihil fit!* Out of a Nihilist nothing can be made. He would say anything. So would the Correspondent of the *New York Personal*.

March 4.—Got up early, went to the top of the palace, and had a good look through the telescope. All serene! Took, in the garden, what, if I were not in an autocratic country, I should call a constitutional. The gardeners were digging. Thought it might be a mine. But Count FALUTIN said it was a trench for celery. One of the under-gardeners had something like gunpowder in his hand, and kept scattering it about the ground just as we were passing. Very unpleasant; though on being analysed by Dr. NOSOFF, it turned out to be only onion-seed. So, at least, NOSOFF says. Gunpowder or not, that so-called onion-seed gave me a shock.

March 4.—*Rognons sautés* to-day at lunch. Hope there will be nothing else *sauté* as long as I stay. Don't like the word, and told FALUTIN so. Wish the Emperor would discharge him. Don't like that word either—it suggests pistols. At dinner saw *Bombes glacées* written at the end of the menu. The very idea of such a thing took my appetite away. Couldn't dine a mite.

March 5.—TCHOKIMOFF explained to me that FALUTIN, if dismissed, would join the Nihilists, and set the place on fire before leaving. I wonder whether, if I stayed here some time, I could learn to look upon Gatchina as my home. Of course there is no place like it. It might get monotonous, though, after a time. My poor friend, CHARLES KENNEY, used to say, that he liked "*Home, Sweet Home*" with variations; and perhaps he was right.

March 6.—Asked FALUTIN whether it was difficult to carry on government of country from place of retreat. Said he should like to know how it could be carried on from anywhere else! At Petersburg lots of people waiting to be presented. This General calling out for the order of St. Anne, that one for the cross of St. George. Emperor would have to sign ukases and rescripts to appoint Commissions, to entertain, and get shot at. Much better here.

March 7.—Colonel TCHOKIMOFF, returning from Petersburg, brings news of Nihilist meeting at which value of lies, spies, and revolvers, as instruments of political progress, discussed. Resolution to abandon assassination of individuals, and try agrarian insurrection, and the corruption of the masses, adopted by large majority. How does TCHOKIMOFF know? Is he one of them?

March 8.—FALUTIN has just made a very interesting discovery. One of the scullery-maids is a Panlave.

March 9.—Why should not His Majesty retire from business? The empire is still a going concern, and he might hand it over to a Company. Call it "The Russian Monarchy (Limited)." The Grand Duke CONSTANTINE could finance it, and GLADSTONE might be asked to join the direction. ROTHSCHILD, unfortunately, would not touch it. That business about the Jews has estranged him.

March 10.—Walked in the park, and met a beggar who had somehow got in. What culpable neglect on TCHOKIMOFF's part! FALUTIN gave signal, and TCHOKIMOFF, hurrying out at the head of his battalion, turned both the enemy's flanks, and hemmed him in. In the course of the interrogatory to which he was subjected, beggar was asked whether he was a Nihilist. Said he thought he must be, for he had nothing in his pocket. The Emperor might be glad to give him a crown!

PANIC-MONGERING.

WHEN the public mind is unduly excited upon the subject of "Fires in Theatres," the excitement is not likely to be allayed by describing a wooden shed in a tea-garden at St. Petersburg, as a "Bouffe Theatre," and a second-class music-hall at Marseilles as a "Theatre" or a "Crystal Palace," because they were destroyed by fire. Nor is it altogether wise or necessary that two fussy but well-meaning provincial Members of Parliament, who represent places, the whole population of which could be put into Covent Garden or Drury Lane Theatres, should career round the town on a fire-engine, on a Saturday night, and visit certain theatres and music-halls in company with half-a-dozen amateur firemen.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

A BOLD peasantry—a country's pride
If now destroyed, need never be supplied.

THE POET WILDE will probably leave America on the arrival of the Proser Jumbo. Two such great personages could not possibly exist in the same Continent at the same time. The Yankees, who have enjoyed the Oscarity of OSCAR, will subsequently revel in the Jumboity of Jumbo.

THE RESULT OF THE GRAND NATIONAL (by desire of Sir Wilfrid Lawson).—Seaman and Zoedons placed together, and Eau de Vie nowhere!

NOT WORTH THE CANDLE.—"Moths!"

"OUR BOYS' NOVELIST."—IMPORTANT NOTICE.—In answer to impatient inquirers, we have great pleasure in announcing that a new Serial, to be completed in three numbers at least, will be commenced next week. The delightful Author informs us that as to his "basis of facts, it is on the strength of his own personal schoolboyish experience that he has on this occasion relied." We confess to mistrusting the use of the word "re-lied," but we do hope that as the Author is the soul of honour and the embodiment of chivalry, he is not deceiving us; yet probably his boyish experience of "re-lying" must have been painful. Still we believe him; as, if his work is both instructive and amusing, he will reap the benefit of a considerable crop of Serials.—ED.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hostess (to middle-aged, but still festive Matron). "A—LET ME INTRODUCE MR. GREEN TO YOU, MRS. BRADBASON!"

Mr. Green. "A—NOT WITH A VIEW TO DANCING, I PRESUME!"

THE NEW CODE.

(On the Thames Embankment.)

At the weekly meeting of the School Board, an animated discussion took place respecting the New Code; and our Reporter states, that he was positively bewildered by the infinite variety of opinions expressed upon the subject. With regard to one of the points of controversy, he has forwarded to us the following note:—

Miss BLUEBODY called attention to what she emphatically described as a fatal defect in the New Code. There was no provision for the compulsory teaching of the higher branches of education. In this age of progress and enlightenment, we ought not to be content to follow in the footsteps of our grandfathers and grandmothers. We ought to lead—and we must lead.

An Hon. Member asked where the Lady wanted to go.

Miss Bluebody. I want to fulfil our duty to the people by teaching them the great scientific truths which have now superseded the old worn-out theories of ignorant and barbarous ages. I would refer the Hon. Member for example, to the great and glorious theory of Evolution which has now been adopted by the entire scientific world of Europe and America, without a dissenting voice.

Mrs. Busybody. Not so, Miss BLUEBODY, there are many dissenting voices.

Miss Bluebody. I spoke of the scientific world, Mrs. BUSYBODY.

Mrs. Busybody. To which you would insinuate I do not belong. Well, Miss BLUEBODY is quite entitled to believe that she is descended from a tadpole. She may be quite right for anything that I know or care.

A Reverend Gentleman here rose to Order. Whether Miss BLUEBODY was or was not descended from a tadpole, was not a question before the Board. If it had been intended to discuss it, due notice

A STORY OF A SEAMSTRESS.

THERE'S nothing in life like an English Spring,
When it colours the joys of our holiday time
With a cowslip crown and a primrose ring,
A tuneful song and a perfect rhyme,
A moment more, and the world's away
To the countless joys that the country yields;
How few will listen, when free to play,
To a cry that's uttered from Coldbath Fields!

A woman just married, at twenty-one,
To a brute who could work but who skulked instead,
Was awakened to starve by the morning sun,
Having slept on a bundle of rags for bed,
There wasn't a stick and there wasn't a chair
To rest her young body when sewing—ah well,
When men are on bicycles, living in air,
Young women are dying in Clerkenwell.

This sewer of seams hadn't tasted a crust
For three days past—but her tears had drunk—
So she cried, in her agony, "Perish I must!"
As down on her tottering knees she sunk.
Then she asked herself, in a helpless way,
Would it be very wrong—well, to loan a relief
By detaining some property, just for a day?
"Detaining!" quoth Justice. "You're simply a thief!"

So the Law took away six long weeks of the life
Of the girl who had starved—but had stolen as well;
And they punished this poor little down-trodden wife
With the comfort of food and the warmth of a cell.
From nine in the morning till eight in the night
She had tried to be honest at home, pretty lass;
But she failed. Oh, Morality, witness the sight
Of this newest recruit to the criminal class!

The carpenter spouse of this felon—his wife—
Will continue to sulk, as such reprobates can.
He will preach of injustice, the bane of his life;
On my honour, I'd sooner be woman than man!
'Tis only a simple romance of despair,
But the men who can fight and the women who feel
Should reflect, as they flourish in holiday air,
'Tis moral to starve, but it's wicked to steal!

"PROPOSED NEW DOCK FOR LONDON."—Probably instead of the Old Bailey. But where?

ought to have been given. These were great questions involving great principles, and ought not to be dealt with in this haphazard kind of way.

Another Hon. Member, whose name our Reporter did not ascertain, said, the Evolution theory was a piece of pure humbug, and he protested against any such rubbish being taught in the Board Schools.

Upon this, there was something very like a general uproar, about a dozen Members shouting at once at the top of their voices, and before order was restored, Miss BLUEBODY rose from her seat, and walked majestically out of the room.

The Chairman then reminded the Board that the discussion respecting Evolution and tadpoles was altogether irregular, and that there was a good day's work before the Board. The Finance Committee then proposed a variety of estimates, and the perfect unanimity with which the money of the Ratepayers was squandered, afforded a striking contrast to the previous discussions of the Board.

There were new Turkey carpets ordered for the Shufflebury Training Ship, and also a library for the use of the Stokers. A box was ordered at the forthcoming WAGNER Operas for the use of the musical Teachers. It was only to cost £20 a night, and was reckoned a great bargain. Then there were a few hundred thousands voted for new schools, birch rods, increased salaries, &c., without a whisper of dissent. The voting of money acted like magic on the perturbed spirits, male and female, who a little before seemed to be drifting into actual collision. The proceedings became so very tame, that our Reporter informs us he actually fell asleep.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT IN A CHAPEL.—Only the eo-irreligionists of Mr. BRADLAUGH or M. PAUL BERT would see the fitness of things in a place of Christian worship falling into the hands of some professors of the philosophy of "Mill."



"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR!"

Dr. Dumbledore (who thought he heard a "False Quantity"). "SCAN IT, SIR!"

Scholar. "TITTYE TU FATULE RECUBANS SUB TEGMINE"—(breaks down)—"JUMBO!"

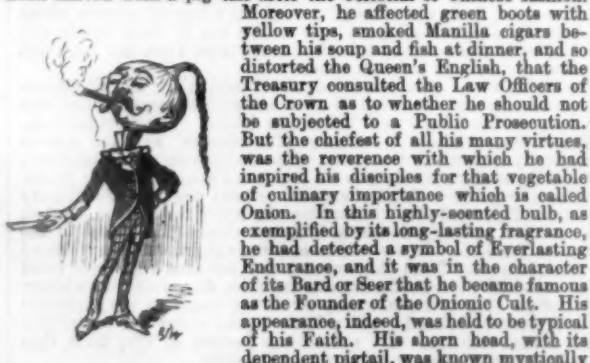
[At this slip of the tongue the Class bursts into tears, followed by the whole School, and the Doctor, uncontrollably affected himself, gives 'em a Half Holiday on the spot, and puts an end to a Scene as painful as it was unexpected.]

REMARKABLE ROMANCES.

(By a Rambler.)

No. II.—THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

THERE was no matter of question but that he was a Genius. His name was RASHELAS RICHELIEU DE RONCESVALLES, and he wore his head shaved with a pig-tail after the Celestial or Chinese fashion.



Moreover, he affected green boots with yellow tips, smoked Manilla cigars between his soup and fish at dinner, and so distorted the Queen's English, that the Treasury consulted the Law Officers of the Crown as to whether he should not be subjected to a Public Prosecution. But the chiefest of all his many virtues, was the reverence with which he had inspired his disciples for that vegetable of culinary importance which is called Onion. In this highly-scented bulb, as exemplified by its long-lasting fragrance, he had detected a symbol of Everlasting Endurance, and it was in the character of its Bard or Seer that he became famous as the Founder of the Onionic Cult. His appearance, indeed, was held to be typical of his Faith. His shorn head, with its dependent pigtail, was known mystically

to represent the *légume* of his choice, while the colour of his boots in no less occult fashion, typified the savoury horticultural product's combined hues, which range from the rich ochre of the Spanish, to the delicate green of the Spring.

The Social progress, or rather ascension, of DE RONCESVALLES was indeed one of which any follower of the Muses might well be proud. Any father would have been proud of such an offspring,

any cousin fifteen times removed would have claimed him as a blood relation. Duchesses sighed for his sonnets (which came not), Marchionesses scented their handkerchiefs with no other perfume than *Triple Extrait de l'Oignon*, and the fruiterers of Covent Garden daily reviled his name as they surveyed the piles of pine-apples and peaches which remained unsold by reason of his influence; though their maledictions were more than counterbalanced by the humble benediction of the green-grocering huckster, and the hearty blessing of the "string"-selling costermonger. When questioned as to the secret of his success, DE RONCESVALLES would invariably reply to the Peer as to the Interviewer of the Press, "I am the Living Lesson of the Infallibility of the Five Mystic Letters." He would say no more and no less. It was in vain for the Good and Great to ask his meaning, the confidential agents of Prince BISMARCK, though specially despatched to this country, returned to Berlin, sadder, but not wiser men; and Mr. GEORGE LEWIS and the Public Prosecutor were reported to have shed tears over their inability to discover the slightest clue to the import of the Bard's speech. Certain there were, of course, who derided him, the Philistines, the Goths, the Iconoclasts, the Huns, and other Outer Barbarians. But at these the Seer and his disciples smole.

It was about the time that men seriously debated whether a statue of the Bard should not be placed upon one of the vacant pedestals in Trafalgar Square, when the price of Collodion rose seventy-five per cent., owing to the demand for his photographs, and when it was rumoured that the Commander-in-Chief and the First Lord of the Admiralty had decided upon the imperative necessity for re-introducing pigtails in the Army and Navy, that the Poet was delivered of his first work, after Messrs CHRISTIE AND MANSON had knocked down the right of publication at a fabulous figure to a specially organised Limited Liability Company. The book was splendidly got up. It was bound in white velvet and vellum, it was lettered in platinum and gold, and it was printed from silver-faced type; while the rough edges of its leaves were taken as an antithesis to the polish of the Author's mind. It contained only a dedication and a poem, but it ran through one hundred and fifty-six editions in four days.

A WORD FOR THE DOCTORS.

It is assuredly high time that research was protected, when medical men engaged in investigating a case of poisoning are obliged to prosecute their inquiries in France, in order to bring a criminal to justice in England. No wonder, then, seeing how foolish and fanatical people are raving about subjects they do not understand, that the medical profession, under the Presidency of Sir WILLIAM JENNER, are taking steps to "bring the legitimate influence of the medical profession more effectively to bear on the promotion of those exact researches in physiology, pathology, and therapeutics which are essential to sound progress in the healing art." Vivisection conducted with anaesthetics has saved thousands of lives, and yet a prominent female opponent of the practice, who goes about denouncing it, ignores that indubitable fact; while, as a *sevent* upon whom she called pointed out to her, she wore ostrich feathers taken from the living bird, and a bird of paradise which must have been skinned alive, and thus while she raved against all experiments to aid Science, she had no objection to the infliction of cruelty for her personal adornment.

Public Opinion.

MORE "public indignation" has been excited in Ludlow and its neighbourhood by the murder, or unsportsmanlike killing, of a fox, than is excited in London by the outrages on the Thames Embankment, or in Ireland by the daily murders in the streets of Dublin. This shows the value of public opinion.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 78.



SIR JOHN WALTER HUDDLESTONE.

ONE OF THE

"LAST OF THE BARONS."

LITERARY IMPUDENCE.

It is high time that someone with a voice of authority should tell Novelists that their claims to all-round copyright are impudent and ridiculous. Their position is strictly defined by the laws of England, and the laws of England are simply perfect. Those who think otherwise are Atheists and Fenians. A Novelist should not only write as many novels as possible, but should write them in a more dramatic form, so as to give adapters far less trouble.

No one but those in the trade can imagine the difficulty an adapter has to encounter in copying the dialogue, incidents, characters, and names of the Novelist's creation. Novels that long ago have been through the fierce fire of critical wrath, are just the books that an adapter is justified in laying his hands upon. He does a public service by dragging them from their obscurity, and subjecting them to the purifying influence of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and the playgoers, and a repetition of adverse criticism. He is fairly entitled to all the praise he gets for attempting a difficult task, and the Novelist ought to be thankful for any publicity obtained for his work, even if it is largely leavened with abuse and misrepresentation.

In return for the privilege of having the refusal of the Laureate's new play, Mr. IRVING will probably give him his acceptance. IRVING and TENNYSON are two good names to a bill when Cup-led together.

MR. GLADSTONE IN *THE CRIVIO* AT HARROW.—"No scandal about Queen ELIZABETH, I hope!"—[See SHERIDAN'S Masterpiece, Act II. Sc. I.]

The dedication was, "To the Beneficent Influence of the Five Mystic Letters;" the poem, which (owing to the magnificent size of the printing) filled ninety-eight pages, was nevertheless in but two couplets, called "The Onion—A Harmony of Scents." The concluding lines of this remarkable poem were:—

"O! Subtle Essence of the field and valley,
Of lonely moorland, and of wind-swept fell,
What can I sing? What can I tell
Save this, For ever I would daily
Mid thy rank rhapsody of Saintly Smell!"

The greatest curse which can afflict the human mind is Envy. The honest appreciation of his fellow-creatures raised up this vice in the mind of BRADDS. BRADDS was passing wealthy. He had started three theatres, and had an omnibus load of securities in Turkish Bonds. But despite these advantages, despite his dinners, despite the fact that he knew the Lord Mayor, and changed the Gardenia in his button-hole three times a day, BRADDS was not a Social Success. Even Baronets (of the United Kingdom) fought shy of his entertainments. He envied DE RONCESVALLES with the bitter envy of a blighted existence. But BRADDS was a practical man of business, a man, who, when he bought an article at two and elevenpence three farthings, always waited till he got his change out of three shillings. Like WALFOLK, he knew that every man has his price, and he resolved to acquire the secret of the Five Mystic Letters. He wrote to DE RONCESVALLES.

On the morning of the first of April, when the sale of human beings, notwithstanding the Anti-Slavery Laws is annually effected,

the Bard had scarcely finished his frugal matutinal meal of yellow chartreuse, green ginger and caviare, when BRADDS was announced and ushered into his presence. BRADDS, who had bought a new white waistcoat (with sixpence discount, cash) for the occasion, was unusually excited. In his right hand he clutched a twelve-to-the-sheet cheque book. "The secret's mine for twenty-five thousand pounds," he said, without more ado, "the secret of the Five Letters for twenty-five thousand pounds." And he sighed deeply.

"Guineas," corrected the Poet. "I am above the aureous influence of Lucre, but I am the Apostle of Accuracy."

"So be it—guineas," muttered BRADDS, tearing a slip from his cheque-book and filling it in, while the Seeker after the Truth simultaneously pencilled something on the unused side of a tradesman's bill. A dead silence occurred, during which an observer, had he been present, would assuredly have heard the muffled thud of a pin upon the Persian carpet. The voice of the Poet broke the monotony of the silence. "Uncrossed!" he ejaculated.

"It is," replied BRADDS, handing him the document to which he had just appended his signature. "And now for the secret of the Five Mystic Letters."

The Seer pressed the paper upon which he had written into the eager fingers of BRADDS. It simply bore the inscription "CHECK," in a quaint scholarly hand.

That same night it was rumoured that the Seer of the Onionic Cult had retired from business in order to espouse the lovely but penniless daughter of a Celtic Nobleman. Concurrently the abrupt departure of BRADDS the Millionaire, for a tour in Central Africa, was announced in the cheaper evening journals. No one has as yet authoritatively contradicted these statements.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



GETTING GLADSTONE'S COLLAR UP.

Monday Night, March 27.—Mr. WALPOLE in his seat at question time. Doesn't often come now. Unlucky he should have been here to-night; his feelings having been sufficiently worked upon during the course of a long and honourable career. If he'd only been ten minutes later all would have been well. Came in just in time to hear Mr. SEXTON put a question. It seems there is a prisoner in Kilkenny Gaol, to whom a blood-thirsty Government have refused the use of a harmonium. ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF IRELAND confronted with the question as to whether the Executive had declined to allow this Gentleman the use of a harmonium, fenced with it in customary Crown-lawyer style. Could not answer without notice. That's all very well, but in the meantime this Nobleman languishes in prison uncomfited by the strains of the harmonium.

"No one can suspect me of associating with the Land-League lot," Mr. WALPOLE said to me, with the tears streaming down his face; "but to think that a Gentleman sent to gaol, having asked for a harmonium, should be refused! It's worse than anything done in Naples during the reign of BOMBÀ."

"Perhaps," I said, wishing to comfort him, "they couldn't get it in at the door, and the windows are, I'm told, always inconveniently narrow in gaols."

"Then," said Mr. WALPOLE, with honest indignation, and a fresh tear, "they should have built another prison, or should have taken care to put a Gentleman of musical tastes in a gaol where the doorway was wide enough to take in an ordinary harmonium."

"Peradventure," I remarked, "the other Gentlemen in prison might not like a harmonium going. I have heard of people who objected to a piano 'strumming,' as they brutally call it, in the next room, and I have seen the harmless organ-grinder driven from the door-step by the hard-hearted householder."

"Oh!" said Mr. WALPOLE, weeping afresh, "that's the difficulty of the Government. I am glad I am out of it. Can't please one party without offending another. What's one man's harmonium is another man's abomination. Full of difficulty, full of difficulty; yet I cannot refuse the natural tear when I hear these cases of Governmental tyranny."

Wish the estimable old Gentleman would look a little nearer home, and waste some of his sympathy on us. Here's the *Clôture* Barrel-Organ been a-grinding all night, and we are promised another night of it on Thursday.

Thursday Night.—House crowded again, and every sign of excitement. Thought at first it was the Scalloped-Oyster, Swan-with-Two-Necks, and Mulligatawny Railway Bill in another stage. Begin to be sorry hadn't looked it up. But shall vote one way or the other this time. Shall follow DILLWYN's lead. He seems to know more about it than any other man, and the other night observed highly judicious course. Moved an Amendment, and then voted against it. More cannot be expected from a Borough Member.

Turns out not to be Stewed-Oyster, Black-Swan, and Mumble-Bee Railway. Our old friend the *Clôture* on again. Going to settle it now, I expect. Been at it long enough. Here's Easter Recess close at hand. Nice thing to get it all over before we start afresh after the holidays. When we come back shall have a chance of getting to real business. LYON PLAYFAIR (who, by the way, does look paler) says we've hardly touched the fringe of the question. Seems there

are fifty Amendments before we get through this first Resolution, and there are eleven more Resolutions. Sir GEORGE ELLIOT, who can do any sum in his head, reckons that at present rate of progress shall have reached the third Rule on 12th of August. Sir GEORGE looking very well, but complains of cramped space.

"Egypt's the place for me, TOBY," he says. "I like a place where you can cock your legs upon the bench, and no questions asked. In Egypt you can take your dinner lying down if you like; but here have to sit bolt upright, as if you were being photographed. The other night got on a back bench, where I thought I could not catch the SPEAKER's eye if I wanted. Spread myself out; just beginning to think Parliamentary life not so bad after all, when up comes Sergeant-at-Arms. Says this isn't manners. 'No, but it's comfort,' says I. But had to sit up."

Nice genial man, Sir GEORGE. JOSEPH GILLIS quite taken to him. Pleasant to see them together. J. G. instructing him in politics, and fancies he'll make something of him.

"Worst of him is," JOEY B. says, "whenever I talk of his noble espousal of our cause at the Election, and his pledge about the prisoners, he changes the subject, or sees someone on other side who he must speak to."

Pretty speech from Mr. BRIGHT, and short too, which is something in these days. Almost gentle with the Conservatives, but came down heavy on the Land-Leaguers, to their pained indignation. Have observed before that your greatest sticklers for Order are to be found amongst the Land-Leaguers. Also, here are the most sensitive minds who shrink from the use of harsh language. Mr. CALLAN positively gets red in the face, and his words tumble over each other in generous haste, when he hears any imputation on the honesty of purpose, purity of motive, or general decorum of Land-League party. Man of exquisitely refined mind is PHILIP. Also of polished manners. Shrinks instinctively not only from anything that is absolutely rude or vulgar, but from speech calculated to hurt the feelings of the least-considered Member. Land-Leaguers shocked at Mr. BRIGHT's language to-night. Mr. SEXTON retires for four hours, to prepare impromptu reply. When he comes back goes hot for BRIGHT. Mr. CALLAN and Mr. HEALY must be absent, else we should hear protests against these insinuations and imputations on the part of their colleague.

Friday Morning.—Division at last. Elderly Members who were here even before Mr. NEWDEGATE, brought gently in by the new Ambulance Corps. Members asleep waked up. Mr. WARTON's snuff-box in great request. Members being half asleep, terribly afraid of going into wrong lobby. Wideawake Members with an eye to the scarcity of cabs, get into the lobbies as soon as the question is put. Mr. BIGGAR bustles out between Colonel STANLEY and Sir WALTER BARTHELOM.

"Landlordism and No-rent," says Sir WILFRID LAWSON, coming in from the Bar, where he has had a "pick-me-up," composed of the refreshing lemon and the invigorating spring water.

Mr. HEALY rubs shoulders with Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE, and Mr. CALLAN leads the way for Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES. A constant stream from either doorway; a rising hubbub of voices; a succession of Members breaking through the throng, bringing in the latest figures polled; search for Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR, who has been

"telling" the Opposition; dreadful whisper that he has been burked, dropped over the Embankment, and will next figure in the Parliamentary Return that is being moved for, showing how many bodies picked up out of the river between Westminster and Blackfriars Bridge; a welcoming shout as he breaks through the crowd by the Speaker's Chair; more delay on account of Mr. COWEN's difficulty with his hat. What shall he do with it? Can he bring it up before the eyes of Mr. SPEAKER and the watchful House? He can not.

After a moment's pause, and a rapid survey of Members below the Gangway, he selects the Lord Mayor of Dublin, walks up to him, publicly deposits the hat in his charge, chivalrously refuses to take a ticket, and rejoins the Tellers. They pause a moment whilst the Liberals make weak imitation of a Tory cheer; then advance, a thin streak of black, up the floor of the House with the excited throng on either side. Lord RICHARD announces that the Opposition Amendment has been negatived by 318 votes against 279.

"MARRY-OTT, come up!" says Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, who sometimes lapses into Ancient Monumental speech, "I hope my Amendment will be as handsomely beaten."

Home at three o'clock in the morning.

Friday Night.—Wish the LORD ADVOCATE had been allowed to finish his speech on herring-brands. Never heard a Lord Advocate's opinion on herring-brands. No one can say when we shall have another opportunity. There is a subtle something about the personal aspect of the LORD ADVOCATE which indicates that he would have been able to add something striking to the stock of human knowledge on the subject. Eager look, as one who sought for knowledge everywhere, and sometimes found it in the writing burned in upon small kegs that smell of fish come from Scotland, and probably contain herrings. Withal a gentle, kindly aspect, as one who, if he caught the fish himself, would follow old ISAAC WALTON's injunction, and handle the worm tenderly, as if he loved it. [Not quite sure as to ISAAC WALTON's age, but people always say Old ISAAC, and generally spell the name wrong. Also, am not quite clear whether they catch herrings with worms. But let it pass.] LORD ADVOCATE just opened his speech—as it were, laid a keg of herrings on the table—and about to call attention to the brand, when the deathless JOSEPH GILLIS appeared on the scene, and the House Counted Out. Mean to ask the LORD ADVOCATE to print his speech: sure to have it in manuscript. Great orators, I'm told, always do.

Business done.—None.

SKETCHES FROM "BOZ."

(Adapted to Well-known Characters.)



"Hare and Kendal" as Codlin and Short.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says her Nephew at Oxford comes home at Easter for a month's Vaccination.



First Critic. "WELL, HAVE YOU SEEN THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN IN ROMEO AND JULIET?"

Second Ditto. "I HAVE; AND I CONFESS HE DIDN'T COME UP TO MY EXPECTATIONS. TO TELL YE THE TRUTH, I NEVER THOUGHT HE WOULD!"

GYE-FUL NEWS.

THE programme of the Opera Season for 1882 promises some good things. We are to have PATTI, ALBANI, and LUCCA, who has been too long absent, VALLERIA and FUSCH-MADIER, with new singers named OLGA BERGHI, and STAHL, and the ever-welcome TREBELL. For tenors we have MINERWINSKY (what a delightful name to have all to yourself), FRAPOLI, VERGNET, and LESTELLIER, while there is a strong list of Baritones and Basses. The repertoire at Covent Garden is to be strengthened by the production of BOITO's *Meistersinger* and BIZET's pretty opera *Carmen*, which is so full of dramatic Bizet-ness. A new opera, *Velleda*, will be given for Madame PATTI's benefit, and *L'Africaine* for Madame LUCCA. MASSENET's *Herodiade* is also promised, and Mr. GYE has had the libretto thoroughly re-written, and the objectionable features expunged,* a process which we imagine must have been by no means an easy one.

Still more news comes to us concerning the Opera. There is to be only one house open. Messrs. GYE and MAPLESON have buried the hatchet,† and formed a Limited Company, with His "All Serene" Highness Count GLEICHEN and the Earl of LATHOM among the Directors. Mr. ERNEST GYE is Managing Director here, and Mr. MAPLESON goes to America, where he has had large experience. The two Operas used to cut each other's throats like Italian bandits. One Italian Opera at Covent Garden ought to be a great—no, more, a Gye-gantic success.

* We are glad to hear this—as we dislike "objectionable features" on the stage—especially in an Opera.—Ed.

† Where? This will be a curiosity for the Antiquarian of the future.—Ed.

"DINNER TO SIR HENRY IRVING"—began Miss LAVINIA, reading the heading of a paragraph in the *Times* of Thursday last. "Good gracious!" exclaimed her excellent Aunt, Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "that's very sudden! Why, he must have been knighted since yesterday evening, or, of course, we should have seen it in the bill.—*Romeo* by Sir HENRY IRVING. Well, I am glad, for really, LAVY dear, I do think he deserves it." "Oh, Aunt, dear!" exclaimed Miss LAVINIA, "this was a dinner to Sir HENRY T. IRVING, K.C.M.G., on the occasion of his departure as Governor of British Guiana." "Ah! Well, it doesn't sound nice, my dear," returned Mrs. RAX, "and I'm glad Mr. IRVING is going to stay at the Lyceum. Now read something else."



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Mrs. Mundy (wife of the Dean of St. Boniface's College, Oxbridge). "AND SO YOU USED TO BE AT ST. BONIFACE'S, DEAR LORD FULLACRES! HOW VERY ODD THAT I DON'T REMEMBER YOU AT ALL!"

Noble Earl (who succeeded his Cousin). "AH, WELL, YOU SEE—I WAS ONLY MR. DOBBS IN THOSE DAYS—NOT EVEN HONOURABLE!"

THE MILLENNIUM IN MONACO.

(From the Tales of a Traveller.)

I FOUND Monte Carlo virtuous. The dreadful Casino had been converted into a Working Man's Literary Institute, and the *croupiers*, once the miserable employés of a degrading establishment, had found new places as Superintendents of Coffee-Palaces. Far from being shunned by the virtuous residents of the Riviera, the little Principality was in their high good favour. As I arrived, the beautiful walks on the terraces were thronged with the pupils of an English Sunday-School, who had come in a pleasure-van from Mentone to enjoy their annual treat on the loveliest shore of the Mediterranean. Bun-shops were seen in all directions, and many of the resident merchants had amassed, so I was told, large fortunes by the sale of muffins, crumpets, and ginger-beer. Altogether, the place was in a most satisfactory condition.

On the second day of my visit I was honoured with an interview by the reigning Prince. The heir of the GRIMALDIS received me most graciously when he discovered that I was a member of the Society for the Perpetual Abolition of Gambling Propensities. He had long white hair, and a most benevolent expression characterised features which were at once handsome and intellectual. He told me that he heartily rejoiced in the suppression of the vice which had once rendered the home of his ancestors a hotbed of misery and dissipation.

"Ah! I shudder at the recollection!" he murmured, with a sigh. *Rouge et noir* and *trente et quarante* were so silly, so wicked."

"Oui," I replied in the purest Parisian, to show his Highness that although he spoke in excellent English, I was a perfect master of the French tongue—"Oui, but *vosse Altesse* seems, in fact, to be very comfortable."

"It is indeed so," observed the Prince, glancing at the signs of wealth that met the eye on every side. "I have discovered that it is within the resources of civilisation to make a good income without descending to gambling-house keeping. The representatives of the

late M. BLANC have disappeared, but I still enjoy my little percentages."

"Yes?" I answered, interrogatively.

"For instance," he continued, "I have my Monte Carlo Stock Exchange. We have the same rules as those used in Capel Court. Nothing can be more respectable. The brokers pay me a slight commission upon their transactions, and at the end of the year I find my account with them has realised a nice little sum to swell my balance at the banker's."

"Commerce is a noble thing, your Highness. England owes her great prestige to her mercantile ramifications."

"Quite so," the Prince acquiesced. "And then we have started a copy of Tattersall's. Really, you might almost fancy yourself in Knightsbridge in the grand *salon*."

"To sport our great country owes its love of pluck and fair play," I cried with enthusiasm.

"You are indeed right," responded his Highness, "and as I am paid a trifling sum upon every entry in the ledgers of the Bookmakers, I do not do so badly. Then we have Clubs, where only Whist is permitted."

"Ah, a splendid game," I observed, "a good whist-player must be a man of wonderful attainments."

"Certainly," smilingly rejoined his Highness. "And to keep down the stakes to a reasonable amount, I charge a small per-centage upon all gains and losses."

"An excellent regulation. And so, Prince, it is really the fact that you do not permit gambling in any form or shape?"

"My dear Sir," replied His Highness, solemnly, "I have taken your great country as my model, and I permit no more gambling in Monte Carlo, than is countenanced in London!" I was satisfied. Later in the day I assisted at a performance of an amateur pantomime in which the Prince himself took a part. True to the instinct of his ancestor, the great GRIMALDI, His Highness appeared as clown.

"I thought you would like it," said the good old man subsequently as he took his leave of me. "The English are never better pleased than when witnessing—a farce!"



COMING DOWN!!!

STATUE (*log.*). "HEY? WHAT? COME DOWN? WHY, CERTNLY! AND—DON'T PUT ME UP AGAIN!"

"The plan will involve the removal of the Wellington Arch from its present position."—*See Mr. Shaw Lefevre's Speech on the Hyde Park Improvements.*

THE GREAT EASTERN HORSE SHOW



THE GREAT EASTERN HORSE SHOW

THE GREAT EASTERN HORSE SHOW, 1883, NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

(Reviewed by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Cavalry Scouring the Plain.



Taking Open Order.



Manual and Play-teen Exercise.



March Past.



Columns of Companies.



General Salute.



Retiring at the Double.



Changing Front.



Forming Fours.



Falling Back on Supports.



Rear Guard.



Taking Advantage of Cover.

DON SHAW-VANNI AND THE STATUE;

OR,

THE VIRTUOUS LOTHARIO AND HIS HAPPY THOUGHT.

CHARACTERS.

DON SHAW-VANNI (*of the Office of Works*).IL COMMENDATORE (*Il Duca di Ferro*).LEPORELLO (*from Fleet Street*).

SCENE—An unsecluded spot in a Green Park. As Curtain rises, DON SHAW-VANNI is discovered listening in some distress to the following invisible Chorus.

CHORUS.

Heaven preserve us and defend us,
Jammed and wedged in hopeless tangle!
Who'll assist us! Who'll befriend us—
End the struggle, strife, and wrangle!
Is no route directer, shorter?
Halkin Street to Piccadilly,—
Though pedestrians we slaughter,—
Takes an hour and a quarter.

Heaven! Such waste of time is silly!

Don Shaw-Vanni. Yes, there's a truth in what they say!

With remorse my soul it fills!

Ah! This is the pace that kills!

Enter LEPORELLO.

Leporello. P'r'aps there's something in their way?

Don Shaw-Vanni. Custom, fashion, vested rights,—

One can't see one's way!

Leporello. Old story!

Why not take to higher flights?

(He casts a glance upwards. The Stage darkens.)

Don Shaw-Vanni. Higher? Il Commendatore!

Il Commendatore (with an approving nod).

I'm bored to death up here!

Leporello. You see!

He's only waiting to get down:

He doesn't want to block the town.

Why don't you ask him home to tea?

Don Shaw-Vanni. Ha! change his site! A brilliant measure!

(Addressing the Statue.) You'll move a step or two.

Il Commendatore. With pleasure!

BARCAROLE.

I won the battle of Waterloo,

And I tried to serve the Nation,

And in my day an honour or two

I had, and a fair ovation.

And when I had finished my long life's march,

I counted on peace and quiet:—

But they stuck me up here on the top of this arch
In the midst of rumpus and riot.

So, if you regard either me or my hack,

You'll oblige us by moving us both further back.

Don Shaw-Vanni. Yes, certainly: Have him let down with his hack.

Leporello. Yes! cart him right off—but—don't put him back!

[Scene closes in upon a moving picture, and—



THE DOCK COMES DOWN HANDSOMELY.

THE CHANNEL OF COMMUNICATIONS.

Is it in the *Fortnightly*, *Contemporary*, or the *Nineteenth Century* that the protest against Sir EDWARD's Tunnel occurs? The subject daily grows more perplexing and mixed. And why are BROWNING and TENNYSON both against it? BROWNING's reasons, like most of his poems, are probably unintelligible to the majority, and the Laureate will find in it a subject for another Jingo Jingle. Then the Bishop of GLOUCESTER and BRISTOL must have his say. Surely his Lordship knows more about the Wells of Bath than the ills of Dover. And lastly, why—oh why?—has CARDINAL MANNING, in "An Englishman's Protest," written against it? The idea of His Eminence figuring as a Protestant! What can HENRICUS EDWARDUS have to do with the tunnel which goes under the Channel? It isn't under the See of Westminster!

CONCERNING A NOVEL ADDRESS.—The last weeks are announced of Prince LEOPOLD as "the Bachelor of the Albany."



A PARLIAMENTARY PUZZLE.

Designed and drawn by "Subtle Sam," our own inimitable Artist, who has gone away for the Recess, without leaving the key to this Enigma behind him. Being loth to compromise ourselves by a decided expression of opinion, we shrewdly guess that some allusion to the result of last Thursday's Debate on the Amendment is intended. —*.* Should this meet the eye of the Wanderer, "S. S." is implored to return to his distracted senses, and all will be forgiven.

A SUPERIOR PERSON WITH THE QUORN.

Says the *Daily Telegraph* :—

"Among the distinguished strangers present was the Rev. GRÉGOIRE SIMIRIOTIS, Superior of the Convent de St. Minas, Island of Chios, who mounted his steed in front of the hall in full ecclesiastical costume. . . . The brush was presented to the Reverend Superior to carry back to Chios."

And this Reverend Sportsman is, according to the *Morning Post* of last Thursday, now raising subscriptions for his Monastery in Chios. What is it for? A Subscription Pack?

"When he next doth ride abroad" (perhaps he doesn't do it at home), "may we be there to see." Imagine an ecclesiastical fox-hunt, with all the Bishops in full canonicals! This would be a real specimen of a "Lawn Meet."

'A Warning.

AN Atheist's "The Fool"—the Psalmist saith.

Will France risk suckling such a brood of Fools?

Irreverent youths, with neither Hope nor Faith,

Will be the product of your Godless Schools.

THE PROOF OF THE BARFF BORO-GLYKERIDIC PUDDING.—For further particulars apply immediately to the *secants* who partook of the Professor's little six-month old dainties at the last week's supper at the Society of Arts!

COMMISSION OF INQUIRY.—In Ireland, the prisoners convicted of Moonlight outrages to be examined by the Commissioners in Lunacy.

A PROTEST AND A SUGGESTION.

(Addressed to the First Commissioner of Works by an Indignant Tory.)

"The removal of the Wellington Arch and Statue is the only difficulty in the improvement of Hyde Park Corner."—*Daily Paper*.

So the Park's to be altered—not Hyde Park, I mean—
But the one, being brown, that we know as the "Green,"
And the place that as "Corner" so long has been known,
Will be buried in wood or be covered with stone;
For as "Corner" no longer 'twill live above ground,
Though a miniature Square, yet its shape will be round,
But the "Corner" shall die without threat or rebuke,
If you only will say what you'll do with the Duke?

Do you think O! Commissioner horrid and coarse,
That a Londoner lives who could part with that horse?
Do you madly conceive that JOHN BULL, aye! or PAT,
Can be callous to all that is dear in that hat?
If in this you are wrong—do you really suppose
We would suffer the loss of that cloak and that nose?
Oh, yes! women may whimper and children may puke,
But all men will demand, "What you'll do with the Duke?"

Come, just look at him now with his *bâton* in hand,
He's more than sublime, he's ineffably grand.
I can fancy he's speaking as once he *did* do,
For though up on that arch he is at Waterloo.
And (perhaps though you nowadays think this is stale)
"Copenhagen" * is telling the fact with his tail;
'Twas a glorious victory, well won—no fluke;
He was iron—is now—here's a plan for the Duke!

My suggestion is this, take the Duke as he's now,
Fix him hat, horse and all on white Dover's cliff-brow.
He'll protect us, for should that new Tunnel be made,
Mark my words, 'twill be giving invaders free trade.
Let him watch o'er the Channel as once he would do;
He has kept the Cinque Ports † as he kept Waterloo;
He'll be better than fortress, or rampart, or trench,
For if WELLINGTON can't—then who can stop the French?

* The Duke of WELLINGTON's favourite charger, ridden by him at Waterloo.

† The Duke of WELLINGTON was Warden of the Cinque Ports.

A Public View.

SCENE—Interior of a Studio in St. Stephen's. Artist and Critic discovered.

Mr. J. B.-ll (going the rounds). I say, WILLIAM, my boy, you haven't got on much with your Great Work.
W. E. Gl-d-d-e, P.R.A. Well—no—I am a little behindhand—been rather interrupted, you see. But after Easter I'll push on like a house-a-fire!



A SPECIALITY.

"HANG IT, YOU'VE GOT AN UMBRELLA OF YOUR OWN. WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU STICK IT UP!"

"NOT IF I KNOW IT, OLD MAN! THIS UMBRELLA WAS DONE UP LAST MAY BY MONTY BRABAZON, AND HAS NEVER BEEN OPENED SINCE!"

"MONTY BRABAZON? WHO'S HE?"

"NOT KNOW LORD MONTAGUE BRABAZON? WHY, HE'S ABOUT THE ONLY MAN IN LONDON WHO REALLY KNOWS HOW TO DO UP AN UMBRELLA!"

A ST-EPPING STONE TO GREATNESS.

THE Committee appointed by the Corporation of London, to consider the ceremonial, &c., to be observed during the forthcoming Royal Visit to Epping Forest, have sat with closed doors. In spite of this, it is an open secret that the following programme will be followed without much modification:—

2 P.M.—Arrival of HER MAJESTY in the City. Cordial reception by the LORD MAYOR and the Sheriffs. Baronetage promised to the former, and Knighthoods to the latter. Great joy. Seventeen addresses presented by various officials. Introduction to HER MAJESTY of the readers. Universal satisfaction.

2.30 P.M.—Inspection of the Temple Bar Memorial. Lecture by the Architect upon the beauties of the Griffin. Presentation to HER MAJESTY of twenty photographic albums and thirty bouquets. Introduction of the presenters.

3 P.M.—Arrival of the Royal Procession at St. Paul's Cathedral. Introduction of the Dean and Chapter. Clerical address from the chief ecclesiastics. Presentation of Preachers. General salute from Canons and other big guns.

3.30 P.M.—The QUEEN reaches the Stock Exchange. Deputation from Bulls and Bears, who have the honour of explaining to HER MAJESTY the meaning of Contangoes and Backwardations. Presentation of the Directors of the Bank of England, the Committee of LLOYD'S, and the Brethren of the Trinity House. The QUEEN graciously replies to twenty-six Addresses.

4 P.M.—Inspection of the famous Aldersgate Pump. Addresses from the Aldermen and the Masters of all the City Companies. Introduction of the speakers to HER MAJESTY. The QUEEN promotes the Common Sergeant at this point of her progress to be a Deputy-Lieutenant.

4.30 P.M.—Arrival in the Forest. Presentation to HER MAJESTY of sample of Epping Butter, with other Addresses of a similar character. Introduction to the QUEEN of the City Liverymen, the Teachers of the Charity School Children, the Recorder, the Constable of the Tower, the Master of the Mint, the Whipper-in of the City Hunt, the City Chamberlain, Major and Adjutant SAVORY of the Royal London Militia, Messrs. THIS, THAT, and T'OTHER, the Board of Conservancy, the Head Master of the Merchant Taylors' School, the Chaplain to the Mercers' Company, the Superintendents of the City Police, the Hon. Secretary to the Saturday Hospital Fund, the Deputy-Governor of Newgate, the Aunt of the Lord Mayor, the Cousins of the Sheriffs, the Janitor of the Blue-Coat School, several BROWNS, many JONESSES, numerous ROBINSONS, the City Marshal, the Common Crier, and "MONCKTON, TOWN-CLERK."

4.55 P.M.—FIVE MINUTES ALLOWED FOR THE ROYAL INSPECTION OF THE FOREST. And—

5 P.M.—Weary and rapid return home!

"HANDS All Round!"—a song for the Photographers and arrangers of "hand albums." The Laureate is quite up to the latest drawing-room fashion.

DISCUSSIONS WITHOUT "WORDS."

(To the Editor of Punch.)

SIR.—The frequenter of the Monday Pope, who pays for his ticket, is frequently repaid with the performance of a piece, say a septet by BEETHOVEN, in which he seems to listen to a musical conversation. Each instrument speaks in turn, each taking a view, discussion follows, doubts are courteously mooted, admissions and explanations are made and given, lines of reasoning are wrought out uninterrupted except by approval, and every interlocutor is heard attentively on to the conclusion of his discourse. The end of all, or *finale*, is a general concert consensus, or agreement of opinion, at which the harmonious party has arrived. Surely, a conversation capable of being musically illustrated as above, should, however imaginary, be quite possible amongst gentlemen.

Or, here's another idea. Just imagine a quintet corresponding to a conversation between Sir JOSEPH RETFOLDS, Mr. BURKE, Dr. GOLDSMITH, Mr. BOSWELL, and Dr. JOHNSON! I presume the utterances of Dr. JOHNSON would be assigned to the double bass, because in chamber-music there is usually no big drum, and it was only metaphorically that he liked playing first fiddle.

Might not the idea of a musical conversation, the parts therein distributed as above, Dr. JOHNSON especially and expressly impersonated in the Double Bass, be really well worth trying? Call the Op. quintet or other, indeed, Dr. JOHNSON. Let the Double Bass preponderate ever so much over the combined power of the other instruments—all the better. The dogmatic oracular declarations of the Double Bass would be irresistible. They would even sometimes, if not often, snatch a grace beyond the reach of BEETHOVEN, who never makes you laugh—unless he means to. But HANDEL is perhaps rather the master that a musician would now study as a model for a composition, with Dr. JOHNSON for hero, impersonated in the Double Bass. Sir! Thus feebly attempting to utter a Double Bass note—I remain only

Yours truly,
TWEEDLE DEE.

P.S. Of course musical conversations analogous to the talk of modern society would take the larger form of the symphony, with due prominence given to the ophicleides, cornet-à-pistons, and other brass instruments breaking duly in upon all manner of slow airs and melodies. We shouldn't "have words," but come at once to blows.

ŒUFS DE PÂQUES.

SCENE—Shop on the Boulevards, transformed for the moment into a fairy hen-roost. A Panorama of Purchasers.

A Modern Poet (who looks for all the world like You and Me). No, décidément, it would look too—what shall I say, suggestive? to present one to the Great Man, particularly as I am going to extort a Preface next week to my new volume, of verse, *Les Incompréhensibilités*. One to GEORGE and one to JEANNE will be the thing. And, ah! I'll have a song-bird in each—touching poetic allusion. Or, better—(to Shopwoman)—"Mademoiselle, you will put an eagle in one and a linnet in the other." *Eh, mais*, I'll have it in the papers, and the *Incompréhensibilités* will sell twenty copies, at least, this time.

Arry. *Je n'ay pas de—* whatdoyecallit—*de préférence*, *Maddy-moyssé*! *quelquerchose de—d'expensive*. The Missis can't cut up rough if I do stop over Monday, when she gets this—but must go to the Folly Royle for the jewellery.

Prudhomme. I want five, and solid, and ranging from thirteen to four. Capital invention, the *Œufs de Pâques utilitaires*. Stockings in the eldest, shoes for the boys, and a pinafore for the youngest.

Mdlle. Nastasie des Déclassements Cyniques. Something literary, Monsieur l'Employé, if you please. It's for an author, a Dramatic Author. And something inside that will hint to him delicately that a part of four lines and a *pirouette* is not enough for the most modest ambition. How can you express that? Oh, put an inkstand in, with my card: "Mdlle. Nastasie, Premier Grand Rôle—Maet." They like *esprit*, those writers.

Mdlle. La Jeunesse. What meanness! *bon-bons* in an ivory case! And there isn't a girl at the Convent who won't have pearl earrings at least! What are Papas coming to?

M. La Jeunesse. It's a stupid old-fashioned custom altogether, and when one's uncle gives one an egg with a microscope in it instead of the cigar-holder, one had a right to expect—*malheur j'en suis plus*. A Deputy. Have you got such a thing as an Easter egg—addled? It's for—

Shopman. M. GAMBETTA, I know; but they're all sold out. Gambetta. A Phoenix's egg is what I want. With a *Scrutin-de-Liste* inside.

IMPRESSION DE GAÏETY THÉÂTRE.

(By Ossian Wilderness.)

Not thine the common Continental art,
That stands on tip-toe like a marionette,
Or bounds in air, half clad in white, or jet,
With ghostly smile that knows not Cupid's dart.
More wisely didst thou choose the better part
Of neatly-fitting skirts of satinette,
All garnished with white foaming frills, that set
Fancy dictating to my wandering heart.

Sweet new Salome of our English land,
I fain would offer thee a BRADLAUGH's head,
If I could keep my word—take this, thy right,
JOHN-KRATS-like poet of sweet motion, tread
One other poem, and I'll clap my hand,
And take another stall to-morrow night.

BIG STORIES FOR LITTLE HUMANITARIANS.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"—Elderly Lady.

No. III.—WINIFRID AND THE WORM.

WINIFRID saw a long red Worm crawling along the garden-path, and she straightway took her little spade and cut him into three pieces, and gleefully watched the three pieces wriggling in various directions. WINIFRID's Mamma coming up at this moment with the other children, was very angry at this wanton cruelty, and declared WINIFRID should be soundly whipped. But being a kind and just Mamma, before executing her threat she asked her little girl what she had to say for herself.

"I thought," said WINIFRID, whose father was a Railway Director, "that he had such a long train to drag, that he would get on so much faster and easier if it was divided into three. I'll try and couple them together again." And then she sobbed as if her little heart would break. Her Mamma took her on her lap and gathered her brothers and sisters round, and in her clearest manner explained the difference of organisation in railway-trains and worms; she said she should not punish WINIFRID, as she had erred from ignorance. "But," said she, in conclusion, "beware, above all things, my children, of mistaken kindness."

SPORT ON THE FIRST!

LAST SATURDAY, "All Fools' Day," was everywhere celebrated with extraordinary festivities. Prince BISMARCK kept his birthday; though, whatever he may have made himself occasionally, when causing Mr. Punch to be arrested in Germany, everyone knows that he is not a born fool.

The French Atheists of course held high festival, and arranged that, "to spite the Clericals," "nothing but beef and pork should be allowed" at their special Good Friday's banquet. But why "pork"?

Is "pork" peculiarly "clerical" except in England, where, years ago, it might have represented "the tithe pig." However, may good digestion wait on appetite. At the War Office, Sir CHARLES ELLICE, sentry on duty, was relieved by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, who, as our "Only Organiser," played a lively Military Measure, to which both the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and Mr. CHILDREN danced with every outward sign of gratification and enjoyment.

There were the usual number of Fools in Town, but nothing particular happened to call for any remark, except "Oh, you April Fool!"

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—We are deeply sorry to disappoint our readers, but we are compelled to defer the first number of the next "Our Boys' Novelist" serial, for at least another week. It will be entitled "*Wet Bob*;" or, *The Adventures of a very little Elton Boy among the Hotchata Cannibals*. It is the most exciting thing we've read for some time, and once put down, it is impossible to take it up again—as some one will be sure to have walked off with it. Come in your Thousands and order "*Wet Bob*!" No extra charge. The new story may be considered as really given away!

MODERN LIFE IN LONDON; OR, "TOM AND JERRY" BACK AGAIN.



CHAPTER I.

It was becoming *slow* in THE SHADES, as CORINTHIAN TOM observed to his COZ JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., and he proposed a visit to the UPPER WORLD, a lounge through the town, a saunter through the scenes of their old *spres*, and, in fact, a visit once more to the *ne plus ultra* of "LIFE IN LONDON." JERRY eagerly assented, for the Conversation of the IMMORTALS was not equal to that of the Metropolitan Heroes of Literary Renown, and the SWAN of AVON's habit of reciting his own plays at all times and seasons, made JERRY long for the Peep o' day boys, while the OXONIAN had suffered so from Hamlet, declaimed after the un-swinging manner of a famous actor, that he did not scruple to declare that the BARD was a LITERARY CRIPPLE. Tom's meridian, as we know, was the BEAU MONDE, and he longed to be "at it again," while his airy manner had made him a great favourite with KING PLUTO. Indeed, his *sable Majesty* had been heard to declare, "pon honour," that were he not Monarch of the Shades, he would be CORINTHIAN TOM. Thus it was that the CORINTHIAN had no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence for himself and JERRY from the Tartarean Tyrant, and the OXONIAN could have accompanied them too, but he shook his specs and laughingly declined. "No, my dear Tom," said LOGIC, "I have been in the Fields of Temptation before, and prefer the Elysian fields, so I will remain here: but I have a son, a gay spark, now "on the tour," who, they say, is very like his father, a real "BIT OF BLOOD." Seek him out, for you will find the truth of *Tempora Mutantur*, and he will prevent you being blown up at "Point Nonplus." "We shall indeed be glad to meet young BOB," said the CORINTHIAN, "and if, as I suspect, he belongs to the Tribe of FORT, he will be very useful to us in our *en passant* view of the new LIFE IN LONDON. So accompany me, JERRY, or we shall be too late for the Stygian Coach, which is to start immediately from "THE SHADES."

Old BOB LOGIC saw our heroes off, and they promised to "tip him the wink" as to what went on in the upper world. As the coach whirled them along, the CORINTHIAN called JERRY's attention to *Charon the Coachman*, who appeared to be a queer card. "He was," said TOM, however, "a first-rate whip;" and as he *tooled* along he laughed at LUCY, sighed at SARAH, ogled OLIVIA, and captivated CHARLOTTE like one of the "Good Old School." They changed horses and coaches on the borders of the Elysian Fields, and having

tipped Old Coachman, went away at a spanking pace in the direction of the Metropolis. TOM and JERRY enjoyed their ride, though, as TOM remarked, he would not give much for the "prads" at TARTERHALL'S, while the freedom of some of their companions made the CORINTHIAN state his opinion that the coxes were evidently on the "look-out," and they had better beware of *flus-fakers*. When a modest tavern, which was now called an HOTEL, invited them to alight, Old Boniface came out, and the CORINTHIAN immediately ordered dinner and the fine old wines of the House. Mine Host replied, that he had orders from Mr. ROBERT LOGIC of the Albany to have "lunch ready," and he offered anchovy sandwiches and a magnum of MUMM'S Champagne. "How is this, Old Boniface?" cried the CORINTHIAN. But the Tavern-keeper said that was the wine His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES drank, and the TIP-TOF fashionables would have no other; so TOM and JERRY partook of it, the CORINTHIAN saying to his COZ that Boniface knew his business, and that if MASTER BOB'S manners were as good as his wine, it was evident he was a "gay party," and a worthy son of his comical SIRE.

Thus the CORINTHIAN and his COZ JERRY HAWTHORN journeyed to town, and at certain stages TOM prevailed upon JERRY to "handle the ribbons," which the Young Squire did with great dexterity, not forgetting, in true Coachman fashion, to bestow a wink on the fascinating fair ones on the road. The CORINTHIAN too had some conversation with one of the "Knowing Ones" near him, as to what LONDON was now like, what was to be "seen there" to get rid of ennui, for, as he said, "a little MIRTH in this MELANCHOLY LIFE is a good thing." "Well," said the stranger, who was rather a *flusky* COVE, "we have had a little fighting lately, though the BOBBIES are down on us precious hard, still we manage to get up a MILL now and then." "Do you hear that, JERRY?" said TOM, "it is evident we have returned to the Metropolis at an opportune time; you remember our visit to CRIBB THE CHAMPION, and the set-to at Mr. JACKSON'S rooms, I shall be curious to see who now patronises the Noble Art of Self-Defence! "It is evident," said the CORINTHIAN, "that rich scenes are awaiting us, though the *primest touches* of LIFE IN LONDON may not be here. But times have changed, as the OXONIAN would remark, and we must be on the *qui vive*. At all events, my dear JERRY, we shall observe character and nature, and, as Boniface remarked, MUMM'S the word."

Barren Honour.

THE following is from the Times:—

NORTH ITALY.—To be Sold, an ancient CASTLE, charmingly situate, with or without Farm and Vineyards of 40 acres. Purchaser can have the title of Baron. For full particulars, apply, &c.

This is better than dancing attendance on an ungrateful Minister.

ST. ANDREW'S Hall, Tavistock Place, late Archdeacon DUNBAR'S "Chapel," which is let for prize-fights, balls, comic-singing, &c., might, with more propriety, be called St. Merry-Andrew's Hall.

Spain v. Ireland.

THERE has been a collision between the people and the military in Barcelona, but the "authorities" have triumphed very rapidly. A few nuts cracked, more or less, in that neighbourhood, have no disturbing influence.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICES ON THE CLÔTURE.

MR. PARCHED PEA to move a resolution applying the *Clôture* to Theatres, so that two-thirds of an audience, dissatisfied with a play or a performance, can ring down the curtain.



AFTER ALL—IS THE TUNNEL WANTED ?

Young Bride (to Visitor). "OH! ON OUR WAY TO PARIS I SUFFERED SO DREADFULLY ON THE STEAMER THAT DEAR GEORGE PROMISED ME, THE NEXT TIME WE WENT, HE'D TAKE ME ROUND THE OTHER WAY!"

CHANGE AND BARTER.

TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—A Gentleman of literary tastes having been presented some time since, by a sporting friend, with a promising Cub from North Africa, and having, with a view to its utilisation for dramatic purposes, conceived and carried out the idea of writing a Five-Act Tragedy in blank verse on the subject of "Una and the Lion," would be willing, now that the creature has arrived at maturity, to part with it, together with the MS., on very liberal terms. The play has been neatly and thoughtfully constructed, so as to give the appearance of this really magnificent beast upon the stage its fullest effect, and at a private rehearsal with a coal sack over its head, held only last week at the Advertiser's residence, its earnest and intelligent rendering of the business assigned to it, afforded ample promise of the sensation it could not fail to create in a well-filled Metropolitan theatre, from which, in conformity with the prevailing modern taste, the intervening orchestra had been removed. Any leading West End house, of which the

business has been a little slack, should communicate at once. Managers in any financial embarrassment would also do well to negotiate, as, when in the Provinces, a judicious display of this noble creature in the Treasury on Saturday has been known, on more than one occasion, to reduce the personal attendance for salary to that of the Call Boy. As the purchase will involve a first charge on the profits of any performance of life annuities for the widows and representatives of five Lion Kings, no reasonable offer will be refused. Travels easily in a double bathing-machine under influence of Bromide of Potassium. Would change for Imitation Jewellery.—Apply by letter to — TYNO, Esq., The Dens, Great Roring.

RARE PROFESSIONAL CHANCE.—

A Dentist, who has been hitherto enjoying a large Practice, but who, owing to an unfortunate dispute with his landlord, has suddenly been deprived of most of his furniture and the whole of his instruments, wishes to Dispose of his Connection as speedily as possible to an enterprising successor. Nothing need be required but energy and a pair of ordinary carpenter's pincers, and, as the business has long been conducted on sharing terms with a local "Toothache Tincture," which infallibly increases the malady, the takings are considerable. Purchase-money would include services of a Page, who is accustomed to open door to patients and administer chloroform. *N.B.*—When dose has been tolerably stiff, can be relied on also to manage extraction.—T. RENCH, Gumley Road, S.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

Unusual Bargain.—A splendid, nobly-sized, Hungarian ORCHESTRIPHONIKON to be disposed of. This really fine Instrument, possessing all the power and producing more than the effect of a full wind and string band of ninety performers, having been originally constructed, regardless of expense, at the direction of a refined and luxurious Nobleman, who had the misfortune to become totally deaf soon after the realisation of his elegant hobby, and having subsequently supplied the incidental music, with surprising success, to a moving Panorama of the "Siege of Seringapatam," may be safely entertained by any purchaser wishing to provide himself and his immediate neighbours with the complete effect of a permanent Promenade Concert on the premises. As it was once a little damaged in a "money-retained" riot, and has since played the Overture to *William Tell*, the "Blue Bells of Scotland," and a Selection from *Norma*, on the bass alone, omitting one note in three, while the treble portion proceeds, in another key, with a set of Variations on the beautiful air of "Tom Bowling," any ardent admirer of WAGNER would find in the performance of this unique instrument an unfailing source of satisfaction. Would make an appropriate and handsome present to a Musical Orphan Asylum in want of a serviceable Washing-Machine. Has a spare barrel set with the Overture to *Zampa*, that has been used for years as a garden-roller. Would be changed for a Bushel of Potatoes, or any suitable equivalent.—Apply, MOZART, Blowers' Buildings, E.C.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—This used to be considered the best Club in London. It is fast degenerating into a second-rate Music-hall,—only without the harmony.



LA-DI-DA!

"WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR HATS, OLD MAN?"
 "AT SCOTT'S. IS THERE ANOTHER FELLAH!"

"JO" ON THE THREE R'S.

EDDICASHUN! Wot's that? Anythink good to 'eat? 'Cos if it is, I'm on, anyways. Food for the mind, eh? That ain't where I'm 'ungry; quite t'other. Wot's it like, this 'ere food? Does it make a cove feel more cumfable, like wittles, keep the wet and cold out, like drink, or 'elp 'im to forget the lot, like a good doss on a snug doorstep when there ain't no Copper 'andy? Didn't I never get none? Not as I knows on. Oh, yus, I'm aweer them Board Blokes is arter a lot on 'em,—sharp as Peelers a'most, they is,—but they never take no 'count o' me. Not likely! Look at me! Nice kind of ornymink I am, neat little lot to mix among the reg'lar 'spectables as wears boots, and don't tie their bags together with bits o' string. Walker!

Where do I live? Lor', where don't I?—'cept in 'ouses. That is, if yer call it livin'. Knowed a dog once, knowed 'im fermiliar like, 'cos we chummed in and alep' together now and agen. 'Spectable dog wouldn't know me, in course, but this'n was a waggerbone, like me. Offle thin he were, one eye and a limp, and not enuf tail for a rat to 'ang on to. Not arf a bad sort though, only no one wouldn't never take up with 'im, 'cos he was ugly. Wonder why some on us is made so. Praps them Board Blokes could tell, but it licks me. Knocked about a good while, this dog did, but allus on the shiver, with his stump atween his legs, as if someone was goin' to 'it 'im, or 'eave a stone at 'im. That's 'ow you get when yer chevried. Found 'im dead one day, with quite a meaty bone in front on 'im, as he'd bin too weak to gnaw. He looked so easy and independent like, that I begun to think that arter all death wasn't a bad lay, and wished, amost, I could chuck myself into the river along of him. Only I wasn't dead,—no such luck.

But eddicashun. Wot's it do for a Cove? Give 'im good togs and 'ot tripe when he likes? If so, I wish them Board Blokes 'ud put a little on it inter me. But I knowed a chap as earned 'is two bob a week—fancy!—at labelling, and he got so bloomin' tidy the Board Blokes copped him, and sent him to larn things out of a book, and his mother, a widder, with no 'usband, and a consump-

"MOUNT ROYAL."

MISS BRADDON'S new "Mount" is one of her old hobbies re-painted and the spots changed. It is another variation on the original theme which suggested *Joshua Haggard's Daughter*, *Just as I Am*, and *Barbara*.

The ascent of Mount Royal is not in the least fatiguing; once commenced, you are bound to go on. Old landmarks may be recognised from new points of view, and the interest carries you to the end, which in this case is a somewhat disappointing finish. By the way, *a propos* of *Barbara*, in the memorable controversy about *The Squire*, the Dramatist, while admitting having read *Far from the Madding Crowd* between his note-making and his play-writing, denied *in toto* his obligation to the Novelist. Now, it is seldom that a novelist is accused of borrowing from a dramatist, but every playgoer old enough to remember *La Dame de St. Tropes*—of which an English version was played at the St. James's, with Miss HERBERT and Mr. ALFRED WIGAN in the chief parts—must, on reading *Barbara*, have been struck by the striking resemblance between the two most important situations in the novel and the above-mentioned play.

In both, the old lover with a knowledge of medicine turns up, and discovers that the illness of the husband is due to poison; in both, the innocent wife is supposed to be the poisoner; and in both, the real poisoner is discovered by a mirrored reflection. The two first of these situations also occur in a five-volume novel by M. XAVIER DE MONTÉPIN, written long after *La Dame de St. Tropes*, but whether before or after *Barbara*, is not here to the point. No one, as far as we know, has ever charged Miss BRADDON or M. DE MONTÉPIN with plagiarism, and yet the coincidences are, with one strong exception in the Hardy-Finero case, as remarkable as those in *The Squire* and *The Madding Crowd*.

Whatever argument would acquit the French and English novelist, would, so far, acquit the dramatist. That's all: but to return for a last word to *Mount Royal*; the more we have of Miss BRADDON, and the less of Miss RHODA DENDRON and WEEDER the better, in our opinion—which is not a Podsnappish one—for all novel-readers, old and young.

SIR WATKIN'S CHANNEL TUNNEL DOMAIN.—Boredom.

ashun, 'ad to work that extry, 'ard to keep 'im, that it killed her. Is that eddicashun? 'Cos if it is, I don't want none of it. But if larnin' lifts a cove up in the world without starvin' of 'im, or killin' 'is mother, lor! shouldn't I like to 'ave a go at it, that 'all? Only it don't come my way somehow. Let-alonest cove in London I am—'cept by the Bobbies. Are they eddicated, I wonder, or them stamping, puffing old parties as allus blows theireselves pupple if we arakases 'em for a copper, and wants to know where the Perlice is. Where's the Perlice, indeed! Where ain't they, I should like to know?

No, they don't nail me and my sort not the Board Blokes don't. Wonder wot they'd do with me if they did. I ain't got no mother to ohivvy afore the Beak, n'yet no father neither. They can't drop on me 'at my 'ome, 'cos wy, I ain't got ne'er a one. Praps that's wy they've lost the run of me. Only, if this eddicashun is 'arf as good as they say, I should like to try a alice on it—jest for luck like. Three R's, sez you? Oh, yus, I've heered o' them. Broken-down old cove, I knowed—bin no end of a scholar, he 'ad—and much good it seemed to ha' done 'un—told me about 'em. Do 'em out o' books, and on slates and things, don't yer? Jesso! Dunno nothin furdur about 'em though, I don't. Only Three R's I'm fermiliar with is the three, the broken-down old 'un told me was my share. "Jo," he sez, sez he, "your three R's, my poor boy, are Rage, Rheumatiz, and the Rumbles." And blowed if he warn't right too!

IN THE PRESS (with our dress-coat, probably left in one of the pockets), and to come out in our next number, *In Nubibus; or, Fly-Leaves from a Record of Fly-Leaves in Air and Sky*, from Colonel Balloony's Journal. Published with his entire assent.

THE new steamer, the *Invicta*, London, Chatham, and Dover line, is "expected to perform the sea-passage between Dover and Calais in one hour." Hear! hear! With such a passage we shan't want a Tunnel. *Closure* for WATKIN! Rule, BRITANNIA!

REMARKABLE ROMANCES.

(By a Rambler.)

No. III.—THE IRISH TUNNEL.

It had become evident to all men that a submarine tunnel, connecting the island of Great Britain with that of Ireland, was not merely a luxury but a necessity of everyday international life. When I say "all men," I refer to the dwellers on this side of St.



George's Channel. In the Green Isle the scheme evoked, on the contrary, violent opposition; and this was perhaps not much to be marvelled at, considering that the Home-Rule Parliament had just passed three Bills, one Boycotting the LORD-LIEUTENANT and his successors for ever, a second authorising every tenant-farmer to pay no wages to his labourers, and a third instituting a Land Act for England, Scotland, and Wales. It was almost universally felt that the completion of the Tunnel would re-introduce British brandy, civil taxation, military oppression, and a thousand other ills under which the land of PARNELL and potatoes had groaned in days gone by.

The new scheme had, however, one powerful supporter in the person of that great patriot, The O'FLIGH. Possessed of boundless wealth, mainly derived from the fabrication of "potheen," and returned at the General Election for ten boroughs and five counties, The O'FLIGH was justly regarded as one of the chief props of the commonweal. Amid the shooting of landlords, the maiming of cattle, and the annihilation of process-servers, The O'FLIGH had ever maintained a dignified, statesmanlike, sympathetic, and Hibernian attitude. He it was who compared his native country to "the Upar-tree which had withered Saxon oppression;" his was the hand which tore the first brick from the walls of Kilmainham when an enthusiastic mob razed that degraded prison to the ground, and from him—it was no secret—came the funds which provided ribbon for the Ribbonmen throughout the length and breadth of the land. His advocacy of the Channel enterprise excited some surprise. Not a few men on receipt of the news whispered "Ochone!" and not a few women sighed "Alannah!" but these exclamations did not by any means turn him from his purpose. The only information he vouchsafed to inquirers was, "I am determined to put an end to this state of things." It was a dark, enigmatical expression, and when the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES cabled to inquire its meaning, the O'FLIGH merely replied, "A nod is as good as a wink." The rest of the saying he omitted, for though rich he was also economical.

When the share-list came out it appeared that he had subscribed far more than two-thirds of the capital. As he practically controlled the subterranean passage, he was consequently chosen Chairman of the Company. The intelligence entirely did away with any previous opposition on the part of his countrymen. One universal shout of "Begorra!" rose up into the blue heavens, and the shooting of six landlords, together with the general illumination of Dundalk, Portarlington, and the Giant's Causeway, testified to the joy of the Celt. It was felt that something great would be developed. Politicians gravely hinted that when the Tunnel was completed there would be fear and trembling among the pampered menials of Windsor and Marlborough House, sportsmen prophesied that the Curragh Races would be transferred to Epsom, and the Derby be run at Rathcoole, and among the fair sex there were long vituperative and interesting debates as to the balls and parties which The O'FLIGH would give at Buckingham Palace, the Mansion House, and the Tower of London.

The constant and continued absences of the great man in the English Metropolis, were reasonably taken as affording more than colourable foundation to these surmises. The report of his many interviews with the "Sassenach" Premier, was construed into his natural desire "to beard the effete old lion in his Augean den"—at least, as a powerful national organ put it.

Meantime, the submarine works went on apace, and it was noticed with considerable glee, that, by a simple mechanical process, the tunnel could be flooded from the Irish end at five minutes' notice, thus precluding any danger from "invasion." In fact, such confidence was established, that the Excelsior Irishmen (as the most pronounced party called themselves) made no secret of severing all connection with England when the Channel Tunnel should be completed, and of proclaiming The O'FLIGH as the President of a new-born Republic. The proposed recipient of this honour, however, only smiled the smile of the utterly incomprehensible. This excited no comment, for such was his custom.

At last everything was ready—the last bore had bored, the last drill had drilled, and a spacious subway ran from Kington to Hely-

head. Then it was that the mighty mind of The O'FLIGH asserted itself. "Only those who are foremost in the cause of Erin's advance," he announced by advertisement, placard, and handbill, "shall first tread the newly-acquired territory. I need scarcely say I refer to the Excelsior Irishmen. They, as pioneers of their country's might, shall have the proud privilege of leading the Van of our Conquering Army." Here was a scoff to the Saxon abroad, and a rebuke to the timorous and vacillating at home!

On the day of the opening of the Channel, the disaffected, the disloyal, and the disunionists, appeared in thousands at the entrances, and with cries in complete harmony with their opinions, disappeared down the shaft. The O'FLIGH, like DARIUS, watched the procession as it passed and greeted him with shouts of congratulation. "Ave, Caesar, morituri te salutant," he murmured enigmatically, and many supposed that he was practising himself in the Celtic Tongue.

Late in the evening there came rumours from those who had gone in first that a massive iron door closed the English end of the passage. But this did not prevent the remaining few Excelsiors from following their brethren. "Any more for the Channel?" cried The O'FLIGH repeatedly, in the voice of a 'bus-cad. There was no response. Then he silently turned on the flooding apparatus.

The Irish Channel-Tunnel has never since been used, but the Sister Isle has been distinguished for its peaceful condition. No one even hurls brickbats at a constable. The only turbulence has been that of the sea which separates Liverpool from Dublin, and Dublin from Cork. Otherwise, harmony and the Sovereign have reigned.

There are those who declare that The O'FLIGH should never have been created Duke of TIPPERARY, or, indeed, have been invited to settle the Egyptian Question, which he did.

If, when a man has a story to write, he will read letters about the Channel Tunnel, eat Welsh rare-bits, and fall asleep, he cannot be blamed by his Editor. Is not this justice all the world over?

THE SONG OF THE CIVIL ENGINEER.

[The Duke of EDINBURGH said at the dinner of the Institution of Civil Engineers, that no society so important existed anywhere throughout the World.]

WE'LL may they sit and banquet, who show the rule of man,
O'er earth and sea, who with the bridge the rolling waters span,
Who tunnel underneath the sea, who climb like mountaineers,
Who drive the great steam-eagles,—the gallant Engineers.

They combat Nature's forces, and earth, and sea, and air,
Find men to bend them to their will who labour everywhere;
They bring the lightning from the sky to grace our chandeliers,
And plough the furrows of the sea,—the able Engineers.

Then here's a health to ARMSTRONG, and each engineering star,
To FRASER of the Woolwich guns, those mighty babes of war:
They civilise in times of peace, and aid when strife appears,
The Titans of our modern times,—our Civil Engineers.

A SALVE FOR BURNS.

At a meeting of the Inverness Town Council, a letter from Lord ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, suggesting that Scotland should give a wedding-present to her "Junior Duke," Prince LEOPOLD, created quite a "scene." One Gentleman, a Mr. BURNS, declared that Lord ARCHIBALD "had made a fool of himself already, and had tried to make a fool of the people of Scotland." It is impossible to say whether Mr. BURNS is a relative of the celebrated "ROBBIE BURNS," but he might well address the following lines of his great namesake "To a Gentleman whom he had offended," to the object of his anger:—

"Mine was the inebriate frenzied part,
Ah! why should I sash 'scenes' outlive!
'Scenes' so aberrant to my heart!
'Tis mine to pity and forgive."

But as the subject which raised Mr. BURNS's ire was, to quote his speech, "in connection with the tartans," he will probably do nothing of the sort!

JAMES KELLY got all he deserved for helping in the theft of Mrs. BENNET's dog. Mr. COLE, counsel for the defence, suggested that the prisoner was "only a cat's-paw." Pretty powerful cat's-paw to snatch away a St. Bernard mastiff, which was returned to its owner without a scratch. But it was on Mr. BRADLAUGH's information that JAMES KELLY, who belongs to a family of professional dog-stealers, was brought to justice. After this there won't be a single atheist among the dog-stealers, they'll all yield to their convictions—as Mr. KELLY has been compelled to do to his—become confirmed dogmatists, learn the Catechism, and vote against Mr. BRADLAUGH's admission into Parliament.

A SHORT SHAKSPEARIAN CATECHISM.

(SUBJECT—"Romeo and Juliet.")

Question. Admitting SHAKSPEARE to be the greatest genius the world has ever seen, and that—

"The flight of Genius is above all rules
Made to guide talent, and to fetter fools,"

what evidence is there to show that, as a practical Dramatist, he was not up to the requirements of either an eighteenth or nineteenth century stage or of an audience, A.D. 1882?

Answer. Because not one of SHAKSPEARE's plays, from GARRICK's time till now, has ever been given intact as he wrote it, but every



The Merry Capulet Family at home. Small and early. "There's another jolly row up-stairs!"

play has been altered more or less according to the experience of the Manager who catered for the taste and fancy of his public.

Q. What is your opinion of the plot of this play?

A. The first part excellent,—up to the banishment of *Romeo*: after this, it is forced and unnatural.

Q. Explain yourself.

A. With pleasure. Two such desperate lovers, ready to die for one another, would have been far more eager to live for each other, and therefore would have eloped. With the opportunities at her command, *Juliet* had only to join her husband at Mantua, and live with him quietly out of the way till the storm had blown over.

Q. What is your opinion of *Romeo*?

A. Perhaps, with the exception of *Werther*, there is no such contemptible nincompoop in romantic fiction.

Q. Do you think this character can ever find an adequate representative on the stage?

A. No. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON, perhaps, went nearest to it by



All our own Vault, or, The Last Resting-place of the Knight-Capulets. (A Pall Veronese.)

making him as much like a modern effeminate æsthetic young man as possible; but even then, he was too manly in his combats with *Tybalt* and *Paris*: though had he fought with Mr. IRVING's vixenish fury, he would have been as near completing his picture of the ideal

Romeo as it is possible for any but a hopeless lack-a-daisical Grosvenor Gallery young man to be.

Q. If the representation of this character is so impossible now, how was it possible in SHAKSPEARE's time?

A. Don't know: but I suppose it was because *Juliet* was played by a boy, and *Romeo* by another boy. *Juliet's* tone is far more masculine than her lover's, and when the part was played by a boy, this colouring would be brought out into stronger contrast. The uncritical audience wept over the sorrows of a pair of love-sick young noodles who had lost their hearts and their heads.

Q. What do you think of Mr. IRVING as *Romeo*?

A. I think that he does his best with a part, which the Author, "had his own opportunities been brought up to the level of our own time,"—to quote Mr. IRVING's own preface,—would never have chosen for him, in spite of the advantages offered by the "fuller development of our present stage."

Q. Do you think the *Nurse* an estimable person?

A. She is a wicked old woman; but I never saw her made even tolerable on the stage, until I witnessed Mrs. STIRLING's marvellous impersonation of the character. As long as Mrs. STIRLING can play (*ad multos annos*, with all my heart!) let no other *Nurse* be seen. It is perfect. She shows us how she is a mixture of foolish fondness, low cunning, and the vulgar piety of the Neapolitan Thief, who, saying a prayer and picking a pocket at the same time, "worships because he fears, and sins because he does not love." Her outward display of devotion at *Juliet's* death-bed, her devout attention to the *Friar*, and her way of mentioning her deceased husband, are things to be seen and studied.



The "Nurse" at the Lyceum. A Sterling Actress.

Q. Have you any other remarks to make on the play generally?

A. Yes. The *Capulets* are a very objectionable set, but decidedly true to nature. Old *Capulet* is the very type of the good-hearted jolly old Father, who is so sociable and pleasant "before company," and such a tyrant and bully within his own family circle. *Mercutio's* speech about Queen Mab, was evidently introduced by SHAKSPEARE in order to induce a good actor to play a slight part, and, but for the few words he has to say, the part of the *Apothecary* might be given to a clever pantomimist like Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN. The general merits, the artistic taste, and the magnificence of the present revival at the Lyceum having been already duly treated of, I have nothing more to say on the subject.

AT THE WINDOW!

I KNEW 'twas your house, my beloved ANGELINA,
So I watched from the opposite side for a while.
In pink you were clad, and I never have seen a
Much handsomer dress, or a daintier style.

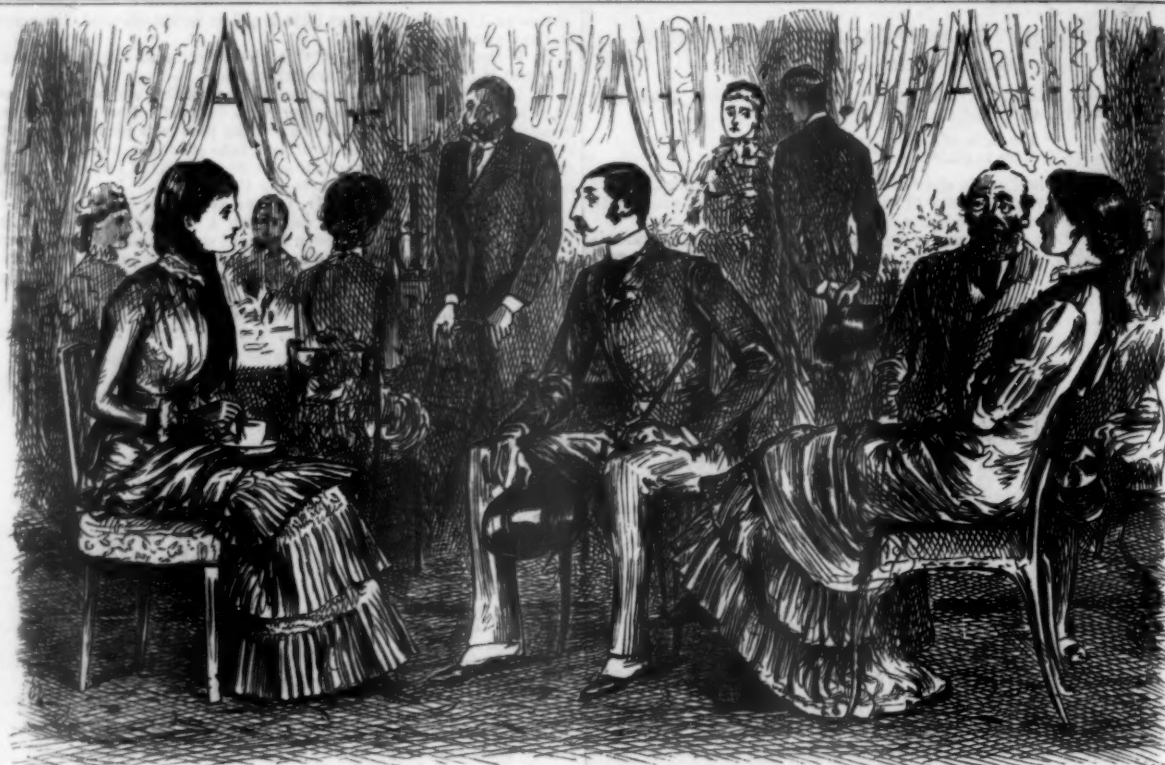
Said I to myself, "That dear charmer has led me
Round Love's thorny maze—I shall never be free.
Her nod means assent when I'll ask her to wed me;
She's smiling because she is thinking of me."

One lily-white hand held the bun you were eating,
With the other you wrote on a tablet, you know;
You were counting, I'm sure, the sad hours till our meeting:
Oh, say, ANGELINA dear, was it not so?

"My good Sir," you replied, "you are strangely mistaken,
And all your fond rapture of lunacy smacks.
By your senses, I'm sorry to say, you're forsaken;
We were getting in coals—I was counting the sacks!"

In a trice on my tricycle trusty I bounded.
"I hope you'll be off!" you exclaimed, then. Alack!
It is "all off" with you! Yes, your heart I have sounded,
Now you've cellared the coals, I will give you the sack.

"EX NIKIL," &c.—What they call a Nihilist in Russia, we call a Good-for-Nothing in England.



AN OVERTAXED INTELLECT.

"AND WHAT IS YOUR NEW REGIMENT?"

"MY NEW REGIMENT! OH, IT'S THE—A—A—A—THEY'VE GOT GREEN ON THE CUFF, YOU KNOW, AND YOU GO TO IT FROM THE WATERLOO STATION!"

THE MAN FOR THE POST.

JOHN BULL *loquitur* :—

WELL, well, here's comfort—and, by Jove! it's needed—
Amidst the chaos of cantankerous cackle,
Here is one man who has silently succeeded,

One man who a tough job can stoutly tackle.

O si sic omnes! In my blatant Babel

Business is a lost art—at least it seems so.

All the more honour to the Champion able

Who still can realise my hopes and dreams so.

To serve the State, to sagely shape and plan for it,
Is the true Statesman's post, and here's the man for it.

No epic hero! Well, I'm getting weary

Of the huge windiness now dubbed heroic;

"Arms and the Man"—and a fiasco dreary,

Too oft repeated, irritate a stoic
uch as I'm grown. And then I'm not quite certain,

Applied to him the name is pure misnomer.

FAWCETT, though seldom "called before the curtain,"

Perhaps in more than one point pairs with HOMER.

Although one sang Achilles and his boat,

The other schemed, not sang, the Parcels Post.

Perhaps the large ambition that loves spangles
And warrior fame, might pooh-pooh the projector's,
But I'm inclined to fancy Red-Tape's tangles
Are tougher foes than many Trojan Hector's.

Achilles as Laocöon might have thundered

And thrust tremendously, and yet been throttled.

St. Stephen's spouters long have fought and blundered,

And long my rising wrath I've choked and bottled.

But I am glad to see one silent, strong fellow,

Who emulates the hero sung by LONGFELLOW.

"Something attempted, something done." Precisely!

A friend of mine, who much inclined to scoff is,
Declares when FAWCETT's plans have ripened nicely,

The World will be a branch of the Post Office.

Let the Wit wag. The World won't find salvation

In parcels or reply-cards, stamps or thriftiness;

Danger there may be in "centralisation,"

But, after all the squabbling, hobbling shiftingness

Of the cantankerous, rancorous jaw-jaw-jaw set,

'Tis a relief to turn to HENRY FAWCETT!

THE JUMBOLOGICAL GARDENS.

SINCE Elephantiasis has been cured at the Zoo, the number of visitors have decreased. So they have tried another sensation, namely, the Baboon with the Toothache. If this does not draw the British public, now that the tooth has been drawn, we advise Mr. BARTLETT to try the Lion with Lumbago, the Bear with Bronchitis, the Hyena with a Headache, the Tiger with Tetanus, the Antelope with Asthma, the Kangaroo with a Cough, the Marmoset with the Measles, the Hippopotamus with Hysteria, the Cobra with Catarrh, the Rhinoceros with Rheumatism, or the Giraffe with the Gout.

Go, or No-Go?

THE question of safety in Theatres is gradually taking a ludicrous form, since it has been discussed by a body calling itself the Fire Brigades Association. In addition to the suggestion that iron verandahs and balconies should be erected outside theatres, to hold the audience while the house is burning, it is solemnly proposed that the audience should bind themselves to leave a burning building quietly when the word "go" is exhibited on the curtain!

A NATURAL SUPPORTER OF THE CLÔTURE.—The Earl of Cork.



THE MAN FOR THE POST.

THE WAY FOR THE LOST.



THE WAY FOR THE LOST.



PUTTING HIM AT HIS EASE.

Miss Blandish. "I SUPPOSE YOU'RE OUT DANCING EVERY NIGHT OF YOUR LIFE!"
Young Gawkson. "OH! N—N—NO, I ASSURE YOU—"

Miss Blandish. "OH, COME NOW, I'M SURE YOU MUST BE!"

'ARRY ON A JURY.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I OPE you'll accuse me not droppin' a line, as you arst;
 I was boxed at that blessed Old Bailey a week up to Saturday larst.
 Oh, don't be alarmed, dear old chummie, I've n't bin run off the straight,
 Though I doubt if a week's reglar chokee could be a hunpleasanter fate.

Fact is, I have bin on a Jury. New line for yours truly, dear boy,
 And I 'oped it might be a rare Barney, a thing as a chap could enjoy.
 I am nuts upon Criminal Cases, Perlice News, you know, and all that,
 And, thinks I, this will be "tuppence coloured," and spicy as all round my hat.

A fraud, CHARLIE! Flat as be blowed, and five days on it,—fancy, old man!
 Oh, it give me the needle, I tell yer. This Trial by Jury's a plan
 Which the Scribblers crack up to the nines as our Liberties' wotername. Yus!
 We was slavin' for Freedom, I s'pose; but they 'lowed precious little to *Aus*.

I have heard that our great Constitution has this for its hend and its haim,
 To git twelve 'onest men in a box. But that isn't the 'ole of the game.
 I 'old, if yer fathomed the matter, you'd find this 'ere wish at the bottom,—
 To make 'em as jolly uneasy as ever they can when they've got 'em.

Wy, you're ehivied about like young Charities, hordered fust 'ere and then
 there,

By the bobbies, and hushers, and wot not, and all with the 'ortiest hair,
 As if you was "Matches" or "Voilets" a-stoppin' the road in a crowd,
 And snorted at strong if yer snigger, and "hush" 'd if yer sneeze a bit loud.

Sneeze? CHARLIE, the draught down my neck for five 'ours at a stretch was
 that strong

That I shan't want my 'air cut this quarter;—you know I don't wear it too
 long.

Lively lot we all looked the next day, with our eyes dim as grandmother's specs,
 Our handkerchers all on the wave, and our nuts all askew with stiff necks.

Mother Law is a decent old Mivvy, no doubt, but the fusty old 'oles
 Where she stows us away, whilst we serve her, ain't worthy of beetles or moles.

In a pew, with 'ard seats and no elber-room, pen'd up all
 day without drink,
 Twelve uncumfable men may see square and good-
 tempered-like. What do you think?

Nothink in it, dear boy, I assure you,—no comfort, no
 fun, and no pay;
 Twenty minutes is all they allows you for "peeking"
 the 'ole of the day,
 Jest time for a rush and a "stand-up," and back to your
 box like a shot,
 And for chaps as is "Gents of the Jury"—not pris'ners
 —it's landing 'em 'ot.

The old jokers in scarlet and erming who lounge in their
 red bedroom-chairs,
 And the cinder-wig'd toffs in alpaca who cackle and give
 themselves airs,
 Are paid for *their* little bit, CHARLIE, while we has to
 waste a 'ole week,
 And put up with the cramp and short commons, long
 jawings, and everyone's cheek.

As to verdicts, oh well, I got mixed; I suppose it was
 all quite O.K.,
 And the Judge mostly give us the tip, when the parties
 'ad all 'ad their say.
 But they oobwebbed it up so sometimes, that I wasn't
 quite clear where we d got to,
 And there was one Jew chap let hoff I should like to 'ave
 given it 'ot to.

But if we're so precious important,—us Gents of the
 Jury, I mean,—
 As must judge 'twixt the pris'ners at bar and our Sovereign
 Lady the QUEEN,
 With all sorts of oaths and queer patter, whose meaning
 I didn't quite twig,
 I'd suggest they should treat us all round with a gownd
 and a dust-coloured wig.

Then perhaps we might be in the swim, 'long o' Judges
 and Counsel and such,
 And the civil straight tip and some comfort might not be
 considered too much.
 But if penance on nothink per day, and as much 'orty
 snub as you'll carry,
 Is Juryman's duty, dear boy, all I say is, it doesn't suit
 'ARRY.

POST-PARCELS DELIVERY COMPANY.

MR. PUNCH,

As Chairman of one of the principal Railway
 Companies, my dear Sir, let me earnestly protest against
 an unkind suggestion that the Directors of those public-
 spirited Societies are likely to demur, on pecuniary
 grounds, to Mr. FAWCETT's proposal of a cheap parcel-
 postage.

Even were it possible we could be avaricious enough
 not to accept his terms, we could hardly dare refuse.
 Well remembering how many proprietors of land and
 houses the public good has necessitated us to dispossess at
 forced sales, often to the great loss or discomfort of in-
 dividuals, we feel very sensibly that Government, in
 their turn, might, in case we disagreed with Mr.
 FAWCETT's terms, quote our own example to warrant
 them in taking over the railways, as they did the tele-
 graphs, at a valuation. Indeed, they would perhaps
 already have bought us all up but for the knowledge that
 we conduct our affairs so very much better, cheaper,
 and safer than ever they could.

We regard the joint-stock societies over which we
 preside as commercial concerns, if you please; but, first,
 as beneficent institutions; and as to the proposed parcel-
 post arrangements on our part, pray, my dear Sir, assure
 the British Public that no reasonable offer on that of
 Mr. FAWCETT will be refused. If, indeed, our abilities
 were but equal to our wishes, and you will believe me, we
 would willingly not only carry parcels but also convey
 passengers free, gratis, for nothing except the thanks of
 our grateful fares. It is only as quite a minor considera-
 tion that we regard dividends. Otherwise my name
 is not

GUSHINGROS.

A MERE SEWING MACHINE.—A POOR SEAMSTRESS.

THE GOOD TIME COMING!

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER announces that the publication of the Budget is "unavoidably postponed" until after Easter. To prevent disappointment, it has been thought advisable to jot down some of the features of the annual financial statement beforehand. The following "list of incidents" will be found to be substantially correct:—

The Income-tax will be abolished.

The duty upon hair-powder will be increased one hundred per cent.

New imposts will affect *cartes de visite*, bicycles, perambulators, lilies, daddos, tennis-balls, crinolettes, pastrycooks' entrées, wedding presents (chargeable to the bridegroom), amateur theatrical performances, and circulating libraries.

Special licences will in future be required by poison-buyers, racehorse keepers, and Company promoters.

If these new sources of revenue are found insufficient, then a small fee will be charged to every guest who visits the works of the Channel Tunnel, and the deficit will at once be converted into a handsome surplus.

THE Rational Dress Society want a name for the new costume. Lady HARBINGTON—whose motto is *Divide et Impera*—has a great objection to trousers or pantaloons, which the divided skirts distinctly resemble. Why not call them "Doubloons"?

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 79.



THE TRANSIT OF THE CONSTELLATION SARA.

BRILLIANT SCENE IN A CIRCLE, OR "RAPID ACT," WITH WHICH THIS VARIOUSLY GIFTED ARTISTE HAS SUCCESSFULLY TERMINATED HER LATEST, SHORTEST, AND MOST IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT, WHEN SHE TEMPORARILY QUITTED THE STAGE FOR THE SAKE OF THE MASTER OF THE RING. THIS SEASON WE SHALL WELCOME *LA DAME*,—NO, *LA DAMAUX AUX CAMÉLIAS*! OR THEY MIGHT APPEAR IN A FRENCH VERSION OF *THE HAPPY PAIR* AND THE OLD FARCE OF *SARAH'S YOUNG MAN*.

ROW, JUDGES, ROW!

THE newspapers have recently been publishing the opinions of Sir BALLIOL BRETT, Mr. Justice DENMAN, and Mr. Justice CHITTY in favour of rowing. As people are getting a little tired of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, why should there not be, in the place of it next year, a match between the Bench and the Bar? This rowed in full forensic costume—say from the Temple to Westminster—would attract the whole of London. An allowance would, of course, be made to the Judges, on account of the extra weight of their robes and wigs.

WHY THE TERM CLÔTURE IS USED.

BECAUSE "gagging," though a more English and strictly appropriate word, has very conflicting meanings in England. On the Stage it represents free speech—sometimes more free than welcome; while in the House of Commons it means exactly the reverse. The original French word is used, without any attempt at translation, because few understand its exact value, and fewer still can pronounce it properly.

GILMACK'S.—All gentlemen will be obliged to come habited in drab collarless coats, waistcoats, and small-clothes, and grey stockings. Broad-brimmed hats will be part of the costume. Keeping the head covered the whole of the evening will be optional.

THE BRAN-NEW MUNICIPALITY OF LONDON.

(Guildhall, February 1, 1883.)

AT a Meeting of the Supreme Council, the LORD MAYOR in the Chair, the following appointments were confirmed:—

Sir A. S. S. AIRTON, City Solicitor, salary £3,000 per annum.

P. O. FROTH, Esq., Chairman of Committees, salary £2,500 per annum.

Mr. SECONDARY BRALE, Deputy-Chairman of Committees, salary £1,500 per annum.

Sir ARTHUR CHOPHOUSE, Chairman of the Epping Forest Committee, honorarium of 1000 guineas, being the same amount as he received from Government as Epping Forest Arbitrator.

DISMAL JEMMY, Esq., Chairman of the Asylums Board, salary 25s. a week.

Sir JOHN BENNETT, City Marshal, salary a little unsettled.

Mr. BADLAW (Hounds' Ditch Division), objected to make the required Declaration.

Sir A. S. S. AIRTON (City Solicitor) asked the honourable Member

* Mr. Punch has received remonstrances against the spelling of this word—his Correspondents believing the correct form to be "Brand-new." If they will consult the immortal SAMUEL, they will find their error. Besides, common courtesy dictates, that, if either spelling be correct, as some think, Mr. Punch would prefer to designate the possible future Government of the Metropolis by a word that merely suggests a crumbly, weak, sawdusty, more-chaff-than-corn condition, rather than by one that, according to BACON, means a stigma, and, according to DRYDEN, a note of infamy. Of course to those who, on being referred to "Johnson," reply "Walker!" Mr. Punch has nothing more to say.

—(loud laughter)—whether the Declaration would be binding on his conscience?

Mr. BADLAW replied that it could not be binding on his conscience, as, fortunately for him, he hadn't any conscience to bind.

Mr. Jo. BEGGER (St. Giles's District) said he didn't care a fig what Declaration he made so long as he was not required to declare that he would never cause any useless obstruction, or refuse to obey the Chairman's ruling. ("Oh! oh!")

The Remembrancer, Sir THOMAS NELSON, looking weary and worn, evidently the result of late hours, reported that the following Bills had been introduced into Parliament, upon which he wished for the instructions of the Supreme Council:—

A Bill to abolish Gas forthwith, and substitute Electricity in the whole Metropolis.

A Bill for providing a fresh supply of Water from the Vale of Avoca, thereby providing employment for hard-working and contented Irishmen, and cold water for discontented Englishmen.

A Bill for the disposal of the Sewage of the Metropolis by using the water-pipes when not required for conveying water from Ireland to London, for conveying sewage from London to Ireland, with which to fertilise the bog-lands of the happy and contented peasantry.

A Bill to establish forty Free Libraries in the Metropolis, in accordance with the suggestion of the learned Chairman of Committees, at an expense, including books, &c., not exceeding two millions sterling.

A Bill to enable the Bran-New Municipality to raise the Consolidated Rate to any amount they may consider necessary, not exceeding ten shillings in the pound.

Mr. Jo. BEGGER was opposed to the Sewers Bill. It was the old story. Robbing his down-trodden country of its beautiful water, and flooding it in return with the refuse of the Metropolis.



"TRYING!"

Street Boy. "'OORAY! 'ERE'S OLD JUMBO COME BACK AGIN!"

Mr. SNEERWELL (Belgravia) suggested it would be a perfectly fair proceeding, as, at the present time, Westminster was flooded and obstructed, and disgusted with the offscourings and the scum of the Irish People. (*Hear! Hear!*)

Mr. MUDD (Whitechapel District) rose to a pint of Order.

A VOICE. "Then order a pint and sit down!" After considerable confusion, order was at length restored.

A Bill to apply the Revenues of the Livery Companies to the reduction of Rates, and for power to adapt the Halls of the several Companies as Refuges for the Destitute.

Sir MUNGO MCTURTLE (Sydenham) thought they might be content to take the siller and leave the Halls, which were endeared to some of them by so many tender recollections.

Mr. SLAP BANG (Shoreditch) thought the proposed application was a very righteous one of Buildings that had been described, with so much true delicacy by their Chairman of Committees, as Shrines of Gluttony. (*"Hear! Hear!"*)

The Remembrancer said he was almost afraid that he should have to ask for some assistance. (*"OA! OA!"*) He was of course quite aware that his illustrious ancestor had said that England expects every man to do his duty, but the line must be drawn somewhere.

Mr. MUDD (Whitechapel District), said they didn't want no grumbling. As there was as good fish in the sea as never come out of it, so there was as good Remembrancers outside the City, as never come into it. (*"Hear!"*)

The Remembrancer said he was quite willing to work his fingers to the bone, and his brain to a similarly soft condition to that at which the Hon. Member's had evidently arrived, (*"Order!"*) but he really must ask for a small extra allowance for Midnight Oil, of which he consumed a large quantity, and which he found expensive.

Sir ANDREW LUSH (Finsbury) remarked, that if the Remembrancer would try a little Scotch Whuskey instead of his Midnight Oil, he would find it answer the same purpose at vera much less cost.

The Remembrancer's application was unanimously rejected.

On the question of Allowances to Committees, Mr. J. DIDDLE (Wapping District) said, let them set an example to mankind, and at the same time show their contempt for the extravagant feasting of those they had succeeded, who, in that eminently veracious book

that they owed to their learned Chairman of Committees, were said to have expended no less than £20 a year each in sumptuous banquets to themselves!—that is, no less than 8s. a week for gorgeous festivities! How could they better do this than by unanimously resolving never to dine at the public expense, but to be content with a copious luncheon, and a trifle of £200 a year each for such necessary expenses as omnibuses and trams? (*Loud cheers.*)

Sir MUNGO MCTURTLE (Sydenham Division) seconded the Motion with vera much pleasure. He knew of a certain noble Institution dedicated to Science and Art, where a vera good luncheon could be had for a vera little money. (*"Hear! hear!"*)

Carried unanimously.

A long debate took place on the question of the fitting colour for the Members' costume.

Mr. Q. T. FILLIPS (Old Jewry) moved that they keep to the old true Blue that had been worn by their predecessors for countless generations, and had borne for ages the Battle and the Breeze! (*"Hear!"*)

Mr. FROTH remarked, that, as he supposed they all intended to be Friends, he should suggest Drab. (*A laugh.*)

Mr. Jo. BEEGER said he thought that for various reasons, some of which he would like to enumerate as he knew they would be particularly disagreeable, but supposed he should be called to Order as usual if he did, that by far the most appropriate colour for all of them, was his national colour, Green. (*"OA! OA!"*)

Sir ANDREW LUSH ventured to hint that if they adopted Blue, they would save themselves vera considerable expense, as the gentlemen they had superseded would doubtless be vera glad to dispose of their now useless Robes at a vera considerable reduction. (*"Hear, hear!"*)

The further consideration of the matter, like the further consideration of almost every other matter, was postponed, and the Supreme Council then adjourned to lunch.

MRS. RAMSDOTHAM says her married sister has considerably improved the garden of her new house at Kensington, by introducing a number of shrubs of the *Anonymous*, which shrub, Mrs. R. thinks, is one of the prettiest evergreens in existence.

STOCK EXCHANGE.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Preparing for a Rise.



Arranging for a Fall.



Backwardation.



Home Securities Flat.

STEALING A WEDDING MARCH ON 'EM.

THE Divine SARA, now Madame DAMALA—our best wishes for the happiness of bride and bridegroom—very nearly had her journey from Naples for nothing; as, though M. DAMALA and herself flew on Love's wings across Channel (no Tunnel) and Continent in order to be married in England, where they manage these things better (ahem!) than they do in France, yet, according to the account in last Wednesday's *Morning Post*, the happy bridegroom was unaware that a special licence from His Grace of CANTERBURY was required before the ceremony could be proceeded with. Fancy a foreigner's dismay at being told he must go to Doctors' Commons! "Why a Doctor? She is not ill! I am not ill! On what commons does he live? I have seen your Boat-Race, I have heard of your Clapham Common, your Vandsvort Common!" Then, when he comprehended the case, how he must have darted off, like the celebrated *Mr. Jingle*, as he went out jauntily, singing to the spinster Aunt,

"In hurry post haste for a licence,
In hurry, ding dong, I come back!"

And back he did return as quick as possible with the full permission of all the Doctors on all the Commons to take Mlle. SARA BERNHARDT to be his wedded wife, and the rites were got through as quickly as possible by Mr. GREENWOOD, the Assistant Curate, who seems (also according to the aforesaid account) to have been rather perplexed and worried by the whole affair being so hurried. However, the "Merry GREENWOOD" did his best, and the knot was tied. Among the very few witnesses was the M. MAYER, of Gaiety French-play celebrity. This must be satisfactory to those who are not content unless the ceremony takes place *devant M. le Maire*, as this was *devant M. le MAYER*—the German-French spelling and the English pronunciation of this name being as "mixed" as was this remarkable marriage, in which the representatives of the two great divisions of Christianity, West and East,—for M. DAMALA is a Greek,—were united by an Anglican, who evidently had "no devotion to the deed," at a season when marriages are forbidden by Canon law, and which was witnessed by a member of the ancient Hebrew dispensation, which, however, was not either of the dispensations required for the transaction. Publicity has been given to an affair which, after all, is "nothing to nobody" but themselves, and, perhaps, the "Merry GREENWOOD." May the proverb about "Married in haste" be falsified in this instance; or, rather, may the happy consequences of this runaway match be the glorious exception which shall prove the truth of the general rule.

SHAKESPEARE ON ELECTIONS—RIGHT AGAIN!

"Who can hold a siver in his hand,
While thinking of the frothy Caucuses?"

ESSENCE OF THE FIRST PART OF THE SESSION SUMMARISED BY TOBY, M.P., IN HIS DIARY.—"Bow, wow!"
[Exit Toby for his holiday, singing, "Bow, wow, wow!" Tol lol de riddle lol de Bow, wow, wow!"]

PHYSIOLOGY AND DRESS.

Now, all you Ladies of the land, come listen to our lay:
We'll teach you Physiology. "Oh, what a word!" you'll say.
We'll lecture upon evening dress, and what you ought to wear;
The Physiology of that will make a Maiden stare.

Here's Doctor MILNER FOTHERGILL, a wise Physician, he
Has been to balls, and was quite shocked with what he chanced to see;
Young Ladies risk a fell disease by showing necks and throats,
While wiser Men wrap up their chests in stiff shirts and dress-coats.

There's much in what the Doctor says; a dress out very low
Is dangerous, though Fashion may declare it *comme il faut*;
And Ladies who wear such attire must honestly confess,
Though it is called a full-dress robe, it's very like undress.

So leave low bodices behind at theatre and ball;
Physicians then need never use their stethoscopes at all;
And go to Doctor FOTHERGILL, and say, with pretty bow,
That, thanks to Physiology, you know much better now.

SIMPLE STORIES FOR LITTLE GENTLEFOLK.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"—Elderly Lady.

No. IV.—NINA AND THE NEWT.

NINA was a very clever and good little girl. Now, a girl may be clever without being good, but NINA had kind and judicious parents who taught her how to turn her talents to the best account. She was very fond of painting and drawing, and her dear Papa had given her a nice little box of moist water-colours, some beautiful sable-brushes, and a large sketching-block on her last birthday. The little girl was as happy as happy could be. She used to go out sketching from nature almost every day in Evelyn Cope. She would start early in the morning with her painting apparatus, a little basket containing three apple-puffs, a bottle of milk, and some parliament-gingerbread, and very often she would not return till dinner-time. Her only guardian was an enormous English mastiff named "Tiny," who was said to be even more trustworthy than the Family Solicitor.



One day as NINA was sketching and singing a merry little song, a sleek, saucy-looking, bright-eyed Newt came forth. Now, many little girls would have jumped up, gathered their frocks around them, and screamed, and perhaps run away. Not so, NINA. She continued her song, and was amused to see the Newt begin to dance to her singing, and to notice what exquisite time he kept. When she stopped, the Newt lay down and panted, apparently much exhausted. "I dare say Sir ISAAC NEWTON would like some luncheon," said she. The light-hearted reptile smiled at the little girl's witticism, and nodded his head violently. He gobbled up eagerly the whole of an apple-puff, he bolted eight times his own weight in parliament, and he had to be hauled out of the milk-bottle by the tail. Having been so gloriously entertained, he disappeared altogether, leaving NINA to go on with her picture, and meditate on the ingratitude of Newt-kind.

She had given away half her luncheon, like the kind little girl she was, so soon began to feel very hungry, and ready to start dinnerwards earlier than usual. On peaking up her things she was alarmed to discover she had lost her best sable-pencil. She hunted high and low. It was nowhere to be found. "O dear! O dear! what shall I do?" said the poor child, covering her face with her hands, and bursting into tears. "W-what, w-ill—p-papa—say!" He gave t-ten shillings for it at W-WILSON AND NEWTON's only the other day! When she uttered the word "Newton," she heard a faint cry, and looking down, saw her friend the Newt with her pencil in his mouth. He laid the lost brush carefully at the little girl's feet, gave her a touching look of gratitude, and was gone before she had time to thank him. She never saw the Newt again, but she always kept the pencil he found; and when she grew up to be a big girl, and exhibited pictures at the Royal Academy, she never forgot this pleasing little episode of Evelyn Cope.

NEW BOOK by the Authors of *Homes and Haunts of Italian Poets.*—*Clubs and Uncles of English Prose.*



IN VINO (ET CETERA) VERITAS.

"WHAT'S UP, OLD MAN! YOU SEEM TO BE OUT OF SORTS!"

"SNAPPE'S BEEN HERE. I BEGGED HIM TO GIVE ME HIS CANDID OPINION ABOUT MY PICTURES. HE DID!"

"AH, I SEE! IT DIFFERS FROM YOURS! NOW, WHEN I WANT A FELLOW'S CANDID OPINION ABOUT MY PICTURES, I ASK HIM TO DINNER, GIVE HIM A FIRST-RATE BOTTLE OF CLARET, A CUP OF A.1 COFFEE, A GLASS OF OLD COGNAC, AND THE BEST CIGAR MONEY CAN BUY, AND THEN I SHOW HIM MY PICTURES, AND I ALWAYS FIND THAT HIS CANDID OPINION COINCIDES WITH MY OWN!"

SIMPLE STORIES FOR LITTLE GENTLEFOLK.

"Be always kind to animals wherever your may be!"—Elderly Lady.

No. V.—VIOLET AND THE VULTURE.

VIOLET was playing with the other children in the garden, when a great ugly, red-throated, beaky, disreputable old Vulture came staggering over the fence, and alighted on the lawn. The rest of the children were frightened out of their wits, and ran away and hid themselves. There was something, however, about the disreputable old bird that awakened the pity of the little lass, and she remained. She found he had been grievously hurt. One of his wings was bound with copper-wire, so that he could not use it, and his foot was fearfully wounded and bleeding.

Her heart was touched. With great difficulty she freed his wings, and was terribly frightened when the bird flapped them, and shook his wicked old head at her. She then bathed his talon—playfully remarking at the same time that he was a talented bird—and tore off



her beautiful Valenciennes tucker, and with the greatest care bound up the wound. The Vulture took flight, VIOLET was slapped by her Mamma for losing her tucker, and everyone thought the matter was at an end. The best part of the story, however, is to come.

Two weeks afterwards, VIOLET was wandering by herself in the Gloaming Gorge. She lost her way, and walked and walked for hours, but seemed to get further off home than ever. The sun was going down, soon it would be dark, and she began to get very frightened, thinking she would never see her dear Mamma again. She lay down on her face in a heap of fern, and wept till she could weep no longer. Presently she felt a tapping on her shoulder, and turned round, half hoping to see the features of her dear old Nurse. To her surprise she saw her old friend the Vulture, looking grimmer and more repulsive than ever.

Before she had time to think, the talons of the bird were fixed firmly in her petticoats: she was borne aloft, and whirled at a terrific pace through the air, and presently deposited on the lawn of her own home. She was smothered with kisses by Mamma and Nurse. When they recovered from their surprise, the Vulture was gone. He however left VIOLET's strip of Valenciennes behind him, nicely washed and carefully pinned up. VI was never slapped for losing her tucker again; and her Mamma often remarks, "A girl who would lift her hand to a Vulture, save in the way of kindness, is not worthy of the name of VIOLET."

BACK AGAIN!

HOORAY! loyal *Punch*, my old crony,
Our QUEEN has returned from Mantons,
She drove such a pretty white pony.

That's rhyme, tho' of course 'twas a pair.
From the station, where stood the bold
Mayor

Of Windsor; the weather was fair;
The noble Princess sat beside her,
In front trotted on an outrider,
And if the road had but been wider,
Why thousands more would have been
there.

Another Result of Pompous Government.

THE Roughts of London are daily gaining courage. Having practically conquered the streets, they are now pushing their victory into public and probably "consecrated" places. Having "pulled off" (to use their beautiful and expressive language) a prize-fight in a chapel—for which offence they are out on bail at the moderate sum of £40 ahead—they will probably attempt a dog-fight at the Beldom-at-Home Office, or a rat-match in the Lobby of the House of Lotos-eaters. They have evidently read HUDIBRAS, and consider that a pulpit is—

"A drum ecclesiastic,
To be beat with a fist as well as a stick."

Salisbury, Smith, & Co.

(The New Departure Liverpool Administration Firm. Unlimited Liability.)

SAYS SALISBURY TO SMITH,
"The Land Act's a myth,
So let's make things pleasant
To every Peasant."

SAYS SMITH, "PAT's a rioter,
We'll make him quieter.

Give him a prop,
Then he will stop.

When we have made him a 'Peasant Proprietor.'

MARRIOTT'S WORKS (Cheap and Unpopular Brighton Edition).—*Peter Very Simple, Japhet in search of a Polity, Jacob Unfaithful, Snarlows the Clature-fend, &c., &c.*



PROPHETIC!

Guest (late for Dinner, the delicious odour of the Haggis, just coming up, met him in the Hall).
 "A—H!" (On second thoughts.) "E—H! I'LL BE BAD THE MORN!"

FROM A SPANISH SUNNY 'UN.

SPAIN is one of those countries in which too many Cooks have not succeeded in spoiling the tours. The British tourist is a black swan in Spain, and a white elephant in Africa. The reason is not far to seek. He has been systematically frightened. They tell him garlic will be his food, and brigands his companions. They tell him that while he is merely robbed in Italy, he will be skinned alive in Andalusia. They tell him that while soap is made in Castile, it is as scarce as oysters in Whitstable, or sausages in Epping. They tell him that the Spaniards stick at everything and everybody, except trifles. They tell him that while in hospitable countries a knife and fork are always waiting for the traveller, in Spain it is the knife without the fork. They ask him if he can live on black bread and rancid oil, and drink wine which no chemist would sell as physic without a shudder. They tell him, in fact, the pretty stories that are usually told to the Marines, and they succeed in keeping his valuable custom for Italy, France, and Germany.

When the adventurous traveller disregards these warnings, and thinks and acts for himself, he is surprised to find that a journey to Madrid is much like a journey to any other continental capital. He has to put up with slow trains, and travel night after night—the

usual penalty of continental travelling—but he is not crammed in close carriages, as in France, nor compelled to journey like a Prince or an Englishman, as in Germany. He gets travelling comforts at moderate prices, and he finds the "sleeping car" an accepted institution. As he draws within fifty or sixty miles of Madrid, he finds himself in a wild country, that looks like a gigantic stone-yard capable of employing all the paupers of Europe. He crosses a boundless desert of granite filled with fantastic stone demons that grin like rough-and-ready Sphinxes at the passing passenger. He wonders if this can be the place which is known to explorers as Stony Stratford.

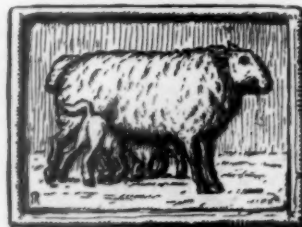
As he nears Madrid, the stone desert changes to a sandy prairie, in which the houses are planted. The outskirts of the City look like patches of Notting Hill and Bayswater dropped, here and there, in a Spanish Sahara. The new houses are strangely English, and strangely modern. The city itself is like a small Brussels, without the Flemish antiquities, and the oldest parts of the place have a decided aspect of the day before yesterday. With the most wonderful history in the world enshrined in books, not one page of this is stamped upon the buildings. Paris, which has conquered so many cities, has conquered Madrid, as one day it will conquer London, with, or without, the Channel Tunnel. The "pot" and the "chimney-pot" hat are on the heads of the men, though the mantilla still clings to a few of the heads of the women. The cloak has not been altogether superseded by the overcoat, but it harmonises very badly with the imported head-covering. Anything more absurd than a Spanish cloak and a London tall hat has yet to be discovered amongst the numerous eccentricities of costume.

Sung with Great Applause at the Horse-Guards.

"Captain BURNABY'S balloon-voyage was, we understand, looked upon with considerable dis-favour by the authorities at the Horse Guards."
Daily Paper.

How doth the lengthy BURNABEE
 Improve his afternoon,
 By riding gaily o'er the sea,
 Adrift in a balloon!

He surely must neglect his drill,
 And slight the Horse Guards Blue;
 Ballooning finds some mischief still
 For Khivan hands to do!



Spring—A Baa-Relief.

NEW 'APPLICATION OF THE "EARLY CLOSING" MOVEMENT."—The Clôture. (A Sporting Inquirer wishes to know if this makes any difference to the close time for fish and game?)



THE AQUARIUM; OR, LORD ROSEBERY PIPING TO THE FISHES.

Please, Remember the Poor Bard!

MR. FLOWER, Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, has appealed to France for money to complete the Shakespeare Memorial. "Another 60,000 francs," says Mr. FLOWER in effect, "and up goes the Monument." The Flower of Avon isn't the Forget-me-Not. But surely if we can raise the Statue, we can also raise the money without begging assistance of France. Don't let us have to go to the French even for a Shakspearian work. Let's have some originality.

The Art of Puffumery. New Work by a Theatrical Manager.

W. E. G.'s MEMS. FROM RECESS NOTE-BOOK.—Meant to have written article about Channel Tunnel: but not in *Nineteenth Century*. Might do a pamphlet at Whitsuntide after JULES VERNE's style, *So Many Leagues Under the Sea*. Ah! Wish the Land League was one of 'em.

Progress is being made by an Association named the "Help Myself Society." This may be as it should be; but there are already so many persons who help themselves in spite of the Police, that they might constitute a very numerous Thieves' Union.

IN NUBIBUS; OR, UP TO LARKS IN SKY AND AIR.

BY
OUR SPECIAL BALLOONIST.

FLY-LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

I FEEL the time has come for me to do something. What? People were actually beginning to forget that I—in your behalf, Sir, and as Your Own Special Correspondent—had ever written *The Ride to Khiva*.

Yes, I must do something.

Everyone says so. My tradesmen insist upon it. Why not go away somewhere? Khiva? No. Bulgaria? No: played out. Ireland?

Happy Thought.—Call on Publishers. Suggest book on Ireland. There are four partners in the firm—SLOWE, BOYLE, CHUCK, and PICKLEJOHN. They are all summoned.

SLOWE doesn't fancy it. BOYLE would rather like to do it. CHUCK is dubious. PICKLEJOHN is, on the whole, for it on certain terms. Balance in my favour so far. PICKLEJOHN dead against balance in my favour. They will consider it. The four bow me out. Polite note:—"Messrs. SLOWE, BOYLE, CHUCK, and PICKLEJOHN (all together taken in a lump) regret they don't see their way. If at any other time I have any other idea," &c., &c.

"If I have any other idea!" Bottled vengeance for Publishers.

Happy Thought.—Old Pa' JONES!! I had been instrumental in sending up the sale of *Old Pa' Jones's Jalaphine Jujube* to millions by curing the Kurd on his way to Khiva with a box of 'em. You remember? Well, Sir, what return have I ever had for this? Not that I expected any, of course; but still—no matter. Old Pa' JONES only sent me one hundred private boxes of the *Jalaphine Jujube* for myself and friends, with his "thanks and compliments."

Called on Old Pa' JONES. O. P. J. delighted to see me. Broached the subject. Book on Ireland, Patagonia, Central Africa, anywhere. "Thanks," said the old man, "but we're doing extremely well with the *Jalaphine Jujube* at present, and don't want a traveller. So—not to-day, baker." Bottled a vengeance for O. P. J.

Jumbo excitement up. What chance have I, the Khivan ridist, the scientific Special, against Jumbo? The beast!

Note at the moment.—If Jumbo were to put himself up now for a constituency against me in any interest, Jumbo would be elected.

I shudder at the idea.

It was on the steamboats crossing over from Dover to Calais that I shuddered. Not being a good sailor, I always shudder on board a steamboat. Sir WAKES and the Channel too! that subject was up. Wish I could invent something for the bold Chairman of the L. C. & D. line, who said in his speech that, "if there was any tunnel, he and his company would be in it," or words to that effect.

Happy Thought.—Suggestion for Mr. J. & FORBES & Co.'s Channel Tunnel scheme. Call it, instead of the London-Chatham-and-Dover-to-Calais Line, the London-Chatham-and-Under-to-Calais.

"Rather go over than under, myself," said a man at my elbow.

"I'd as soon cross in a balloon as in a tunnel," said another.

"No one but a fool goes up in a balloon," growled an old weather-wise tar.

Up in a balloon!! I'm there. It comes like an inspiration. "No one but a fool goes up in a balloon!" I'll show them. Now, for bottled vengeance on my Publishers and O. P. J. (This was in my secret note-book, which I do not mind now publishing to all the world. Why, you will see. Notice also, that I did not call on you, and suggest a book on Ireland.)

Jumbo gone: Ocean at a discount: tunnel stopped: what an opportunity!

Wired at once to Publishers: "*Will cross Channel in Balloon* *shilling book hundreds offering give you refusal by return sharp.*"

I told five trusty friends, swearing them to secrecy, and in less than three posts I had eighty applications to provide me with aerated waters, tinned provisions, casks of lime, beer, assents, biscuits, matches, waterproofs, guns, hot-air baths, fishing-tackle, portable

* We don't. But this is no argument against the fact having been as our gallant Special states it.—Ed.

+ No. Our gallant Special's consideration is duly appreciated at this office.—Ed.

pianos, books, pipes, cigars, umbrellas, tents, flannels, dress-suits, cooking apparatus, &c., &c., all free gratis, and with a view to advertisements. I engaged a secretary, Mr. RYTE, of Reading, to whom I at once entrusted the management of the business details. He secured a small unfurnished house in the neighbourhood—and I need hardly say it was soon well stocked. For further security, Mr. RYTE became my tenant, one quarter down in advance; and out of the number of balloons sent down for me to try I selected one which seemed in all respects admirably adapted for my purpose.

As the others were labelled "On Sale or Return," I let 'em all go sailing away, but of course cannot exactly forecast the precise moment of their return.

The balloon I used on this occasion I made myself, and call it the *Herr Puffendorff*, in gratitude to the old Professor from whom I learnt all the German I know.

Publishers wired back that they closed with my offer, and two of their firm would attend to sign the contract.

In the evening came a note from Old Pa' JONES, requesting me to give his *Jalaphine Jujube* a turn in France. To this my Secretary replied, point blank, that "Mr. Old Pa' JONES ought to know better than to suppose that on any consideration whatever Your Own Balloonist would, could, should, or ought to undertake the advertising agency for him and his worn-out old hump of a Jujube."

Morning of the Event.—Half the publishing firm appeared, that is, Messrs. CHUCK and PICKLEJOHN. They had a long deed with them, prepared by their lawyers. As they seemed to doubt my word, I begged them to leave the signing until the last moment, when, I added, sarcastically, "You may be perfectly sure I am going up as I have said."

Abashed, they agreed to defer completion of contract.

I will not detain you with a list of things I had carefully stowed away with me in the car of the balloon, but suffice it that, being an old hand at this sort of thing, I took provisions for six months, with writing materials, several packs of cards, and a dice-box.

At midnight we began inflating. I had impressed secrecy on my Publishers, and as I was unwilling to employ assistants from any other Publishers' houses, I was compelled to utilise the services of Messrs. CHUCK and PICKLEJOHN in pumping gas into the balloon. They went at it with a will, turn and turn about, while I supplied them with champagne, MUMMERY & JONSON'S *trés sec*, and kept 'em at their work like men till 4 A.M., when CHUCK gave in, and asked to be allowed to go to bed for an hour or so. On condition of his signing a power-of-attorney for PICKLEJOHN to act for him while he was asleep, I gave him the required permission, and more dead than alive from the unwonted exertion and the smell of the gas, he dragged himself upstairs to bed.

A knock at the outer door, and the cards of two rival Publishing Firms (brought in by RYTE—good man, RYTE) from London asking to be allowed to inflate the balloon, and give me a start with one thousand pounds down, acted like magic on the jaded energies of PICKLEJOHN.

By six the balloon was ready, and the basket-car was attached to it by a peculiar mechanical contrivance of my own, for which I have now taken out a patent. The fastenings of my balloon are so managed, that a child lifting up a pin from the ground can detach the whole system of ropes, chains and pulleys at once, and away it goes. PICKLEJOHN had delivered his last blow, and was in a fainting state, when some careless person lifted up his inanimate form and deposited him in the balloon underneath some rugs, so that in the hurry and excitement of the moment, I did not notice the incumbrance that I would most willingly have left behind. For I had determined to go alone, and one extra pound's weight of ballast might be fatal to the success of my venture.

RYTE's little boy, aged six, had his hand on the "go-pin" as it is called, which, as I have already explained, commands the entire detaining system. I had told him that when I said "off," he was to lift the pin.

Whether I said something which sounded like "off," or whether the opening of a bedroom window above where CHUCK had been left asleep, startled the child, I don't know; but before I had time to look round, the urchin lifted the pin, the ropes fell away right and left, and the last thing I saw distinctly was CHUCK's head—we could only have just cleared the tip of his nose by a couple of inches—peering at me as the huge machine flew up into space at the rate of 15,000 feet a minute.

Stopping suddenly at an altitude of about 50,000 feet.—"Evidently too much ballast," I said to myself.—I heard a weak voice asking,

"Where am I?"

It was PICKLEJOHN, with the power-of-attorney in his hand, at the bottom of the car.

"Where are you?" I replied, sternly. "Why, in my balloon—trespassing, Sir; and let me tell you, Sir, that as the weight is exactly regulated and calculated to a nicety, I can only consider you as extra and unnecessary ballast, to be pitched over should circumstances require it."

(Further communications next week.)



The Basket Trick.

MODERN LIFE IN LONDON: OR. "TOM AND JERRY" BACK AGAIN.



TOM, JERRY, AND YOUNG LOGIC, AT A GLOVE FIGHT.

CHAPTER II.

TOM AND JERRY received a warm welcome from Young BOB LOGIC, who conducted them to the hotel where they were to "hang up their hats" when in the Metropolis. On asking for their rooms, a smart female in a "glass cage" snapped out "No. 100 and 102," and upon the CORINTHIAN asking for an explanation, she vouchsafed none, but haughtily tossed her head and shut down the window. "We are no longer men, my dear JERRY," said TOM, "but numbers, and it does not appear that the reckoning will include civility. I should call that young woman a *hussy* who does not 'know her place,' but it may be their way of doing business."

Next day YOUNG BOB called upon them by appointment for a stroll in the CORINTHIAN path, a lounge in BOND STREET, and a strut in the BURLINGTON ARCADE; "for there," said he, "we shall find some of the Chappies, if they are not too *seedy* after last night;" a remark, which caused TOM to say to JERRY that it "was evident young BOB was like old LOGIC, and devoted to the bottle." The Trio turned into the ARCADE, and saw a number of gay sparks and fair ones promenading. "I was a curious sight, a glimpse of LIFE in LONDON, one of its *primest* features, and yet, as the CORINTHIAN remarked to his Cox, these people seemed like the 'ghosts of a former generation.' "These then are the dandies, the fops, the goss, and the bang-ups, these the CORINTHIANS of to-day," was also TOM's exclamation to young BOB, who said, "I don't know about being CORINTHIANS, but some of these fellows are very 'good form,' and as to being bang-up, a good many poor old Chappies are *dooned* hard-up." "That may well be," said the CORINTHIAN, "for they look as if they had all been blown up at *Point Nonplus*, as your father used to remark." "Ah," said young BOB, "my father was a 'game old Cock,' but he wouldn't be 'in it' to-day." The "choice spirits" of the time strutted up and down before the Trio, and TOM and JERRY were amazed at the sight, 'twas so different to their LIFE in LONDON. The young ones before them wore curly-brimmed hats like theirs, very tight long coats and collars, and they carried sticks of all kinds, with knobs, hooks, and crutches. They were most of them hardly out of *Puppi's Straits*, and yet all were profoundly solemn, and "Melancholy had marked them for her own;" they promenaded up and down with glassy eyes, pasty complexions, and feeble steps, and they seemed hardly to have *vis* enough to smoke the tiny cigarettes that they puffed so languidly. They appeared worn-out and *used-up*, in need of Dr. PRICKER'S prescriptions and tonic waters.

"Good Heavens!" cried the CORINTHIAN, "are these the *tulips*? are these pallid creatures the representatives of those who in our days used to be 'all happiness,' did not care a *fig* for the *Blue Devils*, and who sung my old Chant,

'Dancing, singing, full of glee,
O, London, London town for me!'

—the top-of-the-tree members of Society, who were always up, and never down! Ah, JERRY, we might as well go back to THE SHADES as be among such a *shady* crowd." Young BOB LOGIC seemed rather nettled at this speech of the CORINTHIAN's, and said, "Well, don't you know you can't expect a fellow to look very bright till he's had an 'S.-and-B.' or two and a *Kimmel*? These pals will be all right after dinner." "Let us hope they will," said the CORINTHIAN, "for they look all to pieces now." At which JERRY and young LOGIC laughed heartily. "But," TOM continued, "though your father, my dear BOB, was an *habitué* of the Province of BACCHUS, I never heard of him 'sluicing his scories' with what you call 'S.-and-B.'"

In the evening, after they had dined, young BOB proposed taking TOM and JERRY to witness a "set-to." "With all my heart," said the CORINTHIAN. "You remember Mr. JACKSON, and the rooms in Bond Street? I consider *doxing* a *manly* exercise when properly practised." A carriage was soon at the door, and our HEROES reached the rendezvous, when great was their astonishment to find it was a Chapel! "No one is fonder of the noble art of self-defence," said the CORINTHIAN, "than I am; but I was not prepared for a set-to in a place of worship." However, our heroes entered, thinking that times had indeed changed. Inside there was a very motley crowd. *Snide* COVERS and *flue-fakers*, and *flash* men of all kinds were there sporting their blunts, and a ring was soon formed. But in truth it was no proper specimen of the Art of Self-Defence, the gloves were mere shams, and TOM and JERRY saw with disgust that it was a vulgar mill, with no display of pugilistic science. Young BOB also said that they were a *rowdy* lot, and it was not what he expected, while there seemed every prospect of a general kick-up.

TOM and JERRY, who remembered their visit in old days to the Champion, agreed that if this was the way in which people saw "life and sport," it was more fit for *Dusty Bob* and his friends of the *Shicery*, than for gentlemen. "No, my dear young BOB," said the CORINTHIAN, "show us something better worth attention than this 'vulgar row.' And Mr. LOGIC promised to comply with their request.

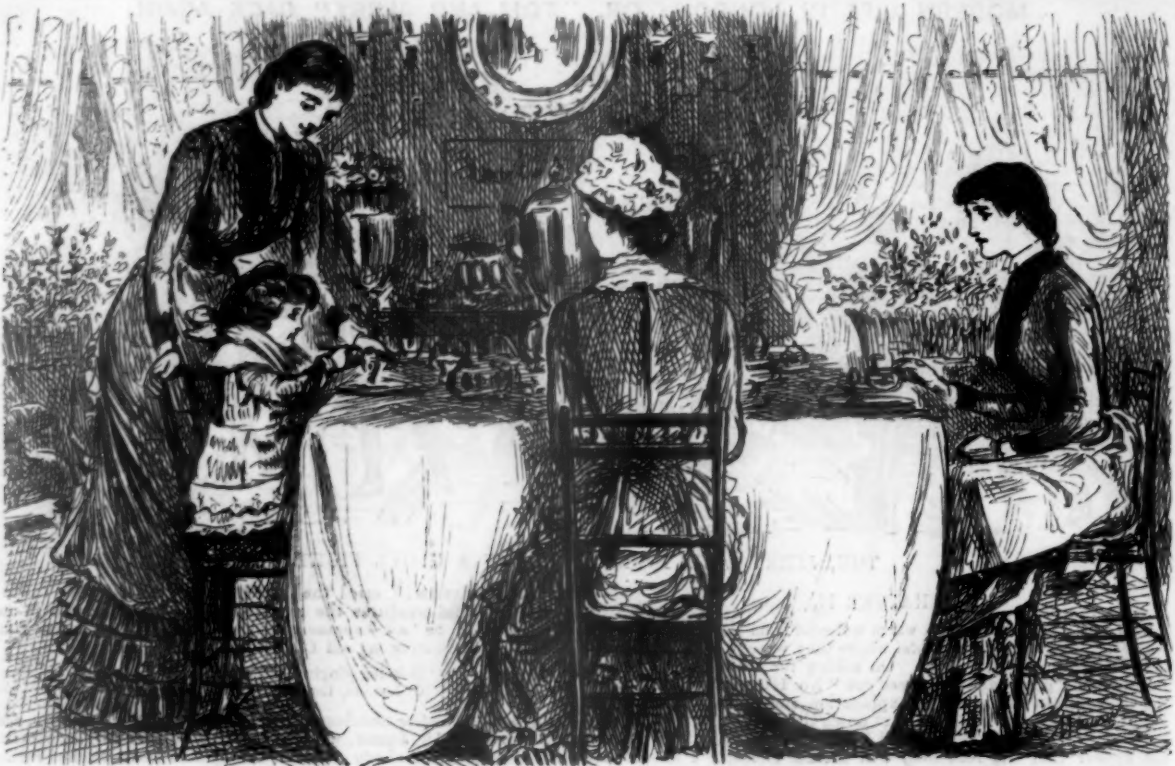
Mrs. RAMSBOOTHAM said she was going to a Richter Concert to hear a "Miss A. Solomons" by BRETHOVEN. She thought it an extraordinary title for a piece of music, but not more than "Adelina." As her Niece doubted her, she referred her to the Times Advertisement. (Of course, it was Miss Solomons.)

HOW TO GUARD THE CHANNEL'S MOUTH.—Leave it to the XIXth Sentry.

WHAT is the tidiest sort of jacket for a school-boy?
A neat 'un. (An Eton.—See?)

NEW WEEKLY PUBLICATION—The Grumbler's Magazine. Serial will be commenced, entitled, "After the Fare," by A Growler.

NEW VERSION OF "POT AND KETTLE"—Publicans and Teatotalers.



NEW-LAID AND RUNNING OVER.

Hester (who is accustomed to have her Eggs well boiled). "Oh, AUNTIE! HERE'S YOUR TIRESOME COOK'S BEEN AND FILLED MY EGG TOO FULL!"

A BIT OF BALANCING.

Gladstone, the Clôture King, loquitur—

HOUP-LÀ! (*Sotto voce.*) That is balanced and spinning!
By no means so bad a beginning!

Now, up with 'em, quick!
I shall yet do the trick,
In despite of their grumbling and grinning.

A ticklish attempt! Why, of course it is!
Rare test of cool balance and force it is.

Still, if my old steed
Will go straight, 'twill succeed;
But I know what a fidgety horse it is.

This balancing's awkward. Yes, blow it!
Nor is it my strong point. I know it.

I like a straight course,
A firm seat, a stout horse,
And then like a whirlwind I'll go it.

It won't do to shirk it, however.
What! Own that, though strong, I'm not clever;
Not good at firm poise
Midst the ring's rattling noise,
And the jeers of my rivals? No, never!

Houp-là! Up they come, all around me.
They'd like to confuse and confound me.
But steady! Take care!
One here, 'tother there,
And the fall of the rest won't astound me.

Crash! Smash! There's no mending that crockery!
But, spite of the malice and mockery
Of tricksters and fools,
I must stick to my rules,
Nor be driven by shout or by shock awry.

DUELLOMANIA.

(A Bit of the Diary of Jules, Chroniqueur.)

FIRST time this week that I have been able to get up at a decent hour. Shall do an article to-morrow suggesting after-dinner duels. To consult my Editor about it; might begin by calling him out.

Bon! Printer's devil called, and the Editor calls me out. Shook hands with ADOLPHE of the *Canard Quotidien* the day before yesterday, and ADOLPHE is at daggers and long bows drawn with my redacteur. Tell MARIE to call me early again to-morrow, and order JEAN to clean the fencing foils. Awful mistake that, sticking my friend ALPHONSE (of the *Radical Ragueur*) through the arm; makes one's sword in such a mess. Consult my *Duel by Double Entry Book*, and find that I am only second to three people to-day. Paris is evidently getting more pacific.

First Seconding.—Call on the Novelist OLALA, who has libelled our mutual friend the Painter PANET, by saying that yellow-ochre skies aren't natural. Arrange for cavalry sabres, and have books over the inevitable *procès verbal*.

Second Seconding.—Becoming rather complicated, this. Have to call on PANET, on behalf of our mutual friend FARCEY. PANET has publicly said that no critic can be worth anything who wears spectacles—and FARCEY would wear microscopes and telescopes if he could. Arrange for carbines at three hundred mètres.

Third Seconding.—My good friend MOQUELIN, the Actor, has a case against PANET (for having rendered pug noses ridiculous), FARCEY (for having said nothing about him in his last *feuilleton*), and against OLALA (for having half intended to give him a part of less than eleven hundred lines). Yataghans, torpedoes, and *mitrailleuses* selected. More books. Begin to think I shall find it rather difficult to get up to-morrow morning.

Next Morning.—Do find it difficult, not to say painful; but manage with the assistance of three siphons of *eau de Seltz*, and am in time to catch the 5.50 Duellist Excursion Train.

Result.—PANET scratched on forefinger; OLALA, eyebrows singed; FARCEY, indigestion because of the dinner of reconciliation. And they have all called me out for having allowed matters to reach such a desperately dangerous pass.



SIGNOR GLADSTONIO—THE CLÔTURE KING.



THE CHINESE DANCER

WILLIAM THE CLÔTURER.

AIR—*Simon the Cellarer.*

OLD WILLIAM the Clôturer sets great store
By his hard-won majorities,
And he wants it in good working order once more,
For an ardent old toiler is he—
A tremendous old toiler is he.
Of business and progress the Commons fail,
For all the year round they do nothing but rail;
But WILLIAM declares he this shindy will stay,
And stick to his Clôture—his gag, as some say.

And ho! ho! ho!

His demeanour would show
That he on this point to the country would go.

Chorus (*heartily*)—But ho! ho! ho! &c.

Old WILLIAM the Clôturer weareth the air
Of one who is weary of strife,
And SALISBURY oft has been heard to declare
He would have his—political—life,
His—strictly political—life.
And SALISBURY hath a most terrible tongue;
But WILLIAM is warlike, though no longer young;
And to prove that he isn't—in politics—dead,
He his Clôture-gage hurls at poor SALISBURY's head.

While ho! ho! ho!

He'll chuckle and crow,
What, cave in to SALISBURY? No, no, no!

Chorus (*lustily*)—While ho! ho! ho! &c.

GENERAL HOME-NEWS.

(Last Night's and Every Night's Telegrams. From Our Own Correspondents.)

ABINGDON.—There was a large influx of visitors here to-day, who, however, speedily left on hearing that a special meeting of the Salvation Army was to be held.

BRIGHTON.—The Salvation Army marched in procession through the Streets of the Queen of Watering-Places to-day in great numbers. Beyond some score of black eyes, the ceremony created little excitement.

CHESTER.—A great demonstration was made here to-day by the Salvation Army—a demonstration crowned by the greatest success, only mitigated by the fact that one of our leading townsmen happening to come in contact with the Army, received a broken nose.

DERRY.—Amongst the cases tried here to-day was that of JOHN SMITH, who was arraigned for having on the previous day grievously interfered with the usual outdoor meetings of the Salvation Army. The defence set up was that the prisoner's wife was seriously ill, and that for four hours over a thousand members of the Army sang, shouted, and hollered outside his house, and that thereupon, being annoyed, he threw some cold clean water over two or three roughs who were making themselves particularly obnoxious. The Magistrates held that the Salvation Army must be protected, and sentenced SMITH to fourteen days' hard labour.

EDINBURGH.—A mass meeting of the Salvation Army was held here to-day. That this body is doing good work is amply proved by the fact, that out of the large crowds that attended the meeting only one person was beaten within an inch of his life.

HUDDERSFIELD.—With bands of music and with song did the Salvation Army promenade this town to-day. The promenade was a great triumph, but we would call the attention of the Huddersfield Commanders of the Army to the fact that better places to hold their meetings might be chosen than that in the immediate vicinity of the Hospital. We say this in no invidious or carping spirit, but we understand that during the progress of the meeting some seven inmates of the Hospital died of fright.

LEEDS.—The largest meeting ever held of the Salvation Army in this town took place to-day. Up to the time of sending this telegram only ten casualties, of which not more than two are expected to prove fatal, has come within our knowledge.

MANCHESTER.—That this city is a purely commercial one has often been alleged, but that it is so far lost



CONSOLATORY.

Royal Academician (and a "Hanger" to McGilpin, who has had both his Pictures turned out). "YOU'D BE SURPRISED, SIR, AT THE ACCURACY AND RAPIDITY WITH WHICH, FROM LONG PRACTICE, WE CAN DECIDE AT A GLANCE ON THE—AH—MERITS OF THE PICTURES AS THEY PASS BEFORE US!!"

to higher things, that the tradesmen of our principal thoroughfares have protested against the Salvation Army, on the miserably insufficient grounds, that they have to close their shops during the passing by of the Army, on account of the riots which inevitably ensue, we are loath to believe. Yet such is the common report.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—Three men were sentenced to-day to terms of six, nine, and twelve months hard labour respectively, for assaulting members of the Salvation Army. The prisoners pleaded that they had been first assaulted, and called several witnesses to prove this, but the Bench nevertheless found them guilty.

SHEFFIELD.—No less than nineteen burglaries, which, under ordinary circumstances might have been called daring, were brought to an issue, successful so far as the thieves were concerned, in the suburbs of this town to-day. Those who have been robbed of their jewels and their plate, are complaining in somewhat bitter and acrimonious terms of the negligence of the police, apparently forgetting, that owing to the extensively advertised meeting of the Salvation Army, the greater bulk of our constables had to be told off to preserve order.

YORK.—The meeting of the Salvation Army here to-day has led to a riot, in which, unfortunately, the Minster was burnt to the ground.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

MR. CORDY JEFFERSON'S new Novel, *The Rapier of Regent's Park* will probably be followed by *The Claymores of Kensington*, *The Broadwords of Brompton Street*, *The Poignards of Pentonville*, *The Cammiers of the Strand*, *The Bayonets of Bayswater*, *The Sabres of St. John's Wood*, *The Fists of Fulham*, *The Yatagans of York Street*, *The Cutlasses of Curlew Square*, *The Daggers of Dover Court*, *The Stiletos of Soho*, and *The Hussar-Knives of Bermondsey*.

No one knew exactly where Mr. PARKELL was lodging during his recent outing, as, true to his *parole d'honneur*, and in spite of all entreaties, he refused to give any address.

STREET DIALOGUE.

SCENE—Neutral Ground between the Lyceum and the Gaiety Stage-Door. Enter Mr. H. IRVING from Box-Office. To him Mr. ED. TERRY.

Mr. Terry. Oh, I want to know,—a man brought me a farce which he said his grandfather had commenced, his father had continued, and his son had finished. I refused it. Then he read it to you, and you accepted it. Why?

Mr. Irving. Well, as three generations had been engaged on it, I took it as he read it, Terry.

[Exit up Wellington Street. Mr. Terry. Oh! Ah! I see,—he-red-itary. I'll tell REECE. [Returns to Gaiety.]

THE Publishers of Colonel BURNABY's latest work state that it includes the description of a ballooning adventure "in which an aerial machine burst with the Author when at an elevation of 2,000 feet, one in a fire balloon, &c., and his views on the Channel Tunnel Scheme, &c." If the Author burst when at an elevation of 2,000 feet, his "views on the Channel Tunnel Scheme, &c." must be well worth reading.

Question. Where would Mr. IRVING go if he wanted to Star in the Provinces?

Answer (by a Dorsetshire Billiard Marker). If he wanted to Star, he would go and play at Poole.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 80.



SIR DONALD CURRIE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICES OF THE GRANTULLY CASTLE AS A TRANSPORT OF THE MILITARY, OR A TRANSPORT OF JOY (WITH THE PREMIER IN IT), HIS FIT AND PROPER TITLE SHOULD HAVE BEEN "SIR DONALD FETCH-AND-CURRIE."

OIL, BRITANNIA!

THIS is an age of new versions of everything, and probably Mr. SHIELD's method of stilling the waves by means of oil, will lead to our having a fresh version of "Rule, Britannia!"

WHEN Britons first the English Channel crossed,
And suffered much from
mal de mer,
And suffered, suffered much
from mal de mer!
Each was a Martyr, a Martyr
muchly tossed,
Till Mr. SHIELD did sing
this air—
Oil, Britannia! Britannia, oil
the waves!
Britons never, never, never
will be slaves!!

DISCLAIMER.—Toby—our Toby—wishes to inform the public that he is in no way related to a brute of the same name who was recently committed for trial for having kicked his wife on the head,—“his boots on at the time,”—after nearly breaking her jaw, and having some time before “twisted her arm round, and put her shoulder out of joint.” Toby adds that a Dog is incapable of such atrocities. Quite true.

MR. HORA has been elected Chairman of the Epping Forest's Committee charged with the arrangements for receiving the May Queen. Most appropriate name: an example of “The Hour and the Man.” As the *Dulce Domum* song has it: “*Venit Hora Absque morâ Tempus est ludendi.*”

“SA MAJESTÉ LE LOR MAIRE DE PARIS.”

(Regulations compiled from the English by the best French Authorities.)

Costume.—Grand Tenue. Crown, sceptre, sword, gold and silver robes decorated with precious stones, top-boots, spurs, coat of Knight of the Garter. Petit Tenue—The same, but without crown. At home His Majesty may wear the uniform of a British Field-Marshal.

Powers.—Able to order the execution of everyone up to the rank of Major-General. Can banish the Presidents of the Senate and Council to Cayenne, and depose the President of the Republic. Has a right to make treaties with the Crowned Heads of Europe. Permitted to give “the shake hand” to the Lord Mayor of London.

Duties.—To dine four times a day on “Turtle-Soupe” and “Whiské Ponche.” To ride once a week in the Bois, surrounded by his body-guard, the “Royal Paro-Keepères.” To entertain the whole world at the Hôtel de Ville with a “loving cup” of “gin-beer” and “toddé.” Never to leave France when the President of the Republic is absent. To head the Army when war is declared, and to win victories with the French Fleet.

Privileges.—To dance with the Queen of SPAIN. To marry the daughter of the Lord Mayor of London. To sell his wife at Smithfield. To wear his crown in the presence of Royalty, and to exclaim “Oh by Jove! Roobif!—dam!” when dining with the Prince of WALES.

Salary.—Twenty-five thousand million francs a week.

Miscellaneous Rights, Advantages, &c.—To have the power of inspecting the Pompiers on Easter Sunday. To occupy the whole of the grand tier at the Opera on a PATTI night. To have a free pass to “behind the scenes” at the Bouffes. To have the Boulevards illuminated when he goes out to dinner. Fireworks to be let off in every town in France on the occasion of his birthday, and, when he dies, to have the privilege of being buried in the Invalides, the Pantheon, and Notre Dame simultaneously.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

LAW is the perfection of human reason. This being so, the fact that the Law has to be altered every Session of Parliament can only excite surprise in exceedingly ill-regulated minds. Some years ago the law of imprisonment for debt was abolished. It was wisely argued that clapping a man into prison was the very means of preventing him earning any money for his creditors or himself. In those bad old days did a man outrun the constable, he was placed in the Fleet or the Queen's Bench, where he led an idle, dissipated, rascally sort of life; he could entertain his friends; he could subsist as well as his means allowed; he could render existence fairly tolerable—nay, comfortable, to a man of sedentary habits.

All this was abolished. There is now no imprisonment for debt—at least you have to show cause why you shouldn't be imprisoned for five weeks, or, if you can pay and won't pay, till you're made to pay. But men still are foolish enough to owe money. If they do not pay, they are guilty of contempt of Court. There is now no imprisonment for debt, but any man who is guilty of contempt of Court, may be sent to certain of Her Majesty's Gaols, there to purge himself of his offence. While in gaol he arises at six, makes his bed, cleans his cell and a portion of gaol corridor. His fare is the prison fare, but he is allowed half a pint of beer or wine daily. He may not see two friends at a time, and what friend he sees is through gratings, and in the presence of a Warder. His letters, both incoming and out-going, are read by the Governor of the Gaol. The gas in his cell is turned out at nine.

Let us be thankful that imprisonment for debt is abolished.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has some very valuable jewellery. “One brooch,” she says, “is most precious, as associated with Biblical History, for it came from Palestine, and is made of a solid Amalekite.”

OUR BOYS' NOVELIST.

BEING STORIES OF WILD SPORT AND STIRRING ADVENTURE, FOR THE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF
THE YOUTHS OF ALL NATIONS.



WET BOB DEFIES THE PROVOST OF ETON.

WET BOB;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE ETON BOY AMONGST THE HOTWHATA CANNIBALS.

(By the Author of "The Three Young Benchers, and How they all Got the Woolsack,"
"From Back Yard to Yard-arm," &c., &c.)

CHAP. I.

OUR HERO RESCUES HIS FIRST CAPTIVE.

"Oh, spare me, Sir!" cried the lovely Eastern girl, throwing up her jewelled arms, and at the same time suffering her wealth of golden hair to fall in large huge coils all over the floor of the Upper Fifth class-room. "Spare me, this time, and I'll never do it again!"

She was a mere child of nineteen, and had been found that morning wandering about, with a pretty pout on her mouth and all the witchery of a dark race in her beautiful eyes, on the staircases of several of the dames' houses.

Her story was an extremely common one. Her mother had been a Circassian, and her father a Minor Canon. But owing to a Bishop's charge, he had one day gone off quite suddenly by himself, and they never saw him again. Her mother, however, knew

that he was a big gun, and so she worked her little daughter a small Percussion cap.

When she got bigger, the wild street Arabs pointed at her, and called her "the fair Perkussian." This name had followed her. So she arrived at Eton.

"I am seeking," she said, "a long-lost Oriental second cousin."

The Provost was not satisfied with this simple tale.

"Non tali ingenio," he said, quoting freely from the classics, and at the same time producing a stout ordinary regulation cat-o'-nine-tails, "though our great school, young person, is, I am proud to say, Cosmopolitan in its character, and a glance at that form will show you that even far Mexico sends us its Youthful Pen-and-Incense."

"And lively Spain her coming Hoppy-Dons?" asked the trembling girl, interested. She knew that at the last Athletic Sports the best jump had fallen to a leaping Pole,

while the cream of the present year's Eight was composed entirely of Tartars, every one of them a thorough water Khan. She had hoped therefore to find her relative.

But the Provost merely bared his brawny arm to administer the usual punishment, while the boys of the Upper Fifth, who were accustomed to such scenes, whispered to each other that she was a "neat little filly."

"Oh, Sir," she exclaimed, "I have but one wish—"

"So has the cat," interrupted the Provost, brutally, as he whirled the instrument of punishment round his head, causing it to express a very decided wish of its own. "And now—whish!—you may get it!"

But, as the stroke descended, with the quickness of lightning another figure sprang suddenly on to the top of the multiplication table. "Hold!" it cried. "She is a lovely and defenceless creature, and you touch a hair of her head and I'll give it you."

In an instant the Provost had dropped his arm, and, aghast at the interruption, was facing the hero of the school, whose pluck had been tried in the Eton furnace, for he had come successfully out of the Lower and Upper Removes, confident that two removes are as good as a fire.

The Provost, therefore, was likely to have it hot from the handsome, splashing, dashing, daring chum, to whom his nine hundred companions had, by common consent, assigned the name of "Eton Bon."

"Go it, Bon!" shouted the now rallying Upper Fifth in chorus, and as they did so the air was darkened by a heavy shower of Latin Dictionaries.

It was an exciting scene.

One of the largest struck the Provost at the back of his leg below the knee. It cannoned off sharply, and he followed its course with the eye of a connoisseur. For he had a library of his own, but he had never yet seen a volume of such bulk bound so neatly in his own favourite calf.

Thus the diversion was, for the moment, complete. The lovely Perkussian drew a breath of relief.

Yet the Reverend ROBBIN PICKLE, B. & S., Baker Street Prizeman, and Odd-Fellow of his year, was not made of stuff to be trifled with. He had commenced his college life as a sizer, and this at first had often sent him to the wall. At this time he was regarded rather as an under sizer. But great gave him his chance. A man of much breadth, he suddenly rose also to such an extraordinary degree, that he was acknowledged on all sides as a remarkable over sizer, was made Banting Lecturer, and from that moment his weight in the University was

felt to be immense. Proofs of this were not long wanting. He no sooner took his place in his college boat, than it instantly went to the bottom of the river. They appointed him to the vacant chair of Modern History. The legs came off. Everything gave way before him. He tried for the Newdigate and took it off its hinges.

Such had been the antecedents of the Provost: and as he stood there, towering above the refractory form, seven feet two in his shoes, and flourishing the good traditional old Eton Cat in his hand, it became quite clear that whatever were the precise merits of the matter in dispute, it was his intention to settle them at once himself by coming down heavily.

But Bos saw his opportunity.

With a bound like that of a spring onion, he darted forward, and, seizing by the collar a dark, swarthy, sixth-form boy, whose name of HADJI NUFF sufficiently betokened his near relationship to the Shah of PERSIA, dexterously thrust him in the way of the descending lash.

The ruse saved the lovely Perkussian, for, with a dull resounding thud, the heavy thongs went quietly home on the back of the highly-connected Asiatic's Eton jacket.

He winced. For a moment they reminded him of his happy life on the Sahara. But he had got more than his deserts, and the Provost was annoyed. He had wished to cultivate this youth, and now he had managed to give him the cut direct. He turned with redoubled energy again towards the terrified girl.

There was not a moment to be lost.

"I'm only a light weight," cried our hero, facing his reverend antagonist, "but the cry

of a beautiful female in distress is never heard in vain by Eton Bon."

And with this manly speech, he seized the Provost tightly by the band of his cassock, and whirling him aloft seven feet in the air, hurled him with an easy effort through the window of the class-room into the quadrangle beneath.

CHAP. II.

THE SECRET OF THE TRUNK.

THERE was a shout of triumph from the Upper Fifth, and the fair Perkussian was about to reward Bos for her timely deliverance with a kiss, when a packet of letters, and a couple of miniatures in twelve inch frames, that had fallen from the breast-pocket of the Provost's clerical waistcoat, caught her eye. She eagerly devoured their contents. "Oh! heaven!" she cried, "he is my father!"

Bos looked gallantly out of window. "In that case, be of good cheer," he said, "he is not hurt, *ma chère*!" The Under Provost happened to be passing at the time. Your father, who went for the fall with judgment, is quite in his proper place. He came safely down upon the top of him. Ah, *ma chère*, you'll soon be at a premium!"

"But the poor Under Provost!" she replied, sadly. "I am afraid he must be below Pa!" Bos would have made an encouraging reply, but at that moment a coal sack was thrown over his head, and the fair Perkussian was borne swiftly from the class-room by a masked figure in an Eton jacket.

In less than ten minutes her prostrate form was being carried through a long subterranean passage, to a dungeon beneath Windsor Castle.

(To be continued.)

THE "CRI" AND THE LAUGH.

TALK of the *ensemble* of French companies, there isn't one of them that can surpass, or even come up with, the company at the Criterion, so admirably trained by Mr. WYNHAM, who is the life and soul of such pieces as *Fourteen Days*, which owes all the fun of its



Prison Discipline.

capital dialogue to Mr. H. J. BYRON, the humour of its situations to the French originators—two of 'em, of course it generally takes two or three, sometimes four, to construct a plot—and its success to the acting of the Criterion company individually and collectively. Compare Hot-Bath Fields Prison interior with the prison interior at the Adelphi, and then exclaim with *Peregrine Porter*, "What trash these press fellows do write about the hardship of our prison system!"

I don't understand why Mr. GIDDENS, who is imprisoned with Mr. WYNHAM, has his hair cut short, while the latter's locks are left unshorn. But something has to be conceded to a low comedian.

Mr. STANDING is excellent as a superior sort of *Maudie* elevated to the governorship of a prison: a very original notion this. One of the best played parts is that of Jones, the Warder and Butler, whose representative, Mr. REDWOOD, is so genuinely earnest throughout. But this is the great secret of their success at the Criterion, they are all in earnest, and play as if they thoroughly believed in the

genuine probability of the circumstances in which they find themselves. Thus it is that they convey to their audience such an impression of Reality as is rarely effected except by a very superior performance of, say, for example, the Trial Scene in *The Merchant of Venice*.

Miss M. ROKE is invaluable as the loving wife always confiding, in every piece, in the fidelity and integrity of Mr. CHARLES WYNHAM, the slightly erratic but thoroughly repentant husband.

Mr. SOTHERN is another illustration of earnestness: so also is Miss K. ROKE. If there be the slightest exception, it is to be found in Mr. BLAKELEY, and in the unnaturally pert servant, played by Miss VINGO. Yet the idiocy of Mr. BLAKELEY's *Brummies*, is very funny; in appearance he is like Mr. Dick in *David Copperfield*, with the action of a punch-doll, and so, perhaps, after all, he must be accepted as another of the probabilities in which the Criterion company and audience devoutly, though temporarily, believe.

It is long since I have enjoyed so hearty a laugh as I did at *Fourteen Days*. Judging from what I saw of the first piece, *Ruth's Romance*, this also is very well played by Miss HARRINGTON, Mr. LYTTON SOTHERN, and Mr. HAMILTON ASTLEY who is very amusing, and to whom Mr. BROUGHTON, the author of the little one-act drama, has given some uncommonly good lines. N.B.—This piece in one act, one scene, and three characters, ought to be a good useful piece for amateurs.

Talk Between two Bar Lambs.

Billy. I say, 'ARRY, 'ow does GLADSTONE amuse himself during the Recesses at 'Arden?

'Arry. Oh! he takes plenty of 'orse exercise: goes out with three or four on 'em at a time, like the Carrier of St. Petersburg at a Circus.

Billy. Oh, gammon! Who told yer?

'Arry. Why, ain't you 'eard? he goes out every day *rez'lar* with his 'acks. 'Ave a glass? [They drink.]

LIKELY.

MR. BARFUM having got Jumbo, has refused D'O'LY CARTER's offer of his *Aesthetic Two-Twosness OSCAR*, but is negotiating for the Suspects on their release, and will probably come to terms with the Prince of MONACO, if the latter will sell the title with the rest of the property. Hail, Prince BARFUM of Moneygo!

A NICE PLOT OF GROUND!—The Site of the Uspanaki Cathedral.

MODERN LIFE IN LONDON; OR, "TOM AND JERRY" BACK AGAIN.



YOUNG LOGIC INTRODUCES TOM AND JERRY TO THE BAR.

"NEXT morning!" 'Tis the time in LIFE IN LONDON, when what looked bright the evening before, looks blue. You have quaffed the Cup of Pleasure, but the *dreps* remain, and those must be taken when you are "*beat to a stand-still*," with a haggard face and squeamish appetite, and when you feel inclined to call in Doctor BOLUS.

The morning after the events related in our last Chapter, young BOB LOGIC had invited JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq. and CORINTHIAN TOM to breakfast with him at his Club. Every Sprig of Fashion in these days has his Club or several Clubs. He may dine with *diplomats* at ARTHUR'S, with *bishops* at the ATHENÆUM, with *officers* at the UNITED SERVICE, with *politicians* at BROOKER'S, with *whist-players* at the PORTLAND, with *wits* at the GARRICK, and with *Royalty* at the MARLBOROUGH. And as the "downs" imitate the "ups," and the "low" people the "high," there are scores of Clubs nowadays which, as young LOGIC said, were no better than tap-rooms, and to which anyone was elected who possessed the blunt. To such an extent have these sham Clubs been carried, that, as the CORINTHIAN remarked when the matter was explained, "It seemed to him that it would soon be a mark of distinction not to belong to a CLUB at all."

At breakfast Young BOB, who was a regular *peep-o'-day* votary of Pleasure, felt, as he expressed it, "consumedly seedy." TOM and JERRY pressed the viands upon him, they recommended the kidneys, and praised the foaming tankards of beer before them, which reminded the CORINTHIAN, as he observed to JERRY, of the "humming stings" at HAWTHORN HALL. Young BOB could eat nothing, but called for *Soda Water*, upon which the high-mettled CORINTHIAN remarked to his Coz that "it was evident the larks of the Metropolis were telling on young BOB's debilitated frame, and that if he went on with incessant 'DAY AND NIGHT SCENES,' he would one day receive notice to quit." JERRY quite agreed with TOM, remembering how he himself had been "out of wind" in old times when the day and night work had been too much for him; but young BOB said a "B.-and-S." would soon pull him together, and that he would be quite at their disposal later in the day.

That evening Young BOB proposed that TOM and JERRY should look in at "THE CRI," as he called it, observing "there was always a pal or two at the BAR." The CORINTHIAN observed that he was glad Young BOB knew some gentlemen of the long robe, who were usually very entertaining, upon which BOB said, laughing, that he did not mean any of the *pundits* of the Temple, but the fellows who would look in, "don't you know," to have a liquor, for the "bar."

he meant was a tavern. "We are quite ready," said TOM. "Show us any touch of LIFE IN LONDON, my dear BOB, where we can see CHARACTER, mix with GAIETY, and follow the FASHION." So the TRIO departed for THE CRITERION, and it was a curious sight indeed that saluted their eyes. There was a vast saloon, down one side of which ran an enormous drinking-bar, while behind it stood a row of attendant HERES, ready to *firt, laugh, ogle, smile and chaff* with the gayest boys of their acquaintance. "This is indeed something new," said JERRY, "I remember the Sydney Gardens at Bath, and the glories of VAUXHALL, but there was nothing like this in our LIFE IN LONDON." "You are right, my dear COZ," returned the CORINTHIAN, "Here, VENUS and BACCHUS are at our elbows, and PLEASURE seems to hold her Court in a Public House!" Round each of the Maids of the Inn was a *bevy* of attendant Cavaliers, who all seemed on such familiar terms with her, that she had eyes for no one else, and a stranger, not "in the swim," could hardly get refreshment for the inner man. One courted CHARLOTTE, another ogled OLIVIA, one sighed for SUSAN, another maundered over MARY, others languished for LILY, or joked with JANE, while Young BOB, who seemed quite *au fait* in this Temple of Bacchus, called the attention of our heroes to the Beauty of the Bar. The plate gives an excellent representation of this "bit of life," and is a fine specimen of the artist in his personification of CHARACTER.

Most of the gallants who were "practising at the bar" were in evening dress. They had low foreheads, and wore big "button-holes," for so they termed the flowers it was "the thing" to wear. A good many of them, too, had been partaking freely of daffy, and had been on a visit to the *Isles of Bishop and Flip*, for, as young BOB explained, he expected they had been "in and out" all day.

While LOGIC was engaged in "making the running" with one of the young ladies, and talking to his Chums, the CORINTHIAN remarked to JERRY on the queer scene around them. "We 'stood to our guns,' my dear COZ," was TOM's observation, "in the old days, and did not shirk the bottle, for, in the words of Hippocrates,—

"The only health to people hale and sound,
Is to have many a tipping health go round."

And we have seen my Lord BUMPER under the table. But these 'nips,' and 'pegs,' and 'liquors,' as young BOB calls them,—these 'S.-and-B.'s, and 'sherry-and-bitters,'—at all hours of the day, were unknown to us; and, while we could amuse ourselves with the Cadgers and at the Masquerade, we knew nothing of the familiarity which levels the 'waitress' and the 'swell' in this 'sort of Life.'

THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID.—They formed an acquaintance through dining nightly at the same hotel. At last the eldest spoke, and suggested that they should dine together. The eldest said, "We ought to know each other's names; what is yours?" The youngest said, "TOMPKINS." The eldest replied, "And mine is CHRISTY; but mind! I'm not *Christy* of the Minstrels." "And," returned the youngest, in a tone half-façon and not too complimentary, "I presume not CHRISTY, the latter?" It was CHRISTY, the latter!

COMPANION VOLUMES TO "THE FIXED PERIOD," BY MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—*The Frisky Full-Stop, The Salutory Semicolon, The Convivial Comma, and The Hilarious Hyphen.*

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM dropped off to sleep at Church last Sunday evening. She says she supposes it was on account of the soothing effect of the full choral service.



THE "UNITED TROUSERS" v. THE "DIVIDED SKIRTS."

(With Mr. Punch's Apologies to Lady Harberton.)

FROM A SPANISH SUNNY 'UN.

If the Peninsular War had had a different termination, Madrid could hardly be more Frenchified than it is. From the cooking in the hotels to the afternoon drive in the Prado, everything goes to make a little Paris. An exception may be made to the Prado. While it imitates Paris, it excels it. The carriages are more numerous and better appointed than they are in the Bois de Boulogne.

Whether the Spaniard was born with a cigarette in his lips may be open to discussion, but it is certain that he lives and dies with one. In the churches he barely leaves it outside the sacred doors.

The staple product of Spain, next to sherry, appears to be oranges, and the principal occupation appears to be sucking oranges.

At one time—many years ago—the staple production was pictures. The noted firm of MURILLO & Co. were the great manufacturers of Holy Families, wholesale, retail, and for exportation, and it requires more than the eye of an expert to say where the master's hand ends and the pupil's begins.

A Spaniard has no sense of the value of time. It is the country of the aloe, and the aloe, according to the tradition, blooms once in a century. This plant grows in great luxuriance along the sides of the railway to Seville. Its example appears to affect the railway service. An express train is a train that runs only three times a week, at the wonderful speed of fifteen to eighteen miles an hour. The ordinary trains give plenty of time for the passengers to watch the blooming of the aloe.

If the Spaniards are not more blood-thirsty than any other nation, they take much pains to make you believe that they are. A man like a human hedgehog, with his body half covered with stillitos and knives, endeavours to sell these cheerful wares during the ten minutes allowed for refreshment at Alcazar, on the road to Seville. Of course the man is a Toledo blade, and of course his wares come from Toledo. If they are as harmless as the cutlery of the country, they may be trusted in the hands of children and idiots. As one

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

SPRING CLEANING.

ALL peace and all pleasure are banished :
Abroad now I gladly would roam,
My quiet and comfort have vanished,
A desolate wreck is my home !
The painters are all in possession,
And charwomen come by the score ;
The whitewashers troop in procession,
And spatter from ceiling to floor.
I own I must make a confession,—
Spring Cleaning 's a terrible bore !

They come in the morning at daybreak,
Just when I'm forgetting my cares,
And into my slumbers how they break !
With bustle and tramp on the stairs.
They laugh, and they whistle, and chatter ;
They paint, and they varnish, and size ;
They thump, and they wrangle, and clatter,
And drive away sleep from my eyes.
They make me as mad as a batter,
And cause me quite early to rise !

The staircase is all barricaded,
The handle removed from each door ;
My own sacred Den is invaded—
My papers all strewn on the floor !
My books and my letters are scattered,
My pens are nowhere to be found ;
My blue-and-white china is shattered,
My songs have no space to resound ;
My hat with pink priming 's bespattered,
My Banjo is crushed on the ground !†

I dare not complain, notwithstanding,—
I'm faint with the fumes of whitelead ;
And trip over pails on the landing,
And paint-pots fall down on my head !
When right through my hall I go stumbling—
I'm sick, and I'm sorry, and sore ;
O'er planks and o'er ladders I'm tumbling,
And get my great-coat painted o'er.
To myself I can scarcely help mumbling,—
Spring Cleaning 's a terrible bore !

* Delighted to hear it :—the fact, not the song.—Ed.
† Hooray ! Don't get another.—Ed.

approaches Seville, one sees Spain. National costume appears at the road-side stations, mixed with long-eared mules and aldermanic priests. In the distance white-washed cities, like streaks of snow upon the hills, relieve the monotony of the sandy plains. Groves of olive-trees, long lines of prickly pears, the aloes and the orange-trees represent the leading vegetation of the country, and the natives basking idly in the sun, represent the rest.

Arrived at Seville, you feel you are really in Spain, and severed as much as it is possible to be from Parisian influences. Seville is Spain in a nut-shell. It is more than this. It is an unique city. There is only one place in Europe that would make another Seville, and that is Venice. Venice drained, with its narrow canals turned into narrow alleys, would be a second Seville, but nothing would give it the cleanliness and fragrance of the Moorish-Spanish city. Seville is a city of marble, as London is a city of stucco.

"JOHN INGLESANT."

[An old and simple-looking gentleman, attired in a costume something between that of a very old-fashioned medical man and a clergyman, called at our office with the following fragment of M.S., "which," he observed smilingly, "probably belonged to the journal of JOHN INGLESANT, recently discovered and published by Mr. SHORTHOUSE, and is calculated to shed considerable light on certain obscure and difficult passages in that romantic story."]

"You are better now?" inquired Don AGNOSTICO, regarding INGLESANT with a curious expression.

INGLESANT heard him not, and made no reply. He moved like a man treading the intricate pathways of a dream. He seemed to be walking among gardens traversed by high hedges of myrtle, lemon, and ranunculuses. He saw strange spectral forms instinct with life, gliding to and fro with pantomimic action among the crowd, which



THE UNLEARNED PIG.

Showman Smith (to partner Salisbury). "IF I CAN ONLY TEACH HIM THIS TRICK, AND IF HE'LL DANCE TO YOUR TUNE, WE CAN GO ROUND THE COUNTRY WITH OUR OPPOSITION SHOW, AND T'OTHERS WON'T HAVE A CHANCE."

heeded them not: he saw creepers on the wall: then ghastly figures chased one another as in some fantastic pantomime: he heard the sound of bells, and saw a long lanky figure, shrieking and struggling as it approached him, crying, "The bells, the bells!" And so, after vainly trying to hide itself behind a sapling in a Veronese garden, it passed on, and disappeared into the dread obscurity of a tomb. As the terrible feeling came over him that the world and all its objects were slipping away, his brain reeled as though it were dancing in Scotland, and he threw himself on the marble floor.

"You've had a bad time of it," observed Don AGNOSTICO when INGLESANT awoke, "I thought a few weeks ago you had joined the

Jumpers. You mustn't go to the Lyceum again, and for the next six months I forbid you all heavy suppers, and all spirits."

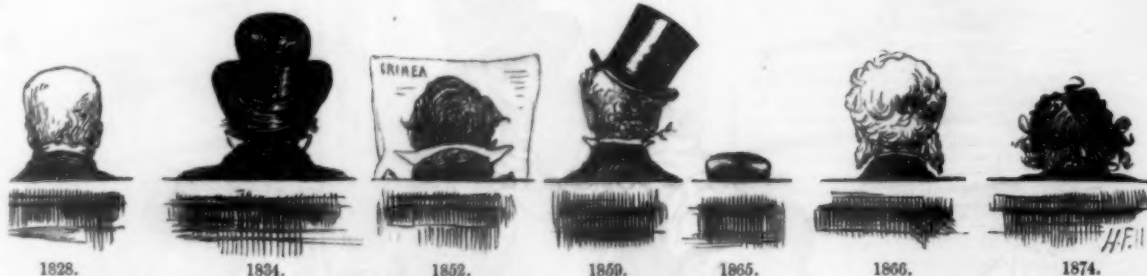
INGLESANT groaned and turned restlessly on his couch as the breath of the early morning soothed his fevered brow.

"And," continued Don AGNOSTICO, "I think a month at Malvern would be advisable."

Extract from a letter of Dr. Agnostico's to Sir W-lfr-d L-us-n. —INGLESANT has taken the pledge. You may tell H. E. Card. M-W-N-G that he is now an exemplary Teetotaler.

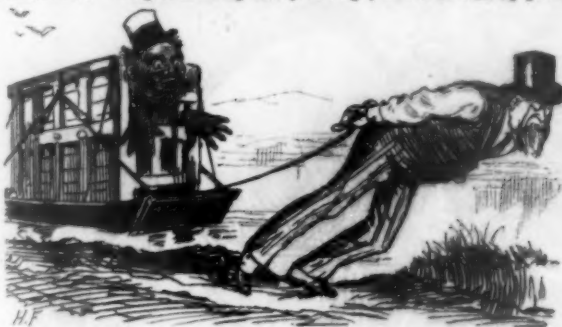
[This certainly explains much that is difficult in Mr. SHORTHOUSE'S JOHN INGLESANT.—ED.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

RETROSPECTS; OR, BACK VIEWS.

Monday Night.—Back again after the holidays. A sad, melancholy meeting. No one looks deliriously glad except JOEY B., and his cup has a bitter drop when he discovers FORSTER isn't here. "Haven't rubbed his hair the wrong way for ten days," JOSEPH GILLIS says, a passing look of discontent clouding his cheerful countenance. "Just had a letter from a most respectable man—TIM CROONEY of Balbahoo. Tells me FORSTER's been speculating in buckshot. Bought it all up two years ago, and then run up prices



The Fourth Party acting as Black's Guide.

by the large demand in the Irish market. Meant to ask whether this was true. Must leave it over now till FORSTER comes back." And JOEY B. heaves a sigh.

Glad to find the true Irish nature showing itself in Land-League quarters to-night. Everyone knows it. Kindly, generous, and chivalrous. A little under a cloud here, owing to silence of Land-Leaguers in the presence of atrocious outrages upon cattle which happen to be owned by farmers who refuse to obey "No Rent" manifesto.

To-night on Army Bill Mr. SEXTON brings forward Amendment for protection of animals from possible cruelty. No horse, he says, hired by Government for transport purposes, should carry more than four persons, travel more than sixteen miles a day, or be driven above six miles an hour. Mr. SEXTON most eloquent on the subject. Mr. BIGGAR quite pathetic in his appeals on behalf of the poor horse. This is a good beginning, and shows that, after all, a generous heart beats beneath the excellent imitation seal-skin waistcoat which JOSEPH GILLIS, with thumbs in arm-holes, flaunts in the face of a Saxon Government.



Army Bill.

Business done.—House made-believe to debate Army Administration, and passed one vote.

Tuesday.—Really don't know what we should do without DRUMMOND WOLFF. Whilst we've been away enjoying ourselves, he's been constantly on the watch—sitting up with the Nation at night, so to say, as if he were a hospital nurse. This tireless devotion has been rewarded with stupendous discovery. Gunpowder plot quite outdone. Rye whiskey plot nothing to this. Of course it's GLADSTONE. He's at the bottom of everything that's bad. He's been carrying on secret negotiations with the Vatican, and by the time DRUMMOND WOLFF began to smell a rat, had actually offered England to the Papal power. The POPE was to come and live in this country. Hatfield House was the place chosen as his residence, Lord SALISBURY being bought out at GRIFFITHS' valuation. DILKE, who was

necessarily employed, was bribed with the promise of Foreign Secretaryship. HARCOURT, who had got wind of what was going on, was to be made a Cardinal. NEWDEGATE was to be sent to the Clock Tower, to pass the remainder of his days in solitary confinement, except for an hour twice a week, when Mr. BRADLAUGH might visit him.

"Tell you what, TOBY," said WOLFF, mopping his forehead, "it's nearly worn me out. But I've got all the strings of the plot in my hands now, and you'll see I'll make old WEE dance."

"Certainly," I said. "But who's old WEE?"

"W. E. G., don't you know?" And DRUMMOND bustled off, to catch the SPEAKER's eye.

DRUMMOND's speech a little milder than I expected after this disclosure. But reading between the lines, its import was dreadful. Yet the House almost flippant in its reception. "DRUMMOND's always crying 'Wolff! Wolff!'" DILKE said; and WEE smiled benevolently upon him.

Business done.—None.



"Where am I going?"



"A hit! a hit!"

Thursday Night.—Land-Leaguers still further coming round on the right path. On Monday displayed profound concern for the gentle treatment of dumb animals. To-night are hotly indignant in interests of human life in Ireland. Old friend Dogberry turned up again in County Clare, and issued address to the Watch.



Mr. Redmond suspended.

"If," says he, "men should accidentally commit an error in shooting any person on suspicion of that person being about to commit a murder, I shall exonerate them by coming forward and producing this document."

Mr. SEXTON shocked at the reckless disregard of human life shown by Dogberry. So is Mr. HEALY, and so say all the rest of them. Good signs these. May begin now to look for diminution of murder and outrage in Ireland. Fireworks for three hours; very noisy and not very brilliant. House made itself solemnly ridiculous by suspending young REDMOND.

"They'll be asking us next to vote on the expulsion of a penny trumpet or a dried bladder in which peas rattle," said Sir JOHN

HAY, gruffly. "The lad must needs live, and it would have been better to have let him prate on."



At eight o'clock began business. Naval Estimates in Committee. Lord HENRY LENNOX been ambling about the House all evening. Now props himself up against the Cross Benches at remote end of the House, and begins tremendous oration with preliminary apologies all round if he is going to hurt anybody's feelings. The dear old boy! believe he'd walk round half a mile to avoid treading on a worm or brushing the wings of a fly.

"What's he standing up over there for?" Mr. BRASSET asked TREVELYAN when they heard the piping of a familiar voice, and, looking up, beheld Lord HENRY in exceedingly wide trowsers propped up in the corner by the Cross Benches. "Looks like a Whitehead torpedo getting into range."

"Looks more like a naughty boy put in a corner, and trying to work on the maternal feelings," said TREVELYAN.

"To my mind," said HARCOURT, "he looks much more like Mr. Mantalini trying to wheedle a few more shillings out of his Tootsey-wootsey."

by the Cross Benches that

BAROMETRICAL NEWS.—Disturbances in Skye. A body of fifty Irish Police were sent to suppress the Skye-larkers. If the information is correct, it is encouraging to know they could be spared from their own country.

Certainly, there is a seductive, self-deprecatory air about Lord

HENRY as he stands, or rather pirouettes should have some practical results upon the Navy Estimates.



Electricity Bill.

Of course Bro BEN here again. GOSCHEN says he would not like to be in charge of the Navy Estimates the first session after Bro BEN's body's under hatches. He



Parcels Post.

is sure to turn up, produce with ghostly hands his spiritualised MS., and in sepulchral tones put his question, "Where's your Reserves?" At present he is pretty hale and hearty, and lives in hope of seeing the day when his prophecy is fulfilled, and the British Navy (failing Reserves) shall have been captured by the Dutch, and our finest Ironclads cut down for canal traffic.

Yet he must be pretty old now. Mr. COTES says he was the original of *Commodore Trunnion* in *Peregrine Pickle*. Assures me that to this day has his house defended by draw-bridge and ditch, sleeps in a hammock, takes his turn at night watch, weighs out his stores for himself and family, and when he rides always carries a compass with him, and tacks about so as to avoid going right in the wind's eye. Think this must be a mistake. The old sea-dog can hardly be as old as *Peregrine Pickle*. But some people will have their joke, *côte qui Cotes*. Business done.—Irish Row. Conversation on Navy Estimates.



Toby and his Barque.



A TRIAL AT BAR; OR, THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A SUSPECT.

Monday.—Really quite pleasant to be out again. Saw two sympathisers hiding behind a post on the Quay. They concealed something under their cloaks—evidently two addresses of congratulation. Very good of them, but I must not have anything to do with them. Promised the Government to keep my parole. Tore myself away without extorting a single cheer. Embarked for England.

Tuesday.—London really delightful. Saw the two sympathisers again on my track. Good fellows, but slightly inconvenient. Must hide. Did so by spending the day at Madame Tussaud's, and the evening at a music-hall. My "portrait model" excellent—especially the boots. Rather annoyed at a topical song containing an uncomplimentary personal allusion. The acrobats and the conjuror, however, first-rate.

Wednesday.—Off to Paris. Lots of friends wrote to say that they would come to see me off by the short sea route. Good fellows! But I wish they wouldn't. Had to go by Newhaven and Dieppe. Awful passage! Fancy I caught a glimpse of the two sympathisers hiding behind a paddle-box. Fortunately they were too bad sailors to attend to me.

Thursday.—In Paris. The old place simply elegant. Attended to my private affairs, and spent the rest of my time in going the rounds. Must not be recognised, so assumed a false nose, and dined *chez Champot*. Found that the two sympathisers had tried to gain admittance to my *cabinet particulier*. They were very properly refused entrance by a judicious *garçon*.

Friday.—To avoid friends, once more had to dodge them. Havre and Southampton route this time. Quite certain that my two sympathisers are following me. Caught a glimpse of them entering a third-class carriage as I was starting for Dublin. They have still got their addresses with them. Awfully grateful fellows, but I can't listen to them.

Saturday.—On my native soil again. Walking down Sackville Street, when "pop" "pop," and two bullets whistled past my ears! Recognised my two sympathisers, with smoking pistols in their hands, making tracks! Called to them to stop, when they fell upon their knees and cried, "Begorra! It's the Masther!" They had been following me for the last six days to shoot me! Thought I was somebody else! This comes of that Police Circular issued by the Clare County Inspector. There's no dealing with such fellows, and FORSTER will agree with me. Couldn't listen to their explanations, as I had promised Government to avoid political discussion. However, hanged annoying!

Sunday.—Back in my dear old cell again! No more "out on paroles" for me, thank you, for the present!

A PLEASANT THING FOR HOT WEATHER.—A Cool Hundred.



HEARTS OF OAK.

Angelina (who has never seen a revolving light before). "HOW PATIENT AND PERSEVERING THOSE SAILORS MUST BE, EDWIN! THE WIND HAS BLOWN THAT LIGHT OUT SIX TIMES SINCE THEY FIRST LIT IT, AND THEY 'VE LIGHTED IT AGAIN EACH TIME!"

THE STIRRUP-CUP.

To saddle swung, the fair, the young!
The bridal pair are off!
Yet pause, ere loose the rein is flung,
A Stirrup-Cup to quaff.
Punch lifts the brimming beaker high,
And "Heaths all round!" is England's cry.

Whilst fields glow glad 'neath Flora's smile,
And budding coverts ring,
We welcome to our waking Isle
"The bird that comes in Spring."
And such a Spring hath seldom stirred
Its leaves to welcome such a bird!

An isle of damp repute, and yet
The bride will see to-day
Our woodlands are not always wet,
Our skies not always grey.
We've yet a sun our fruits to ripe,
And echoes of the pastoral pipe.

"No shepherdess but Flora," she
"Peering in April's front."
(April, like long chased wood-nymph, free
From blustering Winter's brunt.)
A later *Perdita*, and well
Mated with our *Prince Florizel*.

Our latest, youngest, not least wise.
Punch, who has known them all,
And watched them, with paternal eyes,
Take Hymen's rosy thrall,
To ALBERT's worthy son brims up
With glad good-will the Stirrup-Cup.

* *Winter's Tale.*

And for the bride, the land's desire
Is that all joys may crown
This other HELEN, come to fire
Our bosoms—not our town;
An April guest in Springtide gay,
And welcome as the flowers in May.

"FISH ALL ALIVE, O!"

MR. PUNCH has received a communication from a Salesman of Billingsgate, of so strange and violent a character that he hesitates to publish it.

Mr. Punch had his attention drawn, some few weeks ago, to the evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee on the proposed Market at Shadwell, by the principal Salesman of Billingsgate, who stated to the much-amused Committee that when the natives of that classic locality indulged, as was their wont, in language of so powerful—not to say disgusting—a nature as to absolutely terrify these not to the manner born, they really meant exactly the same as ordinary folk mean when uttering the kindly wish, "God bless you!"

If this be so, perhaps these Gentlemen, so bitterly attacked by their brother Salesman, would have no objection to read the language in which he writes of them and their doings, and which to their accustomed ears might sound rather like blessings than curses. But as his denunciations include some Members of the Corporation, who may be reasonably expected to take words in their usual acceptation, *Mr. Punch* of course refrains from quoting them; but this much he may say to his truly Billingsgate correspondent, that he quite intends to throw the whole weight of his influence and power in favour of every reasonable proposition for improving the supply and cheapening the price of fish, quite irrespective alike of ancient charters or of vested interests or of any tricks of trade. If his correspondent will furnish him with facts from his own experience, and couched in reasonable language, that will assist in this great cause, he will earn the hearty thanks not only of *Mr. Punch*, but of the great masses of the poor of the Metropolis, possibly expressed in language as earnest and as hearty, if not quite so powerful, as his own.



THE STIRRUP-CUP.

MR. P. "YOU'RE THE LAST OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN, SIR, AND I'M SURE YOU DESERVE TO BE
HAPPY. BLESS YOU!!"

[Drinks.]

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NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



We seems to be a gitting on pretty well at the Mansion House in regards to Royalty. We thinks nothink of having a Hair Aparent and 2 or 3 Royal Dooks a dropping in to Lunch now and then, and then having quite a frendly chat about Music and the Opera. I'm told as how the Copperation will have to stump up pretty Hansom (no elusion to the Sherryfess), for the Musical Collidge, but what of that so long as we gits the opportunity of gazing upon Royalty and talking to it quite in the family way.

To be sure it isn't the same as having 'em to Dinner, and their Royal Innesses' Gentlemen complanes werry bitterly of not having their customary little Bankwet down below when they cums into the City.

One on 'em told me only on Monday, that tho' of course they has their Turtel at home, it's somethink quite different to the reel thing. In fac more like little Turtel and Water! He hadd with a sy that he found a good platefull of good thick City Turtel that support to his sumwat enfeebled constituahun, that enabled him to go thro' with his trying dooties with comparitive ees.

Ah! that must be a terribel fatiging life, that must, riding behind a coach sumtimes for ours together!

But then what a reward!

Fancy being always able to gaze in the face of Royalty, or at any rate to look at the backs of Royalty's hats and bonnets, and to breath the same Hair when Royalty has quite done with it!

What a change has cum over the Spirits of our Drams, as the Poet says. Last year we was all that sollem at the Mansion House, that one would almost have thought the New Copperation had arrived, and was in deep mournin' for the Old 'un: but now we dances away like Turpe Sicoory, whoever he may have bin, probberly the fashnable Dancing Master of his perod.

Is it Jellowry, is it Pride, or is it Pitty? I paws for a reply. I had quite a nice frendly chat with one of the Prince's Gentlemen, he sed, in the affablest manner, "while you wotes us sich lots of money and gives us sich sumptehus reparats, we shall all stand by you to a man!"

What a distangy style there is about 'em. Of the 2, I prefers 'em to their Masters. The Princes is jest a lecture

too afaible, but you can't find that fault with their Gentlemen, tho' a glass or two of old Madeery does unbend 'em a bit, but before that there's a Aughty Demeanor about 'em that's somethink to wunder at. They told me one or two little pickaunt anecdotes that might emuse the world. But no! I shall carry my secrets with me to my Toom! As future ages asked who was "Jew Neus," so other ages may ask who was "ROBERT?"

Which reminds me to say as I was sorry I got the tickit for the City Waiter's Pension Society Dinner too late to await myself of it in time enuff. I thanks Mr. MEADS the Secartary for sending it to you for me, but 4 hours after the dinner our is jest a little late to be seriously treated.

I haven't dropt into a good birth as the Secartary supposes, and haven't changed my dress, which is still No. 1 Quean Street, pleas ring the top bell. As for wantin a job, we are so jolly busy in the City we don't want none elsewhere. That's the place for Jobs as far as my egsperience gos.

Brown was at the Dinner and says it was real Jam to have a Waiter a Waiting on a Waiter with a Waiter in his hand and calling a Waiter, Sir!

The LORD MARE said that the Waiter's vocation was precarious, I haven't the least idea what he meant, but I think it was werry kind of his Lordship.

Sir JOHN BENNET spoke out like a trow Night, as never wants no winding up. He sed, and no doubt werry truly, that sumtimes when he looked behind his chair he didn't know whether it was his Chapling his Wicar or his Waiter! and he didn't know which was the usefullist of the three. I think I could have told him if I had bin there.

Brown tells me he was in that state of exsitement at his uneroustomed persiption, and at having nothink to do but to eat and drink, that he quite forgot to subscribe nothink, and couldn't quite remember exaactly how much money was giv, but he thinks it was between a hundred pound and a thousand.

I hopes nex year, Mr. MEADS the Secondary will send me a Ticket just a little before the Dinner is begun, insted of a good deal arter, and then I dessey I shall be abel to do my dooty to my pore Brethren as becomes

Your umble Waiter,

ROBERT.



NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR."

Bill Nupkins (after describing the "March Past" of his Regiment at the Portsmouth Review). "AN, WE WAS A PRETTY SIGHT, MARY, I CAN TELL YEE!"

A SOAP SUDDEN IDRA.—Professor LIEBIG has somewhere said, that the quantity of soap consumed by a nation would be no inaccurate measure whereby to estimate its wealth and civilisation. International question of statistice:—"How are you off for soap?"

A DIFFICULT CASE.

DEAR DOCTOR PUNCH,
I HAVE written to the *Lancet*, but it's no good. They won't take any notice of me. Some nonsense about "medical etiquette," I dare say. Now look here. This is my case. I have a terrible toothache, and take plenty of port wine. My toothache is cured, but I get racking pains in the head. I cure this by *sai volatile*, which, however, brings on indigestion, and gives me fearful agony in the chest. For this I take a pint of champagne, which at once relieves me, but brings on a sharp attack of the gout in my left foot. I take a dose of colchicum, I drink nothing but lemon and potass,—my system becomes lowered. I again take cold. The same programme is gone through. Toothache, port wine, headache, *sai volatile*, indigestion, champagne, gout, colchicum, cartarrh, toothache. All day long I am running through a gamut of pains, from toothache to toothache. I think I'd better stick to my original toothache, and save my money. I know what you'll recommend. But I've tried punch. Hot, strong, and sweet, and plenty of it. It made me feel as if my backbone was in Flemish knots, my fingers in ringlets, and my hair effervescing. That won't do.

HYP. O'CHONDRIAC.
Long Acre.

LATEST FROM THE EAST.—Discord at Cairo, probably consequent on the departure of Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN for England.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 81.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY,

AS CORRY O'LANUS BEGGING THE SUFFRAGES OF THE CITIZENS.

"I will, Sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them." * * * (Adds, as a Bright idea.) "I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers."—Act II., Sc. 3.

SPIRITS AND WATER.

If we said the Water Colour Society this year showed unusual spirit we should not be far wrong, but then perhaps we might get the Society into trouble for opening its doors without a spirit licence. Not being of a pugnacious disposition, we have no desire to pick a quarrel with *aquarellistes*, therefore, we will simply say that this year's show is better than usual. Glorious Sir JOHN GILBERT; "Our" Mr. DU MAURIER, distinctly and poetically Londonesque Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL, Mr. CARL HAAG, Mr. BRIKELY, Mr. ALFRED NEWTON, "salt" and breezy Mr. HENRY MOORE, Mr. BIRKETT FOSTER, and Mr. BASIL BRADLEY, well supported by other exhibitors, combine to make the walls of this gallery especially attractive. The new illustrated catalogue is a feature that cannot fail to be extensively appreciated.

Two Pronunciations.

RODERICK MACLEAN
He shot at the QUEEN.
The Jury took "reason"
Out of his treason.
So RODRICK MACLEAN
Was pronounced insane.

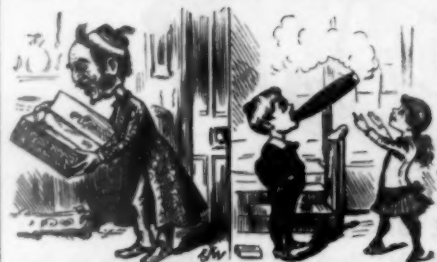
PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.—From J. Bright to W. E. G.—I once said "Force is no remedy." If Irish affairs don't mend, I shall be inclined to say "FORSTER'S no remedy."—Yours, J. B.

THE REAL "LADY OF LYONS."
—ROSA BONHEUR. See M. Mme. et Bébé chez eux in King Street, St. James's.

TALES OF THE ALHAMBRA.

THE dish now served up in the Leicester Square Theatre of Varieties is *Bubble and Squeak*—no, we should say *Babil and Bijou*, sauce *Hollandaise*, which is better than a French sauce, though Mr. HOLLAND, the People's Caterer, is only responsible for the "trimmings," the materials having been originally supplied by the present Mr. BOUCCICAUT and the late Mr. FLANCHÉ.

The music throughout is charming, specially the concerted pieces. Whether as originator, composer, or musical stage-manager, M. JACOBI is entitled to the highest praise. The great merit of *Babil and Bijou* is that, come in when you will during any one of the four Acts, there is always something worth seeing and music worth hearing.



The Lost Regalia.

MR. HARRY PAULTON, the ill-used Comedian, who always wears an air of hopeless suffering, gets more laughter out of his part than he does in it; as we presume the series of lectures on the *tableaux vivants* are his own. His topical song is a good specimen of its class, and has about eight *encore* verses which much delight his audience.

There are no cleverer dancers than MILES. PEROLDI and PALLADINO. Where do all the showy girls come from that are now to be seen at every theatre where there is a musical piece, whether burlesque, opéra-bouffe, or comic opera? Are ballet-girls born, like poets, and not made? But so many of them sing, too—at all events, like *Box*, in *Box and Cox*, they sometimes "join in a chorus," and are frequently called upon to "give us a chorus," which they do very well.



Native Talent.

As a spectacle it is unsurpassed by any previous production at the Alhambra. The scenery is quite the best they have ever had. *Babil and Bijou* is just one of those pieces which, were it carefully renovated from time to time, fitted up with an occasional new Act, fresh music, novel ballets, and with one Act devoted to comic scenes full of such business as the Martinettis supply, and of ingenious mechanical pantomimic tricks, might run for years like the *Pied à Moulin*, which began some thirty years or so ago, and is as lively as ever. There is nothing of this sort in London; and the Alhambra has got all the appliances and means to boot. But the Management must not forget that however attractive lovely scenery, pretty faces, splendid dresses, and first-class dancing and singing may be, the public likes to laugh; and if there is not plenty to laugh at, the popularity of any spectacle cannot be long-lived. Now,



AN OFFER.

Editor. "YOUR CARD, MR. PERKS, SAYS 'PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.' WHAT IS IT?"

'Arry (who is "takin' to Journalism"). "OH, I THOUGHT AS YOU MIGHT WANT A 'ANDY YOUNG MAN, AS WAS IN WITH THE NODS, TO DO THE FASH'NABLE GOSSIP AND CHIT-CHAT IN YOUR SOCIETY PAPER; SO I——"

[Bell—Door—Exit!]

genuinely clever comic business is always popular, and laughter at the Alhambra is to be raised by appeal to the eye rather than to the ear. Freshened up from time to time in this manner, with M. JACOBI at the helm, and Mr. W. HOLLAND at the "Look-Out,"



"Spring! Spring! Beautiful! Spring!"

the Court Theatre a loud explosion was heard. The Prince of WALES, with great presence of mind, stood up in his box, and calmed the audience by informing them that what they had heard was only the effect of the piece going off uncommonly well. This is the report of the explosion that reached our office.

"THE best thing for Luncheon," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "is a *polonaise* of lobster and a couple of glasses of Hide and Seek champagne."

Charles Robert Darwin.

BORN, FEBRUARY 12, 1800. DIED, APRIL 19, 1882.

A STUDIOUS porer over Nature's plan,

Calm tracker of her steps, keen, watchful, wise;

Recorder of the long Descent of Man,

And a most living witness of his rise:

Long o'er his life-work may the fight be fought,

Yet leave him still a leading light of Thought.

"WHAT 'S IN A NAME?"—A fraud in connection with the honoured name of SHAKESPEARE! Heaven forbid! Can it be a descendant of the Divine WILLIAM, whose name so unfortunately appears in the case? "A little more than 'next of kin' (frauds) and less than kind" to some victims.

The Divided Skirt.

"I'LL wear," She said, "and surely it won't hurt,
My Lady HARBERTON's 'divided skirt';"
But He the silly fashion much derided,
And so the house was like the skirt, divided.

THE MOST BRILLIANT ENTERTAINMENT OF THE SEASON.—The Electric Light Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, which ought *pro tem.* to be called the Edison Light House.

MUSIC.—Miss SOPHIE MENTER has commenced: we Menter hear her last Monday.

THE ZOOTHEATRICOLOGICAL GARDENS.

"But Science, after all," observed the *Observer* lately, "is not, perhaps, worse off than Art, and the Zoological Gardens can contrast favourably with Theatres!"



THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION SHOWS HOW THE THEATRES MAY BE MADE "TO CONTRAST FAVOURABLY" WITH THE ZOO.

IN NUBIBUS; OR, UP TO LARKS IN SKY AND AIR.

(Still up in the Air. Communicated per Special Aërated Telephone.)



Throwing out Ballast.

or out me dead. Is he jealous of a brother balloonist?

PICKLEJOHN threatens. Giving this tone up as useless, he cajoles. We play Blind Hookey to pass the time away. We can't play for ever, as he has only brought two pounds six and eightpence with him, which sum is now mine. "Will I let him get out?"

Yes; on certain terms; including money down, and immediate publication of my book on Ballooning.

The night is chill. The stars shine out about us. Lightning is playing miles beneath us. We are some 90,000 feet above the earth. The balloon is becalmed. The gas is escaping. Heavens! I throw out my seventeen bags of ballast one after the other.

We only move upward one inch.

I explain to PICKLEJOHN that I didn't want him to come: that, in fact, I must go on alone!

"You would not throw me over?" he shrieks.

I am holding PICKLEJOHN over the side of the car. How he got

For me the Earth has no attraction: give me Air!

I am lunching: PICKLEJOHN isn't. Regret it: but not enough for two. PICKLEJOHN implores me to let him out. I would let him out by the hour, if I thought he would do as a show. This, he says, is not what he means. Will I let him out of the balloon? No: decidedly not. I am taking five o'clock tea; PICKLEJOHN isn't.

Note in fly-leaf.—Sighted Colonel BURNABY off coast of France. Signalled to him, but he either didn't understand me,

there I don't know, but had it not been for me he would have tried to descend by himself, by turning his overcoat into a sort of parachute.

He repents his rash impulse. He begs to be hauled in again. I ask him if he is inclined to come to terms, and sign the power of attorney?

He hesitates! At an altitude of 90,000 miles above the earth, he hesitates.

Joy, joy! My task is done. We are descending. Book, published by PICKLEJOHN & Co., will be out in a few days. Order a million copies.

A BUNCH OF PRIMROSES.

APRIL 19, 1882.

(First Anniversary of the Death of the Earl of Beaconsfield.)

"THESE to his memory, since he held them dear."

Lives there in Britain's bounds a soul so small
That on that grave he grudges to let fall
A spray of the pale firstlings of the year?

No flower of tropic growth and gorgeous tint,
Such as might seem his genius best to fit,
But blossoms that when Spring's first sunbeams flit
With softened star-gleams all our hedgerows print.

So be it; if for aught of English growth
And simple grace his grandiose fancy found
Place with such fondness, we will strew the ground
With these unto his memory, nothing loth.

Shakespeare for the City.

Macbeth (at a Civic Banquet, to an ex-Officer of the Corporation)—

"Sweet Remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!"

"THERE's a great infidel between SHAKESPEARE and TENNYSON," observed MRS. RAMSBOTHAM. She meant interval.

"WHAT'S THE NEXT ARTICLE?"—NOTICE.—"Wet Bob," in *Our Boy's Novelist* series, stands over till next week, when *Remarkable Romances* and *Simple Stories* will be also continued. This information will go far to allay the very natural excitement consequent upon the temporary interruption of these works of creative genius.

DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR AT NEWMARKET.



The Ring.



Laying the Odds.



Backing the Favourite.



Serving his Stake.

ANTICIPATIONS OF A WAGNER!

(A few Marginal Queries on the "Book," by one who has bought his ticket, and is in for a "Cycle.")

SHALL I be able to sit out the whole of these 351 pages quietly, without wanting my money back?

When I have seen it all, and want to air the fact the next time I dine out, shall I be utterly stumped by those beastly German names?

What on earth are *Nibelungs*? Have they anything to do with the man who plays the bassoon?

How will they manage this? "*Fasolt and Fafner enter*," I quote from the book, "*both of giant's stature*." Then they sing a duet. Will they do this in *alto*, on stilts, and in pantomime heads?—or how?

Here, too, is a difficult bit of business for a fellow named *Alberich*. I quote again:—

"With desperate efforts he begins to pursue them; with fearful nimbleness he climbs ridge after ridge, springs from one to the other, and tries to seize now this maiden, now that, who always escape from him with mocking laughter; he stumbles, falls into the depths below, and then climbs hastily up again,—till at last he loses all patience; breathless, and foaming with rage, he stops, and stretches his clenched fist up towards the maidens."

Who'll play this part? Mr. CONQUEST with a German name? If so, and he has had half-a-dozen singing-lessons to enable him to get through the music somehow or other, won't such a lively gymnastic entrance put him a little out of breath?

I wonder what's the meaning of

"*Heiahaheia!*
Heiahaheia!

Wallalallalala leiahaheia!"?

I fancy it's out of a trio sung under water. Perhaps by a diving-man in a helmet when something has gone wrong with the air-pump.

Fafner seems to have a strong part, and is evidently the *tenore robusto* of the cast. Here's a bit of business for him:—

He raises himself from his bed,—breaks through the thicket, and "rolls himself forward out of the hollow to the higher ground, so that he has already reached it with the foremost part of his body. He now utters a loud yawning sound." I wonder whether the audience will take it up, and utter another? A little risky that— isn't it?

No, apparently not; for he has some capital points to wake 'em up, if they're at all inclined to drop off, later on. Look at this. In the middle of a duet with *Siegfried*, he "opens his jaws and shows his teeth!" and then again, a little further down, after a bar or two, "threatens with his tail!" and finally "roars." That ought to bring down the house,—and will.

I always thought the finish of the great duet in the *Huguenots* the most dramatic piece of business of its kind on the lyric stage; but what is one to think now? Look here; (*Siegfried and Fafner still at it*).

"He places himself opposite *Fafner*, who lifts himself further forward on to the high-ground, and spits at him with his nostrils," (with a pretty motive that ought to be very effective). "*Siegfried springs aside. Fafner swings forward his tail to catch Siegfried,*

who avoids it by leaping over the back of the Worm: as the tail quickly follows and almost seizes him, *Siegfried* wounds it with his sword. *Fafner* quickly withdraws his tail" (safe laugh), "roars," (another lead for the house), "and lifts the fore-part of his body, in order to throw himself towards the side with his full weight upon *Siegfried*: he thus exposes to him his breast: *Siegfried* quickly discovers the place of his heart," (a sort of lyric diagnosis? Better have it chalked first) "and plunges his sword into it, up to the hilt." That settles *Fafner*, but not the duet; for he has still a very nice bit of *ensemble*, though "with weaker voice," which is reasonable, before he finally expires. I certainly look forward to this immensely, for though I saw all the pantomimes last Christmas, I'm quite certain there was nothing in any one of 'em that could come anywhere near it.

Then in the *Götterdämmerung* there's a wedding, and, I suppose, a breakfast, which probably accounts for *Gunter* being in the cast.

I hope, however, I shan't finish up by quoting to the great composer and poet, the neat speech of his own *Mime*, translated by his own *FORNAX*, who says to somebody or other "very irritably,"

"Wildering nonsense
Now are thy words!"

ONLY ONE BILLINGSGATE.

ONE cannot help having a kind of sneaking kindness for what CHARLES DICKENS called, "That very terrible body the Court of Common Council." They do occasionally act in such a wonderfully droll, old-fashioned sort of way, as if they really believed that things were exactly as they were hundreds of years ago.

For instance now, they have managed to preserve with loving care an old Charter, granted to them five hundred years ago by EDWARD THE THIRD, of money-loving memory, doubtless for certain weighty considerations, in which charter it is solemnly stated there shall be no more Markets within seven miles of the City! This, perhaps, was of no very great importance some five centuries ago, when the whole kingdom contained fewer people than the Metropolis does now. But the funny part of the matter is, that the City Sages actually try to persuade themselves—they certainly will not persuade anybody else—that this monstrous enactment should be continued, although the population has increased tenfold.

There is, as most people know, a Market of ill repute in more respects than one, called Billingsgate. It is the only wholesale Fish Market for the whole Metropolis. The irate Salesman whose letter we were unable to insert last week on account of its powerful language, asks, with indignation, "How long are we to be confined to this wretched hole, where such scenes of confusion and muddle are enacted as can never be believed unless seen?" The Railway Managers say that their vans are delayed upon an average four hours, thereby not only wasting time and money, but thoroughly demoralising their men. The approach by water is so bad that all the packages of fish have to be carried from the vessels on men's backs; and, to crown all, the principal carriers of water-borne fish state before Parliament that with increased facilities they could enormously increase the supply.

To remedy this frightful muddle, it is proposed to erect a large commodious market at Shadwell; and whose is the sole opposition the promoters have to encounter?

Would it not be utterly incredible if we did not know it to be true, that the sole opposition is that of the Corporation with their curious old Charter, which ought long ere this to have been placed among the other curiosities of their interesting Museum.

Of course, the House of Commons Committee made short work of the Charter business, and passed the Bill as necessary for the proper supply of fish to the East of London.

But now comes the most comical part of the business. Having utterly failed to convince the House of Commons that this old curiosity in the charter line was of more importance than the supply of food to the one and a half million of the East of London, they actually, on Wednesday, by a majority of One, determined to try their luck in the House of Lords!

What a compliment to the sententious, and common sense and patriotism of their Lordships!

However, though the Corporation may be inclined to say, "Thank God, we have a House of Lords!" when they think they can appeal to their prejudices, the poor people of the East of London may repeat the exclamation, in full confidence, that they may safely leave their case to their Lordships' sympathy and patriotism.

THOSE "Half-Holiday Handbooks" are very useful, though perhaps not sufficiently portable. But why not "Whole-Holiday Pocket-Books," showing where to go, when to go, and how to go it? If Mr. FISHER USWIN doesn't look sharp, we shall have this series out ourselves about Whitsuntide.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MAY 6, 1882.



SATURDAY REVIEW OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—THE MARCH PAST.

A MODERN PASTEUR-AL.

I HAVE found out the germs in the air,
I have learned where the *bacilli* breed;
The parasite-world, I've laid bare
A detestable kingdom, indeed.
Vitality's lowest abyss,
I have plumbed in pursuit of my "germs,"
Whose unpleasantness mortals may miss,
In the darkness of technical terms.

I have watched all the things that ferment,
I have sat at decay's vampire feast,
I can scarcely convey the extent
Of my knowledge of "mould," and of yeast.
To suffering man I impart
Information of comfort and cheer;
I can help devotees of high art,
And the makers of wine or small beer.

I know every parasite pest,
I can draw it in section and plan;
And explain if the nuisance infest
The bodies or vineyards of man.
I could show you most hideous things,
But that is not Science's scope;
She doesn't shriek horrors, but sings
The practical poems of hope.

Her object is lengthening life,
And giving humanity ease;
Her prying and porings mean strife
With the powers of death and disease.
Those powers that lurk in the dark,
That skulk in the realms beyond sight,
It is Science's business to mark
It is Science's pleasure to fight.

Vast vistas expand to her view,
But she may not dally with dreams;
She must trace out the tracks of the true
All heedless of phantasy's gleams.
Believing 'tis Knowledge's light
That raiseth the man from the clod,
And that they are preparing for flight
Who first are contented to plod.

"AMONG MY NEWSPAPERS."

(A Sequel to "Among My Books.")

"ARE we still as far off from Freedom as ever? Are we for all ages to be trodden down by the oppressor's hoof? Are we, the descendants of men who were kings when the GUELPHS were unknown and the HAPBURGS unborn, to clank the chains of slavery for all eternity? It seems so. At the present moment there are languishing American patriots in the foul dungeons and the noisome cells of Kilmainham. Why? Because Our Minister, the man LOWELL, to that benighted and rotten country called England, is pampered by an effete aristocracy on the slopes of St. James's Castle, and is fed by a decaying monarchy off golden plate in the Round Towers of Buckingham Palace. His recall is demanded at once."—*The Ohio Shamrock*.

"Has the inconceivable idiot, whom the incomprehensible folly of what we once thought a free and enlightened Republic has thought fit to send as Ambassador to a country which is the laughing stock of France, the contempt of Spain, the sneer of Italy, and the object of derision and scorn on the part of grand Old Ireland, no system of articulate speech? For weeks we have fulminated in these columns against the brutal detention—against their will, mark you—of those American gentlemen, O'BLEATHER, O'HEDGESIDE, and O'BULLEY, in an English gaol. Of these remarks no notice has been taken. Well, well, other men have acted as haughtily, and have



SHOCKING!

Mrs. B. (lately bitten). "FOND O' BRIC-A-BRAC! AO—H! AW—F'LY. BROWN SAYS I'M BECOMING QUITE AN ANTHEIST!"
Philistine Visitor (under his breath). "GER-ACIOUS HEAVENS!"

despised the freedom of the subject as much as Mr. LOWELL. How did they end? Ask JULIUS CÆSAR! Ask CHARLES THE FIRST! Ask HENRY THE FOURTH! If these men were alive, they could return answers which might deter even Mr. LOWELL from his fawning feeding of the British Lion on sweetmeats, when he should be beating it over the head."—*The Kentucky Irishman*.

"LOWELL is a man, if we can call such a thing a man, of such despicable and bestial ignorance, that he is probably unaware that the United States possess both an army and a navy. And despite LOWELL's blarney, if the American Suspects are not immediately released, the thunder of our navy's guns will be heard from Rutlandshire to Salisbury Plain, and our army will be intrenched around Dover and Liverpool. We'll cut the Lion's claws."—*The New Jersey Harp of Tara*.

"So, Old LOWELL, who says he wrote the *Biglow Papers*, when everyone knows they were written by a young and gifted Irishman, named MURPHY, whom LOWELL never paid, has been to Windsor. Windsor is where the English make soap. LOWELL will want a lot. His hands are dirty enough in all conscience over this Suspect affair."—*The New York Irish Wit*.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday Night, April 24.—Air full of rumours of new Baronets. In fact, as Sir CHARLES FORSTER says, instead of calling this the Budget night, it's the Barry'nite. According to rumour, almost everyone has got a lift. Look naturally for the name of JOHN PENDER. If Baronetcies are to be given for public services, surely the man who has put half-a-dozen girdles round the earth should be hailed "Sir JOHN." But don't find him in this list. Perhaps there's a second edition reserved for men who have done substantial service.

There are Members who respectfully address me as "Sir TOBY." That also premature.



The Budget.

had in his mind. Only needed, with a "How do, TOBY?" Am glad of it. These titles are empty things. As the poet says, "A breath may blow them, so a breath be blown." GLADSTONE and myself will remain plain "Mr."

But there's JOSEPH GILLIS. Seems no doubt that henceforward we shall have to be more respectful to him. Sir JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR, Bart., of Porkhops House, in the County of Cavan, isn't to be trifled with. This, it is said, is to be the last attempt to solve the Irish question.

"Let's have JOSEPH GILLIS on our side," BRIGHT said at the last Cabinet Council, "and all will be well." JOEY B. is reported to have been rather coy at first. Said he thought Mr. HEALY would out him—Mr. HEALY, whose proud reflection is that he doesn't know what a Prince is like, wouldn't recognise it if he saw it. Pointed out to JOSEPH that there is a difference between a Royal Prince, and what J. B. calls "a Barn't." This was, however, only his slyness. Fact is he jumped at offer. Expect there'll be a deal of trouble with him. Says he's going to sit above the Gangway now. He's not proud, he protests. But something is due to his rank. Has given notice to ARTHUR O'CONNOR that he must get some one else to give him a lift home in a cab when the House sits late. Or Sir JOSEPH says, if there is no other Member going that way, they will have a four-wheeler, and O'CONNOR shall ride on the box.

All this very dreadful. Afraid our JOSEPH GILLIS is for ever lost to us. Will take an opportunity, on going into Committee of Supply, of saying a few words on the enervating influence of Royal favour.

Business done.—JOSEPH GILLIS made Barn't. Budget brought in.

Tuesday.—The Conservative party and the country had better keep their eye on STANLEY LEIGHTON. There is in him the making of a great orator. At present a little clerical in method of delivery. Sir CHARLES FORSTER tells me he was originally designed for the Church, but altered his mind. The Church lost a very good curate. To the charms of oratorical manners familiar in country churches, STANLEY has added a "haw-haw" manner, popularly supposed to be connected with the Mess Room.

Combination of Curate and Guardsman highly effective. Brought on to-night Resolution about Lunatics in Private Asylums. Wants them kept by State. Been reading *Valentine's Vox*, also LEWIS WINEFIELD. Ingenious imagination excited. Believes Mr. GLADSTONE keeps in private mad-houses as many persons as he can get hold of who will not vote for him. This tyranny not to be endured. Away with Private Mad-Houses!

"Let none be for private parties,
But all be for the State,"

as MACAULAY somewhere Lays it down.

Curious access of interest in lunatics displayed by gentlemen opposed to marriage with the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. [Never could understand how a Deceased Wife could have a Sister Bill. Expect it's one of those errors constantly made in the printing department. Should read, "Marriage with Deceased Wife's Brother Bill."] Resolution in favour of Bill down on Orders. If the talk on lunatics can be kept up till half-past twelve, the Motion, being opposed, can't come on. So Members being averse to the matrimonial prospects of the bereaved Brother Bill, displayed an extraordinary acquaintance with the subject of lunacy. TOM COLLINS argued

at length. Quite surprised at the impatience on the other side. Those who would see Brother Bill's bereavement cheered by a happy union, sit and growl.

BREKESFORD HOPE really quite informing on the subject. Sort of Enquire Within on Everything Relating to Lunatics. All nonsense about cruelty in private asylums, he says; can't be done. "Mr. SPEAKER," he said, putting the fingers of his right hand into the palm of his left, "with your permission I will describe precisely how a man or a woman is confined." Roars of laughter. Can't see the joke myself, The Representation of Gloucester. (Quite the Cheese.) but suppose it's somewhere about. Best to laugh, or might be thought stupid.

Debate on lunatics kept up with great vigour till half-past twelve, then suddenly dropped. Brother Bill bowed out, and his marriage indefinitely postponed.

Business done.—Budget Resolution agreed to.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Wonderfully clever speech from GLADSTONE. None of your ordinary kind, where a man tries to let you know what's in his mind. Anyone can do that with more or less success. Great point about WEE's speech was that being on his feet thirty-five minutes talking with full flow of language, in crowded House intently listening, he sat down leaving matters about where he found them. Beautifully involved sentences. Whole passages barricaded with conditions, and honeycombed with subjunctives.

"Letting I will not wait upon I won't,
Like the cat in the china-shop,"—

as SHAKESPEARE somewhere hath it. Interesting to watch the countenances of Members intently listening. Any one who has



Rent Arrears.

seen a gentleman on the sunny shores of the Riviera engaged in the occupation of catching mosquitoes, may gather a general impression. Now they hadn't. Here it was, and there it certainly is. Just as you can hear the whizz of the mosquito, which makes more aggravating the quest, they could catch glimpses of WEE's meaning. Could hear its whizz, as it were, all through the half-hour. But at the end hadn't got the mosquito. And he looked so innocent, too—so anxious that he should be comprehended, and that not a shade of his meaning should be lost! This completed the joy of the afternoon, and made GEORGE HAMILTON more than usually wild.

Business done.—New Land Bill brought in by Land League. Guaranteed to settle Ireland for at least seven weeks.

Thursday Night.—Most people away at Windsor marrying and giving in marriage. Mr. CHARLES LEWIS and Mr. PHILIP CALLAN divided between them the earlier hours of the sitting. Intelligent foreigner in the gallery begins to have a high opinion of the British Parliament. Someone has been saying something about Mr. CALLAN in the newspapers. His sensitive mind naturally hurt. So he comes down and tells Dr. CAMERON (whom he "reasonably suspects" of being the author of the paragraph) that he is in the pay of the Government, and in consideration of getting for his paper a few advertisements per annum, does as he is bidden. Dr. CAMERON talks about Mr. CALLAN's "fragile honour." Mr. HEALY shook at this rude speech. Dr. CAMERON withdraws, firing a parting shot about appealing from "PHILIP drunk to PHILIP sober." A hit, a palpable hit. Only these pot-house brawls don't raise the House in the estimation of the intelligent foreigner in the gallery.

Business done.—Corrupt Practices Bill read a Second Time.

Saturday Morning, One o'Clock.—Just about to begin business, after having spent nine hours in preliminary conversation. Mr. CHAPLIN arrived ten minutes ago, nearly out of breath. Muster of the clans to the left of the SPEAKER. Mr. WARTON waked himself up with a prodigious pinch of snuff. Mr. Alderman FOWLER wakes everybody else by observing "Hear! hear!" Sir JOSEPH GILLIS brightens up in the prospect of a scrimmage. HARTINGTON glancing under the rim of his well-poised hat, gloomily surveys the scene. Knows what's coming. Had it all over half a dozen times before. Government want Morning Sitting on Tuesday, CHAPLIN and Sir JOSEPH say "No." Home to bed. Tired of it.

ACADEMY BANQUET, on Saturday, a great success. Brilliant electric light speeches from the President. The Prince of WALES returned thanks in his model brief-and-all-to-the-point style. The After-Dinner Oratory was incensed with tobacco. Lord GRANVILLE humorous, and Mr. LOWELL said he felt "posthumous." *Florest Eaton!*



The Representation of Gloucester. (Quite the Cheese.)



Corrupt Practices Bill.

O DETTE! OR VERY MUCH BORROWED!

FIRST, *Odette* is not an Irish piece, though *The O' Debt* would certainly sound suggestive of No Rent. Mr. BANCROFT need not have troubled himself to go to M. SARDOU for this play, since he could have got a far better one turned out for him by any English Dramatist who might not be above acting on M. SARDOU's sartorian motto of "Gents' own materials carefully made up." For *Odette* recalls to the playgoer's mind *Fiammina* (anglicised long ago by PALGRAVE SIMPSON as *Broken Ties*) *Fernande*, *Le Feu au Couvent*, *La Clé*, *Les Grands Enfants*, and one or two others. Such a mixture doesn't say much for M. SARDOU's originality, but a great deal for his ingenuity. Perhaps, too, if the great man has condescended to study English, he may some years ago have read Mr. A'BRECKY's Magazine Story, of which a successful dramatic version has been recently produced at the Royalty.

The spark of interest awakened in the First Act fizzles out before the third is over; in the fourth, a galvanic shock would be required to arouse the audience, and as there is nothing in the dialogue, even when given intelligibly by two of the principals, and nothing in the situations or in the acting to electrify anybody, the audience is not shocked—though it stood a good chance of being so occasionally,—by the dramatist's spasmodic attempts to enlist their sympathies for the wrong person.

ACT I.—Opening; French servants playing cards, and talking unintelligibly. English servant trying to get a laugh by yawning and failing. M^{me}. MONJESKA as *Odette*, or *Lady Henry Travers*, asks a few friends in to tea—"she always came home to tea"—"after the Opera is over." Uninteresting conversation relieved by her reading a message from her husband, and the friends are dismissed. She stealthily unlatches a side-door, and exit to bed. Her husband unexpectedly returns with his brother, *Lord Arthur*, and brings back one of the tea-party, *Philip Eden*, whom he had met on the door-step. Suddenly *Lord Henry* hears a step in the passage outside the unlocked door, whereat all three men start and become apparently panic-stricken.

"The door is unlocked!" exclaims the horrified *Lord Henry BANCROFT*; "that door, too, which I had always told 'em most particularly to keep fastened."

Why had he given these orders? "Is it the jam-cupboard?" the audience ask themselves, and has his little daughter *Eva* (alluded to previously as being unwell) been getting at the sweets? Why doesn't the stupid idiot open the door and see who it is? No one suggests this very natural expedient. No, the three nervous men are too paralysed with fear to suggest anything; they have lost their heads; and the situation, which one touch of intelligent stage-management might have made reasonable, is simply ridiculous.

Enter, through the jam-cupboard, *Prince Troubitsky*, a Russian slyboots, who is *Odette's* lover. This very risky part was cautiously played by Mr. SMEDLEY. His sneaking in, and his sneaking out after being caught by *Lord Henry*, were two of the best bits in the piece; for it is a piece in "bits," and the good bits are badly put together.

Odette's faithlessness having been proved, *Lord Henry* has his child conveyed to *Lord Arthur's* room, and then, with a playful reminiscence of his boyhood's happier years, about Christmas time, he hides behind his wife's door, reeking as she opens it (like the immortal Mr. Pickwick in the garden of the boarding-school), but not lying down so as to trip her up on the threshold—(a culpable omission on his part—and yet they call this piece carefully rehearsed!)—and then, as she stretches out her hand to welcome *Troubitsky* (who has long ago disappeared into the recesses of the mysterious jam-cupboard—but without the usual business of smashing the crockery), *Lord Henry* seizes her, she turns towards him, he turns on her, scream, whoop tableau! . . . But not Curtain,—no, only a long and wearisome scene, in which M^{me}. MONJESKA is alternately unintelligible and admirable.

"You are still my wife," says *Lord Henry*, finishing a dull but highly conscientious tirade against divorce; "but out you go. *Allée!*"

To which *Odette's* reply—there is a great deal of French spoken in the piece—would naturally be, "*Allez-vous promener!*" I don't budge a step. Consult a solicitor!" And *Lord Henry* would have had to telegraph off to his solicitor in London—fetching him out

of his bed at about 2 A.M. to wire back six-and-eightpennyworth of opinion to Paris. However, this course is not adopted. He won't allow her to see her child—and so *Eva* becomes to *Odette* "the girl I left behind me"—and exit *Lady Henry* after shrieking out, "*Lèche!*" at her husband, which unparliamentary expression quite shuts up the unhappy *Lord Henry*, and Mr. BANCROFT collapses, in a heap, like a fantoccini doll with its strings broken. End of Act. Considerable applause from the Gallery consequent upon M^{me}. MONJESKA having been understood to say, "*Luah!*" which, whether considered from a temperance or intemperance point of view, was advice that exactly coincided with the intentions of the majority at that moment,—at least such was the explanation of the plaudits given by an eminent scholar to whose authority we bow.

ACT II.—Nothing particular. Mrs. BANCROFT little and good.

ACT III.—Gambling Saloon. [*Fernande* and *La Clé*.] Reminds us of Act II., *Artful Cards*, only without Mr. TOOLS and the trombone. Mr. PINERO's imitation of Mr. EDWARD TERRY recognisable, but not humorous; he has a row with his wife, and insists on joining the "madding crowd" at bacarat in the back-arar-room. The hit of the piece is in this Act, and it is made by Mr. BROOKFIELD as *Narcisse*. Clever, but exaggerated. He looked, on the first night, as if he had mistaken the piece for a Barlesque, and had made up accordingly. The mistake was pardonable; and a dance between him and Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, with a good exit, would have brought the house down. It is not too late to introduce it now.

Philip Eden, very well played by Mr. CONWAY, wants to talk alone with *Odette*, so all the company retire behind folding-doors, and at intervals make such curious noises that the audience begin to imagine they are playing some childish game of The Zoological Gardens in the back-drawing-room, and that one of the party,

perhaps Mr. STONEY STRATFORD, is giving imitations of Jumbo. This leads up to a scene between *Lord Henry* and his wife, which would be most tedious and uninteresting, but for Mr. BANCROFT's happily conceived idea of throwing in some admirable imitations of the late



Old Songs Illustrated.—"Of what is the Old Man thinking?" and "The Girl she left behind Her."

Mr. BUCKSTONE's delivery, with an occasional sly touch of Mr. IRVINE's action; this, coupled with the curiosity of the audience to know what M^{me}. MONJESKA was talking about, considerably helped the concluding portion of what, after all said and done, must be pronounced a wearisome Act.

ACT IV.—*Odette* meets the girl she left behind her, who plays to her a cheerful composition on the organ, of which her father is, she says, very fond, a fact that speaks highly for his taste, as the air, being hopelessly dull, must, of course, be strictly classical; then comes another long scene, in which Mr. BANCROFT has a very fine thinking part, when he is probably considering whether he wouldn't have been a happier man if he had never heard of such a person as SARDOU, if he had cancelled M^{me}. MONJESKA's engagement, and gone on for the Season with Mrs. LANGTRY, who had gone on improving, and was at all events intelligible in Robertsonian Comedy, until *The Overland Route* could be produced.

THE BUDGET.—The proposition for raising the taxes on carriages shows that the PREMIER is acting for the wheelfare of the country. Won't every four-wheeler be a growler now! No one would have been surprised at the idea had it been put forward by the Ex-Chancellor Bicycling BOS. But that it should have come from W. E. G., the People's WHEELMAN! Oh! Yours, truly, V. HARCOURT.

MAKE BASS a Baronet by all means; and make one of the AILSOPTS a Knight of Malta.



THE DANCING MAN OF THE PERIOD.

"A—SORRY I CAN'T GIVE YOU A DANCE JUST YET, MISS FITZJONES. MIGHT PERHAPS MANAGE ONE FOR YOU LATER ON; THAT IS IF YOU MAY STOP LONG ENOUGH, YOU KNOW!"

SLIPPERY!

Sm-th (loquitor). S-T-E-A-D-Y!
If only, now, I can but pace this pole!
How it will leave those fellows "in the hole!"
They've had their try already.
And look at 'em! G. looks a regular Neddy.
Aha! And did the tumble you hurt, WILLIAM EWART?
And what d'ye think now of the Irish STUART—
CHARLES STUART, namely?—
As for poor FORSTER, well, he toppled tamely,
Flopped, like a sack-sewn slave into the Bosphorus.
How savage they do look! Brimstone and phosphorus
Make a poor flame compared with WILLIAM's eyes,
In anger and surprise
At his prodigious failure. He made so sure.
Not yet, my haughty champion of the Closure!
You're not a Nimrod, quite, as a (Pig) hunter,
And haven't got the grunter.
I—phew! By JACK SPREAT's Wife, the pole is greasy,
And I perceive my task will not be easy.
I feel like Clown upon a butter slide,
Feet close, hands wide,
Knees knocking, hams with tendency to squatting,
And all my limbs inclined to inter-knotting.
I am a steady goer, but no BLONDIN,
And a cold plunge this pond in
Will not improve my prospects. Ugly falls bury
A balancer's repute 'neath more than water.
Oh yes, I hear you, my stentorian SALISBURY.
Keep your jaw-tackle tauter.
It's very well for you to cry out, "Go it!"
But 'tis a ticklish task, and you should know it.
It doesn't want a wild cross-country scamper
To reach that hamper.
DIZZY now might have done it; he'd have footed
The scimitar-edge bridge of great Mahomet,

But such uncertain pathways are not suited
To you or me, far from it.
Here goes, however! And if we *should* get him,
That porker, by St. Patrick, how we'll pet him,
Until—we have the spit and stuffing ready!—
S-t-e-a-d-y!!!

WHAT IT WILL COME TO.

(*Vide the Public Thoroughfares.*)

MARLBOROUGH STREET.—Forty young ladies were to-day charged at this court with obstructing the traffic in Bond Street, and with repeated attempted robberies. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY deposed that as he was walking down Maddox Street, he felt a tug at his chain, and, on looking, discovered that his watch was gone. He immediately seized the prisoner, a rescue of whom was attempted by her companions now in the dock. Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD said, that at the present moment he was producing a piece at the Gaiety Theatre entitled *The Forty Thieves*, and taking a leaf out of his friend, Mr. WYNDHAM's book, had determined to advertise it in the latest fashion. The prisoners were remanded.

CLERKENWELL.—Messrs A. and S. GATTI were charged here to-day with an attempt to blow up the House of Correction. The prisoners said in their defence, that they were now playing a piece entitled *Taken From Life*, at the Adelphi Theatre, in which the great sensation was the blowing up of the Clerkenwell Prison. Their conduct was merely for the purposes of advertisement. They were remanded.

BOW STREET.—Messrs. HARE and KENDAL, who refused to give their Christian names or initials, were charged with stealing a book off a stall in Holywell Street. The prisoners, in answer to the charge, handed the Magistrate a document signed "HARE and KENDAL," in which they called his attention to the controversy which had existed in the theatrical papers over the Pinerotation of *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Inasmuch as public interest in *The Squire* was flagging, they had thought that a little genuine advertisement might possibly revive it. The prisoners were remanded.



SLIPPERY.

LORD SALISBURY (on bank). "GO IT, SMITH!"

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION



1891

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION



WHY SHOULDN'T A GOOD OLD ECONOMICAL FASHION BE REVIVED IN ROTTER ROW, AS SUGGESTED BY OUR LAST WEEK'S ROYAL WEDDING CARTOON? WHY NOT? IT'S ENTIRELY A MATTER OF A PILLION.

HINTS TO IRISHMEN.

(By Phil Hibernus?)



TO THE IRISH PEASANTS.—That you are the finest peasantry in the world, I need not repeat. You know it. You are virtuous; you are brave and chivalrous. But you cannot be too careful in concealing every trace of these two latter qualities. To hamstring a cow is a cheap, effectual, and comparatively safe way of showing your hatred of the Saxon; and, after all, as the mutilated animal must be killed and eaten, you at once lower the price of beef in your own neighbourhood, and lessen the ruinous exportation of Irish cattle to England.

In landlord-shooting the chief point is the selection of a proper victim. If you know of a very hard landlord, who is also a good shot, and a man not likely to run away if you miss him, I would advise you to

leave him alone. The enterprise is not worth the risk, especially as you can find so many of a different character. Choose, if possible, an old man, of good property, who has always been a fair landlord, but who has lately been compelled to evict a tenant. But above all things be careful to confine your wild justice of revenge to Ireland. As long as you do so, the English people will not, seemingly, take much notice of your acts; but if you were to carry out any of your threats of blowing up English galls or other buildings, I fear it would cause measures to be adopted which you would find very inconvenient.

In electing your representatives to the alien Parliament, be careful to exclude for the future anyone who is likely to show in the House the ordinary courtesies and decencies of civilised life. If you could find sixty Members like the amiable gentleman who lately suggested that the Premier's son should have the reversion of MARWOOD'S office,

I verily believe you would soon get the English Parliament all to yourselves. And so "God save Ireland!"—but from whom and from what, my space does not allow me to state.

THE REVOLT OF BACCHUS.

A TRAGEDY OF TO-DAY.

Chancellor of the Exchequer (cheerily, but with deeply-dissembled doubt). What, Bacchus, off your barrel, which so long

You've straddled? Hope, dear boy, there's nothing wrong!

Bacchus. No; but I think I'll try a change of attitude.

Chancellor of the Exchequer (seriously alarmed). Ahem! You have so fully earned my gratitude.

That I'm solicitous about your—health.

You're so conducive to our national—

Bacchus (drily).

Wealth?

Chancellor of the Exchequer (persuasively). Nay, I was going to say our joy and jollity.

Bacchus. My barrel seems the basis of your polity.

Chancellor of the Exchequer (deprecatingly). Why, hardly that, but—well, I hope we may

Expect your—usual support?

Bacchus (indifferently).

Can't say.

Chancellor of the Exchequer (agitatedly). Bacchus, what shall we do if you don't back us?

Shape empty Budgets—and JOHN BULL will sack us.

Come, have a glass, to show that there's no malice—

Bacchus (coolly). Thanks, no. I think I'll try the Coffee Palace!

[Leaves his barrel, chucks away his vine-wreath, and strolls into C. P., leaving the Chancellor of the Exchequer tearing his hair without.]

THE Superior Critics on the First Act of Mr. Gladstone's New and very Original Irish Drama.—"This Act wants a considerable amount of alteration before the Curtain can fall on a satisfactory dénouement. The piece is evidently intended to be in three Acts. The directions for the management of crowds show the Author to be imperfectly acquainted with practical Stage-business."

Mr. G. to his Superior Critics.—"Admit the Act does not come out as well as I had imagined. I think there are some good effects. The 'Supers' rather spoil it. I shall alter the cast: and to begin with, substitute SPENCER for COWPER. A chorus of prisoners is effective in *Fidelio*, but I am beginning to have my doubts as to whether the prisoners are any use to me at all. I may work them into a little farcical piece in one Act, adapted from the French, entitled *The Clôture*, with which, however, I have not made much progress."

"SHE STOOFS TO CONQUER."—MRS. LANSTRY at the Standard Theatre, &c.

A STATUE OF GLADSTONE!—O Joy!

GEE UP, "G. G.!"

WE receive the following telegram from the Grosvenor Restaurant at the moment of going to press:—

"SIR COUTTS-LINDSAY, mindful of the proverbial pleasure of variety, consults all tastes at the Grosvenor. Here Mr. BURN JONES has his fling to the extent of nine pictures, Mr. WHISTLER is represented by seven, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON by one, Mr. MILLAIS by two, and Mr. WALTER CRANE by nine. Mr. ALMA TADEMA has four, Mr. RICHARD DOYLE two, Mr. VAL PRINSEP three, Mr. HOLMAN HUNT one, Mr. PELLEGRINI three, Mr. HERKOMER four, Mr. HENRY MOORE three, and Mr. HALSWELLE one. There are three hundred and thirty-four works besides these. If you go steadily through them all, which I have not, it will give you a capital appetite for luncheon at the Grosvenor Restaurant. I am now going steadily through luncheon, instead of the pictures. If I went steadily through the pictures, perhaps Sir COUTTS would give me in charge of the police, and the artists might object. Pictures can wait. Luncheon can't."

MAHISTICK."

"* BOYS' NOVELIST SERIES.—"Wet Bob" is unavoidably postponed for another week, owing to our Boy Novelist not yet having returned from his holidays."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 82.



HERR WAGNER,

THE BI-CYCLE-IST OF HER MAJESTY'S AND DRURY LANE.

SCOTCH WUT.

Who says the Scotch have no sense of humour? No Humour! Why, it bubbles up in most unexpected and most unusual places.

Matters that in dull, phlegmatic England would pass without anything approaching a smile, are in Edinburgh the source of hearty genial laughter.

Take, for instance, the following extract from the Times:—

"Edinburgh:—The degree of M.D. was conferred on THOMAS NICHOLAS GERMAN TE WATER, of the Cape of Good Hope."

With the exception of Dr. TE WATER's somewhat hydropathic name, there is nothing unusual there; but mark what follows, and then think whether the Scotch Professors were not poking their fun at their Good Hopeful Brother:—

"The subject of his thesis was Apocynin as Cardiac Poison in *Radia Apocyni Cannobin*."

Should Dr. GERMAN TE WATER publish his Thesis, it might afford cheerful reading for a bilious dyspeptic, or a presentation copy might be sent to the PRIME MINISTER, to enable him to wile away an idle hour.

"No one can tell a tale better than my cousin, the Major," remarked Mrs. RAMBOTHAM. "He is said to be one of the cleverest *ramoneurs* you can meet at the dinner-table."

SIMPLE STORIES FOR LITTLE GENTLEFOLK.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"—Elderly Lady.

No. VI.—SAMMY AND THE ST. BERNARD.

SAMMY was staying with his parents at the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard. There was more snow about than usual, and he heard the Monks say it would be a bad time for the dogs. So he rose early one morning, and taking his father's brandy-flask with him—his worthy progenitor was still lumbering—he went forth for a walk. The snow was very deep, he had great difficulty in keeping the path. Sometimes he was even up to his neck in a snow-drift. However, he persevered. He remembered the picture in the nursery at home, of a St. Bernard dog bringing home a boy just about his size. "One good turn deserves another," said SAM, and he trudged sturdily onward.

His perseverance was presently rewarded. He saw the footmarks of a large dog, and he followed the track. At last they disappeared altogether, and he was at fault. Quite haphazard, he struck his Alpenstock into a freshly-fallen heap of snow. It went down like a



spear, and from the noise that followed, it had evidently penetrated a sensitive body. To go down on his hands and knees and scratch away at the snow as if he were mad, was the work of a moment. After scratching in this manner for half an hour, he was rewarded by coming upon the body of Barry, one of the finest dogs in the Monastery, apparently dead.

He put his hand on the dog's heart and found it still pulsating slowly. Putting his pocket-knife between the jaws, he opened the dog's mouth as he would an oyster. In a second he had emptied the contents of the paternal flask down his patient's throat. The dog was saved, but he could not walk. He got up, he fell down, he rolled over and over in the snow. At last the courageous SAMMY, seeing Barry was dropping off into a fatal sleep, put his two fore-paws over his shoulders, and literally dragged the gigantic beast all the way to the Hospice. At the door he fell down exhausted, and Barry, who by this time had somewhat recovered, when the Monks came out, wagged his tail, looked benevolent, and pretended he had rescued the boy.

WE have no space left for Boccaccio at the Comedy Theatre this week. It is a bright spectacle, with two or three good musical bits and one funny situation. The orchestra is too loud throughout, and the music lacks the charm of novelty. The first Act is "Florence during the fête of St. John." FLORENCE ST. JOHN looks as if the piece ought to have been at the Avenue Theatre with Mons. MARIUS.

RIOTS IN SKYE.—The Skye-men appear to be very irate. *Tan-tane animis celestibus ira!*



NATURAL HISTORY.

"LISTEN, AUNTIE; WHAT'S THAT?"

"IT'S THE CUCKOO, DARLING. DON'T YOU KNOW THE CUCKOO?"

"OH, YES! THE CUCKOO'S THAT HORRID BIRD THAT DOESN'T LAY ITS OWN EGGS!"

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

THE HON. S. PONSONBY FANE is the stage-manager, *par excellence*. The Italian Opera Company ought to secure his services for the Cathedral Scene in *Le Prophète*. It was admirably managed. No trouble. You showed your ticket: officials eyed it, remarked, "That's the ticket!" and you passed on.



Broom-Sticks in waiting
—not in Uniform.

No crowding, no crush. Those well-informed people, Mrs. WHOS'-THAT and Mr. DON'T-KNOW, were in full force among the expectators; and one ready-witted person, who gave himself out as an authority, pointed out six different personages in the procession as the Hereditary Grand Duchess of MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ, to six different inquirers.

The uniforms were gorgeous, but monotonous. Never saw so many Beefeaters together. With so many professional Beefeaters in the town, this was a bad look-out for luncheon. If they are allowed to eat mutton and chicken, I shall starve. O my White Hart! Just as we were all getting rather tired of looking at the Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Beefeaters, half-a-dozen persons, in uniform, brought out of a corner half-a-dozen long wands, suggestive either of their all going to give a lecture at once, and point out the objects of interest in the procession, or perhaps to use the rods in order to hurry 'em up a bit. The organ plays a prelude. Excitement. Two individuals not in uniform kick up a dust—with brooms. Gorgeous uniforms vainly try to get out of their way. A melancholy person, also not in uniform, but attired like a respectable undertaker, quite out of place on this occasion, appears on the scene, and is an object of interest for some time, until he is hustled into a corner, and informed politely by PONSONBY FANE that he is not wanted, and somehow vanishes.

Trumpets flourishing: better at a distance. The Heralds, each of them looking like the Knave of Hearts, only with trousers on—a concession to modern fashion most damaging to their picturesque appearance—take their places. How can I tell which is "Garter," if he wears continuations? Two or three puzzling uniforms, suggesting the idea that at the last moment stage-manager PONSONBY-FANE had found a few dresses over, and two or three supers doing nothing, and had said, "Here, you wear this, and you wear this. I don't know what they are—no more do you—but never mind, it'll do to fill up." More braying of trumpets. (*Query*, Are they braying or flourishing? Why should "bray" be applied to donkeys and trumpets? Give it up: shan't puzzle my brayings about it. Which is the Braye Chapel? Because that's where the Trumpeters ought to be. Or if not, they ought to keep close to the Knaves of Hearts in trousers: Knave to lead, trump to follow.) First arrivals. Royalties. Much bowing and curtsying. Door in the chapel-screen being open, we obtain a glimpse of the interior, which looks like the Royal group at Madame TUSAUD'S, only waiting for other distinguished personages to be added to the collection.

Trumpets again. More Royalty. How well the Princess of WALES looks! And the children! The Bridegroom walks with the Prince of WALES and a walking-stick. Should have thought one of the Sticks in Waiting—Silver Stick, for example—might have assisted him. "Cheers without!" The QUEEN, with a diamond crown on (Hooray for the Crown!), gracious and stately. The Gentlemen-at-Arms and Beefeaters (getting evidently hungrier and hungrier) close up the rear rank of each part of the procession, escort them to the chapel-door, and then return. These military manoeuvres are executed with a martial air that strikes terror into the hearts of the spectators, and elicits exclamations of admiration from the Ladies.

The Princess HELENA looks charming. Now, then, walk up, walk up, all in to begin! The latest additions have been made to the brilliant Tussaud Group in the interior, a few of us get a last peep, and the glass doors are closed. The Beefeaters look faint. How they'll polish off the rounds which await them! No beef for anybody else to-day. The duties of a professional Beefeater must be onerous. Is there a Doctor attached to their Corps? After twenty minutes the doors are re-opened, and the procession returns; the music, which up to now has not been at all equal to the occasion, bursts out with the "*Wedding March*" (of course), and the Duke of ALBANY marches out with his Duchess. All over but the shouting. I see with satisfaction that the Beefeaters have not yet gone to lunch, and so away hurries your esteemed Representative,

THE NAVE OF THE CHAPEL.

SKETCHES FROM "BOZ."

(Adapted to Well-known Characters.)



J. A. Froude as Mr. Dick in *David Copperfield*.

OUR ACADEMY GUIDE. FIRST VISIT.



More than half a page devoted to the Academy.

AND sometimes Our Academy Guy'd, as in former years. Go straight and at once to the Numbers indicated, and thank your Guide, Philosopher, and Friend. Sometimes we give new and more appropriate titles than those in the Official Catalogue.

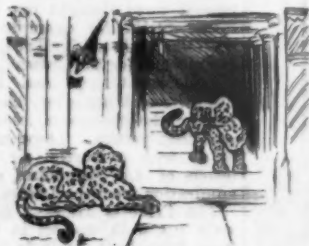
No. 5. "*Il y en a toujours un autre.*" MARCUS STONE, R.A. Quite so; there's always another of the same sort from this Artist. Here we are again. It has been bought for the Chantrey Bequest. We don't profess to understand this, as up till now we had always thought that all Chantrey Bequests had been abolished at the Reformation with other "Superstitious Uses." However, as every Chantrey we've ever seen has been made of stone, this valuable Stone-work will be in its proper place.

No. 13. *Cupboard Love; or, After Trespassing on the Preserves.* CHARLES LUTYENS.

No. 19. *Spinning Jenny.* T. B. WIGGAM.

No. 24. *The Leopards.* This subject is naturally among the first to be spotted. Both animals are chained to their respective spots, so that they can't change them. The picture is called "*The Magician's Doorway.*" There used to be a shop in Regent Street with two stuffed leopards at the entrance: it wasn't a magician's, but a mantle-maker's. The Artist probably remembered the fact, and adopted the idea. This is a true BRITON—RIVIERE, R.A.

No. 37. "*Come and be Baked!*" HORACE H. CAUTY. Cruel woman opening door of third room in Turkish bath; fire-glow seen in distance; sorrowful little girl won't come in; she is saying, "I have been there and still wouldn't go. 'Tis like a little Oven below."



No. 24.—THE MAGICIAN'S DOORWAY. Magician (in the distance). How on earth shall I get out?



No. 171.—Members of the Commons. By E. B. de Satire.

and Constituents. E. BYRNE DE SATIRE.

No. 290. "*Cold Without;*" or, *Warming the Statue into Life.* FRANK DICKSEE, A. No one can touch this Artist on his own ground, i.e., Dicksee's Land. Observe how the graceful folds of the dress form part of the cold stone seat, and how the chiselled maiden is gradually warming into life, and blowing the tips of her fingers to



No. 290.—Signed—"Ipsa Dicksee."

keep them from being refrigerated again. The lover, PROMALION-like, is charming her.



No. 307.—Phryné before her judges the Critics.

No. 307. *Phryné; or, a Severe Case of Jaundice.* SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. Phryné was a single young woman, as represented here by the President. The model for this figure must have been a Tangerine-orange-coloured girl. We have given it from our point of view, as Phryné before her judges the Critics.

Mr. MILLAIS' two great Portraits are (No. 127) *Sir Henry Thompson* and (No. 1514) *His Eminence Cardinal Newman*. The two ought to have been hung in the same line with Mr. MILLAIS' own portrait between them, and the trio entered in the Catalogue as "Art supported by Science and Faith."

ONE FOR WATKIN.

IF SIR EDWARD WATKIN had desired to furnish an argument in favour of his Channel Tunnel scheme, he could not have done better than by exhibiting the bad management of the service of Channel Steamers in connection with the South-Eastern Railway. On one day last week the whole of the passengers of a certain train from Paris to Boulogne should have proceeded to Folkestone in a fine boat, the *Albert Victor*, but the Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH, with eight attendants, were in the train, and to these ten people the steamer was assigned, while the unfortunate passengers were, as one paper says, packed into a "crazy tub," and had not been long on board before a cylinder-pipe burst, and but for the presence of mind of an engineer, she would have gone to the bottom. As it was, she drifted helplessly for sixteen hours on a rough sea, with no conveniences and hardly anything to eat, until at last she was rescued, and the unhappy passengers released.

This is the account of Mr. ST. GEORGE MIVART, an eminent man of science; and it is answered by Sir EDWARD WATKIN, in a fine confused statement, which in no way shakes the *savant's* testimony. The boat which came to grief is called by Sir EDWARD a steamer of the "old type," a euphemism for "crazy tub," which reflects credit on that ingenious orator. It is certainly a disgraceful business; and *Punch* is sure that no one will feel more angry than the Duke of EDINBURGH, and his kindly Duchess, that an act of snobbish sycophancy to themselves should have placed three hundred fellow-creatures in imminent danger.



SUGGESTIONS TO INTENDING HOMICIDISTS.

April 1.—Discovered that my cousin BROWN was a man of money, which, in case of his death, would come to me. Why should a BROWN possess wealth which I, a SMITH, am forbidden to enjoy?

April 4.—Took a violent dislike to BROWN.

April 6.—Bought a revolver, a case of dynamite, and a waggon-load of gun-cotton.

April 9.—Laid in a stock of strychnine and arsenic.

April 11.—Found in the *Newgate Calendar* that in 1792 there was a SMITH who committed murder. Evidently homicidal mania is hereditary with me. *Mem.*—Might call on Mr. CHARLES READE and dance wildly in his hall. He'll note down the fact in his uncommon-place book for future use.

April 12.—Read of a SMITH in *Crackskull on Insanity*, whose peculiar form of madness puzzled the leading doctors of the earlier part of this century. Plainly an ancestor of mine. Take first opportunity of making American acquaintances. Have heard there was a SMITH who helped COLUMBUS to discover America. He must have been as mad as a Hatter. By the way, have just found out that an ancestor of mine was a Hatter!!

April 14.—Curious case in the paper of a robbery, accompanied by violence, on the part of a man named SMITH. Is kleptomania also a disease of mine?

April 16.—Administer 14 oz. Strychnine, and 4lb. Arsenic to BROWN. Shot at him six times with revolver, threw dynamite into his bed-room, and placed gun-cotton round his house. BROWN no more.

June 20.—Trial came on.

June 22.—Counsel for Defence called attention to the SMITH of the *Newgate Calendar*, the SMITH of *Crackskull on Insanity*, COLUMBUS SMITH, and SMITH the Hatter; Mr. CHARLES READE's evidence valuable; press reports of Kleptomania SMITH put in; and asked whether, with such antecedents an intelligent Jury could find the Prisoner at the Bar ought but the most innocent and ill-used of men?

June 23.—Acquitted honourably.

LAST Thursday, M. PASTEUR, the distinguished Physiologist, succeeded to M. LITTRE's chair in the French Academy. A scientific man replaces a LITTRE man.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



No. 30. School for Dramatic Art. Amateur taking a Private Lesson from H. Irving.



[No. 1432. Mary O'Nette and her Toys. Briton Rivière, R.A.



No. 77. Leviathan Fishing. Peter Graham, R.A.



No. 26. Lion Down; or, a Downy Lion. A. T. Porter—a strong pint.



No. 222. Quite Too-Too-Too! or, The Giantess. Outside the Caravan. Marcus Stone, A.



No. 504. The String Puller. Amateur Low Comedian, Mr. Joe Grimaldi Muggins, trying on a Trick Wig. S. Melton Fisher.



No. 252. "Left Sitting;" or, Will Somebody pull me up? "Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man." John Pettie, R.A.



No. 64. The Bricabracksy Family chez eux. M. de Munkacsy.



No. 272. The Runaway Knock—"Just let me catch him, that's all!" John Collier.



No. 657. Second Childhood; or, Race-a-cock-horse. Henry Moore.

OUR ACADEMY GUIDE.

No. 14. "Indeed! It may be true, but I shan't visit her myself." MARIA BROOKS.

No. 30. *Monmouth Pleading with the King; or, How'l and James.* (See also our other view of the same subject). JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

No. 50. "I wonder if that's a Black Beetle I see on the floor there!" H. S. MARKS, R.A.

No. 56. "Have it out!" *The Aesthetic Toothache.* Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

No. 71. *Wedded.* If not, they ought to be. Sir F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

No. 90. *Distinguished Furr-on-her.* HORACE FISHER.

No. 98. *Sowing a Chocolate-à-la-Vanille Field.* A. MELVILLE.

No. 122. *The Norman Conquest; or, I rather fancy myself in this attitude.* W. M. OGLEES, R.A.

No. 127. "Confound you, Sir, you must have your Leg off!" Notice the colour on the cheeks. Evidently contradiction flies to his head.

No. 148. *A Rackety Young Person.* D. S. MARKS.

No. 163. "If the middle finger of my right hand was not a deformity, I should be as happy as I am beautiful!" VAL PRINSEP, A.

No. 201. Might be described as "Hard Lines." Same remark applies to most of the specimens by this gifted Artist. C. W. COPE, R.A.

No. 211. *A Couple of Guineas.* JAMES SAINT, R.A.

No. 261. *The Punt and the Painters.* The gentleman in the well has engaged the punt. At the last moment he is saying, "Now, you land-schwabbs, we'll take any three of you for eighteenpence an hour: or make it two bob, and we'll risk the lot." This handsome offer is being discussed by the parties on the bank, who have all just got their new things home from the tailors, haberdashers, &c. H. T. WELLS, R.A.

No. 270. *Mrs. Swanborough; or, A Flight of Fancy.* JOHN SCOTT.

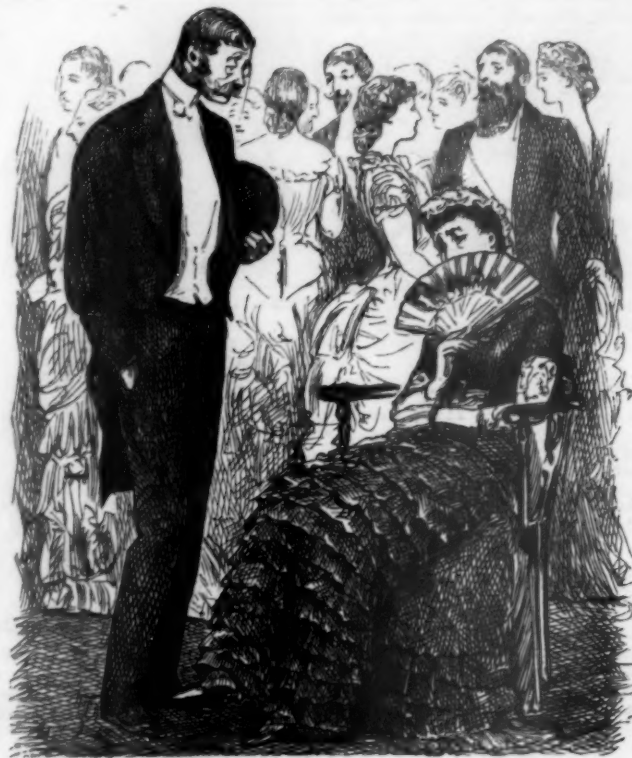
No. 274. *Cattle after a Diet of Oranges.* P. GRAHAM, R.A.

No. 295. *"A Merry Chase."* The lady in the riding-habit is the chased Diana. J. C. HORSLEY, R.A.

No. 308. *Hard Water.* J. C. HOOK, R.A.

No. 313. *How to rear young Aesthetes; or, the sickly-tinted Family.* J. H. E. PARTINGTON.

No. 314. *The Academy Prize Puzzle.* J. R. HENBERT, R.A.



LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'ENNUIE.

"WHAT! YAWNING ALREADY, LADY VEREERS! WHY, IT'S ONLY MONDAY!"

A SONG OF SOBRIETY.

"Thus, in seven years, although population had increased by two millions, the revenue from intoxicants had diminished by two millions and a half. These are the figures given by Mr. GLADSTONE in the Budget."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

AIR—"By the Margin of Zurich's fair Waters."

Now we drink nothing stronger than water,
Sobriety!

Tea, coffee, or brisk Zoedone;
Each son, niece, or nephew, or daughter,
Sobriety!

Knows nothing of Giesler or Beaune.
And they never take Soda-and-B.,
But "always come home to their tea,"
Thinking spirits as bad as self-slaughter,
Sobriety!

And Curaçoa, *felo de se*.

We scorn even cider and perry,
Sobriety!

And never feel qualmish or queer;
We never take bitters-and-sherry,
Sobriety!

Or "put away" tankards of beer.
But we gaily toast matron and maid,
In bumpers of light lemonade;
We are always good-tempered and merry,
Sobriety!

Of headaches we're never afraid.

No more do we sit after dinner,
Sobriety!

And drink countless bottles of wine;
Or list while some rubicund grinner,
Sobriety!

Sings glories of "Bacchus divine."
On soda-and-milk we're so gay,
We sing a Lawsonian lay;
And know that the teetotal sinner,
Sobriety!

Has nothing to fear the next day.

HISTORICAL PARALLELS.—BISMARCK TO CAROLINA, GLADSTONE TO KILMAINHAM.

NOTES FROM OUR OPERA-BUFFER.

Boccaccio at the Comedy Theatre is as well done as it can be. The spectacle is brilliant; the dialogue and music are not.

Broussin is, as usual, funny; and he has one good line that brings down the house; but the house once brought down, there is very little strength in this Comic Opera to pull it up again. It is a decided mistake to produce a Comic Opera as "new," when the London public has previously made the acquaintance of the majority of the tunes at the Gaiety and the Alhambra. The scenery is charming; the orchestra good, but too loud throughout; and when, oh, when shall we see some little variety in the stage-management of the young chorus-ladies? Pretty, all of them, specially the two flower-girls; but things of beauty become bores for ever, if their actions are monotonous. We are tired of their perpetual advances,—very nice of them to make advances now and then, of course, but every advance has its drawback; of their wagging their heads from side to side, of the marionette-like action of the hands, of their polka steps, waltz steps, and marking time to the symphonies, of all this we are weary.

Mr. KELLEHER's forced laugh is a nuisance, except once in his song when it is funny. We don't suppose that a very long cadenza is in store for *Boccaccio*, though probably the English version is far livelier than the original Parisian one.

Lord Bateman—performed at a Gaiety *Matinée*—is the best piece, far and away, that Messrs. STEPHEN and SOLOMONS—no, we mean STEPHENS and SOLOMONS—have yet done. With a little pruning, and more rehearsal, it will be a big success.

Miss ST. QUINTEK, ever bright and gladsome, was made to sing a lovely melody, "I followed the Silver Line," three times. Mr. AYNSLEY COOKE, who was very good, had twice to sing "Calipash

and Calipee." Mr. COOKE, Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, Mr. DARRELL, and Mr. ROYCE—whose misfortune all must sympathise with—were made to sing the "Family Lot" twice. Mr. DARRELL is not the best tenor in the world, which is lucky for him, as he might be singing, "Oh, Red, Red Rose, oh Rose so White!" till now; and, above all, the chorus of Blue-Coat Boys, the prettiest conception that modern English Opera has produced, and which alone would insure a piece's success, was received with, literally, rapturous applause, thanks to Mr. STEPHENS' idea, Mr. SOLOMONS' music, and the admirable manner in which the chorusses at the Gaiety Theatre are always sung. We hope to see something more of it, and say something more about it, on the first Comic Opera-tunity.

The German Festival has commenced, of which more anon. We've sent one of our young Wagnerites to the first Cyclone, and we hope he likes it.

Not much news of the Avenue Theatre on the Thames Embankment: we trust the bank has not given way and left MARIUS among the ruins. The only information we received was that there was a grand banquet to commemorate the Third Night of the Opening, or some equally important event, when bracelets and bouquets were given away *Ad Libitum*—so that LIBITUM seems to have been a lucky fellow. By the way, what does M. MARIUS mean by advertising that "the following Artists will positively appear," and "All the celebrated Artists will positively appear"? What is the distinction between the Artists and Artistes? Are the former English, and the latter French? And has their appearance been so uncertain that it is necessary to announce them as "positively appearing"? This advertisement is not calculated to inspire confidence; but persevere, M. MARIUS! A clear course, without fear or Favari.



Boccaccio's De-
(Violet)-Cameron.



Wagner Cyclone; or, German Herrs
in London.



MAY-QUEENS AT EPPING FOREST.

(A Design for "Windsor Tapestry.")

HIS QUEEN!

Brief Epping Epic, sung with immense Success by the Corporation at their one Saturday Pop.

It's over! She graciously said we should greet her;
No doubt in a rather circuitous way,
For we had to go down in a "Special" to meet her.
No matter! we don't get a chance every day.
And "her own" fine weather was smiling upon her,
And ELLIS looked grand in his best civic sheen;
But the deluge had found him goloshed—there to honour
Her he had watched for, his Queen! his Queen!

And Ooe was "all there," and HANSON, too stately
To lend to the thing any comical light.
Did each say to himself as he bowed most sedately,
"Pon my word, after this, she might make me a Knight"?

Did ELLIS fly higher, and counting as shady
That humorous title that's just half between
A Peer and a sweep,—hope to win for his Ladye
A Bart's splendid style from his Queen, his Queen?

But there—as we bowled past the *Connaught Lake* slowly,
Drew up on *High Beech* 'neath the blue sky above,
Though we smiled, still we felt that the day wasn't wholly
Spun out in the fashion we City swells love.
For, since the Dutch sell had just set us a-weeping,
If but past the Griffin her route could have been,
With joy on all-fours she had found ELLIS creeping,
Feeling safe for a "hand" from his Queen! his Queen!

MOMIFIED MUSEUMS.—A cry has been raised for the conversion of some of the Metropolitan collections of Art and Natural History into Ambulatory Museums. Ambulatory? Walker!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

MONDAY Night, May 1.—“Look here, TOBY,” JOEY B. said to me just now, “That’s not true about me being made a Barn’t, though, perhaps, if everybody had their rights, and the authors of the Land Bill were *deckeray*, as *own dee* in *Parce*, there is no saying what might happen. What I want to complain of is this ’ere STANLEY LEIGHTON. He’s thorowly upset me. Ever since Wednesday I’ve been trying to behave decent, and egg on GLADSTONE to give us something more. Then comes this English country gentleman, and carries on worse than me and HEALY, making out the Speakers a disreputable lot, and present one no better than he should be. Makes me feel bad. Wakes what our national poet calls the coud divil in me. Want to have a go at the SPEAKER myself. But no! shall retire to my humble tenement. Never shall it be said that when amicable negotiations were going on, the interests of his country were perilled by JOSEPH GILLIS.”



John Dunn (John done).

Hastily brushing his coat-cuff across his eyes, this estimable gentleman strode away. LEIGHTON certainly has been doing the “On, STANLEY, on!” business in manner calculated to make *Marmion* marvel.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT in very restless mood to-night. Been over to the House of Lords several times, and moodily pacing the corridor with fingers caressing chin. Rumours about of several resignations and possible vacancies in high places.

“You’d look well on the Woolsack, VERNON,” I said to him, meeting him in the Lords’ Corridor.

“No, TOBY,” he said, “I am not worthy of so high a distinction. It is possible my figure would lend itself with effect to the graceful folds of the gown; I know a wig suits me; also I should like to be within speaking distance of SALISBURY. Moreover, I am deeply learned in the law, and have a judicial mind. These little things seem to pick me out from the common herd. But the place is too high for me, TOBY. Perhaps natural tendency to underrate my capacity stands in the way of my advancement. Still I feel it is not for me to preside over the sittings of these great and good men.”

VERNON was visibly affected, I wrung his hand and left him.

Business done.—One Amendment to First Resolution of Procedure disposed of. 107 remain.

Tuesday Night.—A constant wave of excitement fills the House at four o’clock. A whisper runs along the Benches, through the lobbies, across the News-Room, and adown the Library, that GLADSTONE may be up at any moment, and that presently we shall know all about it. Members rush in, filling the crewhile empty House like the tide returning. Wigan and its writ whipped out in great haste. The Benches fill up as if by magic. The tide rises so high as to fill up the side Galleries. The Peers, never excited in own House, climb into the Gallery like boys up a lamp-post when a procession is going by. FORSTER was here a quarter of an hour ago, but his place on the Treasury Bench is empty, or rather filled up by the crowd of Ministers not less eager than common humanity.

GLADSTONE rises quiet and pale, plainly answering to the thrill of emotion that fills the crowded Chamber, though he affects a matter-of-fact manner. Carefully arranges his papers as if it were the principal object of his life to get them in precise order. In a quiet voice, and with laboured manner he tells forth the news. FORSTER gone, PARNELL back again. No more Coercion, but a new and blessed era for Ireland. Only, the PREMIER anxiously pleads, this is not a new Policy. Quite a mistake to call it so; whereupon Mr. WARTON brays, and GLADSTONE turning fiercely upon him shows how thin is the miracle ice of manner that covers Vesuvius.



Morning Sitting.

“Why will he notice him?” HARTINGTON pettishly murmurs. “WARTON only does after his kind, which always hee-haws when the weather changes to stormy.”

PREMIER on sitting down subjected to a shorter catechism. Everybody wants to know more. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE mildly inquisitive, Mr. SEXTON unprecedentedly approving, Mr. NEWDEGATE (in a Parliamentary sense of course) puts a fresh band of crapes on his hat, Mr. LEWTHORPE aggravating, Mr. PLUNKER passionate, Mr. MACARTNEY incomprehensible, Mr. GOSCHEN dubious, Mr. CHARLES



Restoration of Charles Stuart Parnell by General Monk Gladstone.

RUSSELL aggressive, Mr. GIBSON loud, and Mr. CHAPLIN, like the late M. SILAS WEGE, drops into poetry.

“You must bear up, GOSCHEN,” WILFRID LAWSON said to the Right Hon. Gentleman, whom he found, an hour later, sitting in a recess in the Reading-Room, looking very limp; “there’s a silver lining to every cloud. You may not like the release of the Suspects and the withdrawal of warrants, but there’s one thing will compensate for all.”

“What’s that?” said GOSCHEN, feebly.

“CALLAN can now visit Ireland.”

“Ah!” said Mr. GOSCHEN. And he rose a new man.

Business done.—Mr. FORSTER’s.

Wednesday.—Gave HARCOURT an awful start this afternoon. Happened to look in at the Lords’ empty chamber. Stepped in here for a few moments’ quiet meditation. Started at figure seated on the woolsack with Chancellor’s wig and gown; seemed a little tight in fit, and figure big for SELBORNE. Looked again; ’twas HARCOURT!

“Ha, ha!” I cried, “you’ve got ’em on!” VERNON gave a great jump.

“Thought I knew your bark, TOBY,” he said, with great effort at composure. “Yes: just put on this mummery. Found it lying about SELBORNE’s room. Rather tight about the shoulder, and a little short in the skirt. But all things are vanity, so just trying how the House looked from this place. Come over to my room, and have a glass of barley-water.”

Poor VERNON! Hear SELBORNE’s not going, after all.

Business done.—Sootch.

Thursday Night.—A pleasant, lively evening. Mr. FORSTER, with a charming air of frankness, said all the damaging things of his colleagues; he could think of. Mr. GLADSTONE vainly attempted to speak as though he were not boiling over with rage, but boiled over once or twice, and would have scalded anybody but Mr. WARTON. Member for Bridport doesn’t know when he’s ill-mannered no more than he notices that he breathes. Great point is how came the Government to take new departure? GLADSTONE pressed, will only answer, “from information received.”

“What a policeman we have lost in him?” Mr. NEWDEGATE murmurs, thinking of scenes in quarter sessions, with an intelligent officer in the witness-box.

The Three Graces of Kilmainham with us again. Mr. PARNELL precise and insistent as ever, JOHN DILLON defiant as of yore, and the O’KELLY mellifluously and magnificently melodramatic.

SOMETHING was written on this page of the Diary about Lord FREDERICK CAVENTISH’s appointment to the Chief Secretaryship. But the friendly jest is blotted out by the bloody hands that struck down this blameless, kindly gentleman, even as he touched the shores of Ireland, bearer of the olive-branch of Peace.

Friday Night.—Interesting game on to-night. Procedure Rules down for debate. GLADSTONE asked does he mean to go on with them. “Yes,” says he, “if we reach them before twelve o’clock.” “Thank you,” says Lord FOLKESTONE. The course now clear. If Opposition talk on miscellaneous subjects till twelve o’clock, Procedure postponed. So they talked. *Business done.*—None.

ADVERTISING PICTURE GALLERIES.

A REMARKABLE addition has lately been made to the numberless Works of Art exhibited on the spare walls and hoardings, serving to inform the mind, delight the eye, and cultivate the taste of the People.

This is the life-sized Cartoon of a Sandwich Man, a tatterdemalion situated between two placard-boards advertising a fancy soap. His hat is battered, his raiment patched and torn, with a leg of his trousers out at the knee. There is humour in the idea of an example of the Great Unwashed employed to recommend a material for ablution.

Another production of artistic and advertising ingenuity designed also to popularise a peculiar soap, is the counterfeit presentment of a face and part figure of huge dimensions, got up in ecclesiastical attire, with a black skull-cap on, and being intended, apparently, to represent a French Abbé. He has lathered the under half of his visage all over; and, with distended cheeks wearing an expression of fatuous geniality, appears nearly bursting with laughter in the delightful consciousness of being ridiculous, and the enjoyment of exposing himself to derision.

If the Royal Academy Exhibition, and the National Gallery tend to cultivate the tastes of the masses in one direction, don’t the pictorial advertisements, on view on every available extent of space, do as much in another?



“I voted with the Noes.”



OPPRESSION.

'Arry. "I SEE BY THIS 'ERE NEW HART COPYRIGHT HACT, THAT A NON'S PHOTOGRAPH MAYN'T BE 'X'ERTED IN A SHOP WINDER WITHOUT 'IS CONSENT! 'BLOWED IF IT AIN'T ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN TURN CONSERVATIVE!"

A HANDBOOK TO KNOWLEDGE.

No. I.—THE GROWLER.

Q. What is a Cab?

A. A Cab is a wheeled vehicle contrived for the purpose of conveying "fares" for small distances, at the slowest possible speed, with the greatest possible discomfort.

Q. What are "fares"?

A. Persons condemned to travel in Cabs are so called.

Q. Why?

A. By a figure of speech. The "fare" is really the charge for the hire of the vehicle, which being the sole object of interest to the driver, is by him naturally identified with the victim who pays it.

Q. How many kinds of Cabs are there?

A. Two: the four-wheeler and the Hansom.

Q. Describe a four-wheeler.

A. Briefly, it is a confined cubical box upon four noisy wheels, with two seats, which are invariably uncomfortable, and two windows which always rattle.

Q. Is not a four-wheeler also called a "Growler"?

A. It is.

Q. Why is this name applied to it?

A. In delicate reference, first to the rumbling roar which accompanies its progress, and secondly to the grumbling grumpiness of the man who drives it.

Q. What internal accommodation does a four-wheeler afford?

A. None. It, however, holds four passengers, in the sense in which a sardine box holds its contents.

Q. What can you tell me respecting its means of entrance and exit?

A. It is difficult to get into a four-wheeler. It is almost impossible to get out of one.

Q. Why is this?

A. There are many reasons. Its doors always jam, its handles invariably stick. If the handles yield, they do so with a jerk which hurts your knuckles. If the doors open, it is with a burst which destroys your balance, and probably deposits you in the gutter. When you have entered, it needs repeated and violent "bangs" on the part of the driver to shut you in, with an effect upon you like the explosion of fog-signals under your coat-collar. The driver

generally accompanies his lunges with a choice assortment of professional expletives, which add greatly to the effect of the operation, especially upon Ladies.

Q. What are the further peculiarities of this singular vehicle?

A. They may be summarised as consisting in nastiness and noise.

Q. Explain this.

A. A cab interior is unpleasant to all the senses. It is always stuffy and generally fetid. Its odour is *sei generis* and indescribable, but it compares unfavourably with that of a rag-shop or a vault. As it is entirely unlighted, you cannot see anything, even the time by your watch. Nor can you hear anything, save the rumbling of ill-hung wheels and the rattle of badly-fitting windows. Conversation in a Cab is therefore impossible, unless you have the voice of a fog-horn or of the doorkeeper at Lloyd's. You can, however, feel a great deal—notably the hardness and slippery slantingness of the seats, the nerve-torturing jar of continuous vibration, the bone-shaking jolts and oscillations, and the shocks of collision with the elbows and knees of your fellow-travellers.

Q. And how do you communicate with the driver?

A. You cannot do so to any practical effect, unless you combine unusual vocal powers with rare acrobatic skill and practised adroitness in the use of the umbrella or walking-stick as a prod or goad.

Q. How are these necessary accomplishments to be acquired?

A. Only—if at all—by long, painful, and expensive "training"—in Cabs. When you are able to hang half out of a window without falling out wholly, and to talk intelligibly round a corner, like a Punch doll, in the midst of huge clatter, to a stupid or sullen "Cabby," who resents being interrupted in a foul-mouthed chaffing match with a rival "whip," then you may succeed in getting somewhere near your destination in something less than twice the time it would have taken you to walk thither.

FABLES REVERSED.

No. I.—THE FROG AND THE OX.



A Frog he like an ox would grow;

Heigho! says Æsop;

Whether Dame Nature would let him or no;

With PHÆDRUS, LAFONTAINE, KRILOFF, and TUPPER;

Heigho! said ÆSOPUS or ÆSOP.

The Frog had an elastic skin;

Oh, oh! says Æsop;

And, swelling, he swore he would never give in.

Spite of PHÆDRUS, LAFONTAINE, KRILOFF, and TUPPER;

Oh, oh! said ÆSOPUS or Æsop.

The Frog grew bigger every day;

No, no! says Æsop.

He did though, no matter what fabulists say,

With PHÆDRUS, LAFONTAINE, KRILOFF, and TUPPER;

No, no! said ÆSOPUS or Æsop.

The Frog increased, to his surprise,

How now? says Æsop;

For he grew to be thrice his original size,

And PHÆDRUS, LAFONTAINE, KRILOFF, and TUPPER

Were as wrong as ÆSOPUS or Æsop.

MORAL.

The effort gave the Frog some pain;

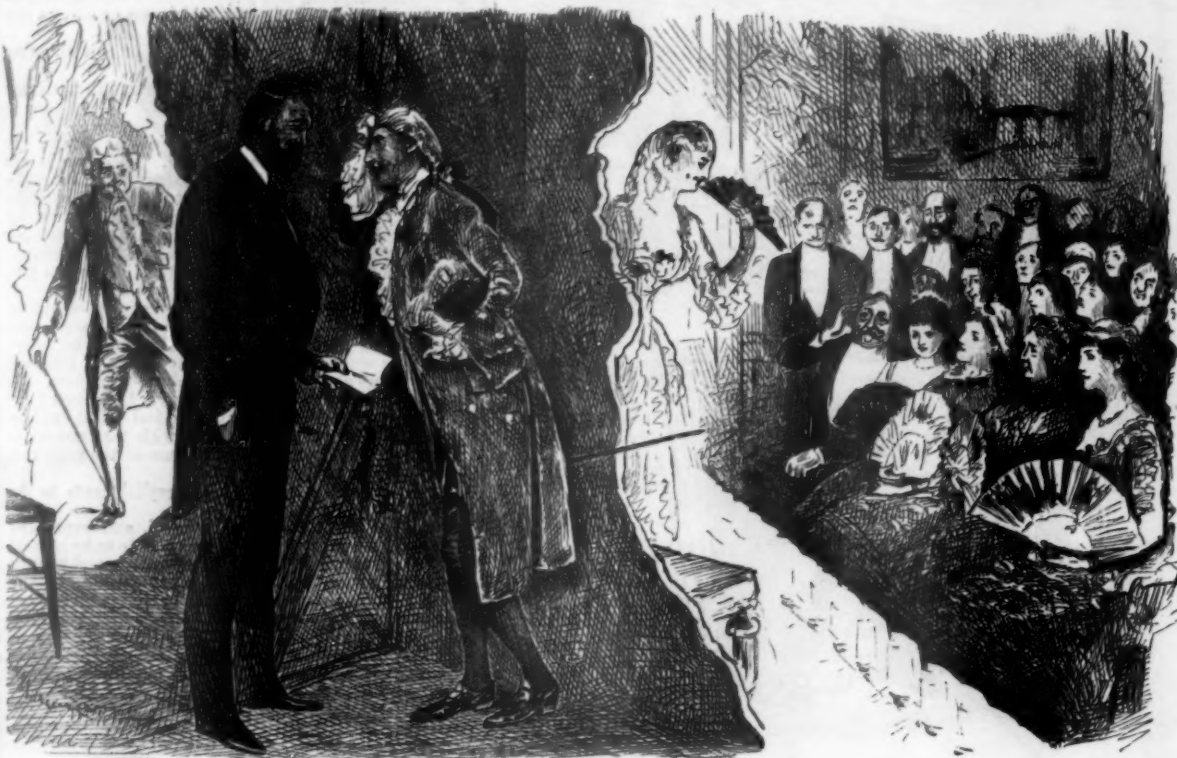
Ha, ha! says Æsop;

But noble exertions are never in vain,

Messieurs PHÆDRUS, LAFONTAINE, KRILOFF, and TUPPER,

And you, old ÆSOPUS or Æsop.

NEWS FROM DUBLIN.—At the Castle, Spring cleaning is now going on. A thorough turn-out is taking place in preparation for the season. In the course of the year it is probable that there will be a great sale of Vice-regal Properties. Theatrical managers, Madame Tussaud's, and other professional friends at a distance, please take notice.



THINGS TO BE LIVED DOWN.

Distinguished Amateur (much pleased with himself as the Wicked Marquess). "PHEW! WELL, I WASN'T SO VERY BAD, OLD MAN, WAS I?"
Author (Prompter, Stage Manager, &c.). "WELL, MY DEAR FELLOW, I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW HOW BAD YOU CAN BE!"

FROM OUR OWN COASTGUARDSMAN.

RAMSGATE, as everyone ought to know, if they are not already acquainted with the fact, is one of the best and the healthiest places on our coast; but its two main thoroughfares are about the most inconvenient and awkward for even moderate traffic that can be found in any town of equal importance. Given an extra cart or so, a truck, or a waggon delivering goods, and woe be to the unlucky person with luggage in a fly, anxious to catch the L. C. and D. train. Already the Improvement Commissioners have been at work, and some good has been effected. But, according to the account in the *Thanet Advertiser* for May 6, the proceedings of the Commissioners do not appear to be harmonious.

A Mr. VYE had risen to explain something—to give them, in fact, "the reason Vye"—when he was "ruled out of order," and—"then most vociferously shouted and howled down, seven or eight members being on their legs at one and the same time, endeavouring to be heard. In vain did Mr. TURPIN appeal, in vain did one or more members with ringing voices call 'Chair, chair!' . . . The row went on. . . . Amidst this tremendous uproar, finding that all efforts to restore order were unavailing, the Chairman abruptly left the chair, and declared the meeting adjourned."

It is very nearly as bad as a "Scene in the House," or at an East-End-of-London Vestry Meeting. And all this when the discussion was, to paraphrase Mr. Sam Weller's son, about

The widening of the road-er,
 When the Chairman says, "Sure as eggs is eggs
 I am the bold TUR-PIN."

And "the bold TUR-PIN," he'll have to be for some time to come, only we do hope the street improvements of what might be the most popular of our sea-side resorts will not come to a standstill while the Commissioners are improving themselves.

From the same newspaper we learn that in the tremendous gale of April 30th, the *Calais-Douvres* was only a few minutes behind its usual time in coming from the French coast. This is another nasty one for Sir WATKIN's Tunnel, for over the sea must be preferable to under it, if the time of transit be the same, and the chance of *mar de mer* be reduced to a minimum.

FAREWELL TO ERIN.

AIR—"Though the last glimpses of Erin with Sorrow I see."

Ex-Chief Secretary sings:—

THOUGH the last glimpses of Erin with gladness I see,
 Yet, Erin, thou hast not dealt fairly by me.
 Driven forth from thy bosom, I'm glad to get home,
 And thine eyes will scarce lure me again o'er the foam.

To the halcyon calm of cold Albion's shore,
 Crossing backward and forward the Channel no more,
 I will fly with my baggage, and think the rough wind
 Less rude than the Pats I leave frowning behind.

Calm on BIGGAR I'll gaze as he gracefully wreathes
 His legs, and on HEALY as blandly he breathes,
 Nor dread that the hot-hearted SEXTON will tear
 From my care-tangled shock the last lock of my hair.

THE Laureate's new Play for Mr. IRVING is, we hear, called *Robin Hood*. Miss MARIAN TERRY will be, of course, engaged for *Maid Marian*, in the absence of Miss ELLEN TERRY, and the remainder of the cast will be as follows:—*Robin Hood*, Mr. H. IRVING; *Friar Tuck*, Mr. J. W. HILL; *Little John*, Mr. J. L. TOOLE.

Mr. W. G. WILLS has taken the remarkably unhackneyed subject of *Faust* for another Play for Mr. IRVING, in which our HENRY will play *Mephistopheles*. Why not CHARLES KEAN's French version?—it was light and effective. Who did it? Mr. BOUGICAULT? Miss CARLOTTA LECHE, as *Marguerite*, going up aloft like poor *Tom Bowling*, was, in those days, a great spectacular effect. But that was long ago; and the revival of KEAN's *Corsican Brothers* at the Lyceum wasn't a very big hit after all. Advice to Mr. IRVING as to *Mephistopheles*—don't be too keen about it.

SOME Irish Evictions of which the Land-Leaguers do not complain, —the Eviction of Messrs. PARRELL, DILLON & Co., from prison.



"A NEW DEPARTURE."

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



"THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY"

MODERN LIFE IN LONDON; OR, "TOM AND JERRY" BACK AGAIN.



TOM, JERRY, AND YOUNG LOGIC AT A PRIVATE VIEW.

It was a fine morning at the end of April when the CORINTHIAN observed to his Coz that young BOB was coming that afternoon to take them to the *private view* of the GROSVENOR GALLERY. "The ACADEMY it appears, my dear JERRY, is to use young BOB's expression *played out*, indeed it has been called the *charnel house* of dead reputations, but the *tip-tops* in the painting line, the *élite* in the World of Art send their pictures to the GROSVENOR which is managed by the fashionable APELLES of the period, SIR COUTTS LINDSAY, and his able Lieutenant, Mr. COMYNS CARR, a gentleman who I am told has a *pretty knack* of dramatic authorship, and can beat Mr. W. SHAKESPEARE, late of Stratford-upon-Avon 'into fits.'" "I am most eager, my dear TOM," said JERRY, "to behold the GROSVENOR GALLERY, for I am told it is also the *Haunt of Beauty*, and of a new set of people who have sprung up since our day, and who are called *Æsthètes*." "Yes, indeed," returned the CORINTHIAN. "Many things have changed since we mixed with the GOES, and LIFE in LONDON is in truth a *Kaleidoscope*."

Our heroes were thus impatient for the appearance of young BOB, who came in *gorgeous* apparel, and said he didn't care for the pictures don't you know, but it was "the thing" to do the GROSVENOR once in the season. So the TRIO departed, and soon arrived at the *rendezvous*. There was an awning over the door and a great Crowd of Carriages, many of them with *Coronets* upon them, so that it was evident the *beau monde* patronised THE GROSVENOR. The staircase was *gay* with flowers, and when they entered the galleries the *Crush* was enormous. "We are 'out of the hunt,' my dear BOB," said TOM, "so you must point out the *notabilities*, the *dandies*, and the ladies of the *highest fashion*." "With pleasure," said young LOGIC. "There goes the PREMIER forgetful of the *House*, there an Opposition leader, and yonder is the Presiding Genius of the place, LADY LINDSAY of BALCARRES." "Who is that *burly* man," said JERRY, "in a white waistcoat and red tie, who methinks would be good at a *set-to*, and looks as if he had seen 'cities and men.'" "That," said young BOB, "is a famous critic and journalist, and he has indeed seen the 'Streets of the World,' been 'Twice round the Clock,' made 'a Journey due North' in company with 'The Seven Sons of Mammon,' known 'Paris Revisited,' and illuminated the 'Echoes of the Week' with a great amount of *Gas*." TOM and JERRY gazed with great interest at this gentleman, who nodded genially to young LOGIC and said he was just going to lunch—"to capture," as he playfully remarked "the Phantom Cutlet." "Who, dear BOB," said CORINTHIAN TOM, "is that little man, with an eye-glass, talking and gesticulating very volubly?" "That," said young BOB, "is an American artist, a painter of what he calls 'Nocturnes,' 'Symphonies,' and 'Scherzos,' there are one or two of them here, *carvasses* painted blue all over with *dabs* of yellow on them. I don't profess to understand

'em myself, but I'm told they're extremely *chic*." "Ah," said the CORINTHIAN, meditatively, looking at one of these, "there certainly is what you would call, my dear LOGIC, a good deal of '*cheek*' about them." Young BOB laughed, and said he thought the artist put on a good deal of "*side*," and then he pointed out one or two painters of the *Æsthetic School*, and a *great poet* in whose honour a society had been founded to explain his verses which were "*caviare* to the general."

Then the Trio took a *stroll* in the galleries, and had a *look* at the pictures, just as in the old days TOM and JERRY laid out a *bob* well, as the *Oxonian* said, at the Exhibition of Pictures at Somerset House. Here, at the GROSVENOR, Royalty was a contributor, and a portrait by the Princess LOUISE was *highly* admired by the *connoisseurs*. There were works too by COUNT GLEICHEN, SIR COUTTS and Lady LINDSAY, SIR F. LEIGHTON, Messrs. MILLAIS, BURNE-JONES, ALMA-TADEMA, KEELEY - HALSWELL, LEGROS, PELEGRINI, PRINSEP, STUART-WORTLEY, RIDLEY, PADGETT, and others, which all received their *meed* of admiration, while the pictures by Mrs. LOUISE JORLING were pronounced by the CORINTHIAN, who was a *fine judge*, to be the *ne plus ultra* of painting, and he said that she must be a lady of *high accomplishments*. Thus they had a lounge through the saloons, and listened to the remarks of *son-disant* critics and the fashionable *babble* that went on upon all sides from the *volaries* of Art and Pleasure that thronged the Gallery.

The pictures were surveyed with much interest, and the Ladies then claimed attention, and "Who," cried the CORINTHIAN, "are these extraordinary beings with *strange hats* and *dresses* of blue, yellow, and sickly green, who look *limp* and *forlorn*?" "Those," replied young BOB, "are *æsthetic* young ladies, who *sigh* for *SUN-FLOWERS*, *languish* over *LILIES*, and *peruse* improper *POEMS*. The *coteries* to which they belong have been satirized in a play called *The Colonel*, where you may see these *queer* dresses accurately reproduced. A musical *absurdity* called *Patience* has also dealt with them, but the *costumes* of that are *exaggerations*, and cannot be pronounced *truly æsthetic*." "I never heard of *æsthetic* people," said TOM, "but they are certainly *Characters*; and I suppose the *fair sex* have not a monopoly of this *new fancy*, for I see some *melancholy* young men among them who look as if they had been 'badly washed' and then *hung up to dry*." "That may be," said BOB, "but they say they are '*utter*,' and so they are—*utter* frauds." At which *sally* TOM and JERRY laughed, and the latter remarked that young BOB was "his father's son," for the *Oxonian* would have been highly amused at the *male* and *female* *Æsthètes*. "That is quite true, Coz," said the CORINTHIAN, "and I marvel how long this strange fashion will last. These are certainly incidents in the *Chapter of Caricatures*, and we shall not readily forget the *rich scenes* at the Private View of the GROSVENOR GALLERY."

THE "NEXT OF KIN FRAUDS."—COVENAGE.

"Cousins indeed; and by their uncle cozened."

Queen Elizabeth, in "Richard the Third."

The chance of being cozened by your Uncle is Two-to-One! So, mind how you spout SHAKESPEARE.

At a fashionable Fancy Dress Ball the other night was danced a "costume quadrille" arranged, with dresses designed by an eminent Royal Academician, "to represent the twelve months of the year." "Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, on hearing this, "Now I understand what they mean by 'reviving ALMANACKS'."

THE FURNITURE SHOW.

Air—"Over the Garden Wall."

If you're a house you'll go, I'm sure,
To the Agricultural Hall!
And see the Show of Furniture
At the Agricultural Hall!
You'll view the collection of
tables and chairs,
The Indian curtains and carpets
for stairs,
The Turkish rugs and Japanese
wares,
At the Agricultural Hall!
At the Agricultural Hall
You'll visit every stall!
And as you pass,
See china and glass,
And mats of grass,
And fenders of brass,
And household gods of every
class,—
At the Agricultural Hall!

THIS advertisement was in the
Daily Telegraph :—

DEMANDE, par un City gentleman, PARTIAL BOARD, à une famille française, near Brixton, Clapham, or Loughborough Station.

Was it inserted by Mr. J. L. TOOLE as a new form of advertising his favourite *Ici on parle Français*?

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.—The Perambulator on one side of the kerbstone and the Bicycle on the other.

COMPANION VOLUMES TO "A BROKEN LILY."—"A Smashed Sunflower" and "A Demolished Daffodil."

AN IRISH CRY.—*Va E-victis!*

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 83.



CAPTAIN BURTON,

OUR UN-COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

UNIFORM MEASURES.

THE wearer of the Queen's uniform, meaning the soldier, "should be," says The Seldom-at-Home Secretary, "treated with special honour," by an Innkeeper. The bold soger would not object to be treated at any time, such is his nature; but to be treated "with special honour," how will that be managed? Will the Landlord bow three times as he hands him a gratuitous half-pint in addition to the pint already ordered? Will the nursery rhyme run, "Who comes here? A Grenadier. What's he want? A pot of beer. Take his money? No, I'll not. Special honour, 'Nother pot." But first of all our S.-A.-H. Sec. should insist on the wearer being himself taught to pay special honour to the uniform he wears. The old nursery rhyme as it stood, expressed the very natural fears of respectable folk generally at the sight of a redecoat near a public-house.

THE annual sermon of the National Temperance League was delivered the other day to a crowded congregation, mostly teetotallers, at Newington Butts. Of course, water-butts.

A DISTURBANCE may be expected to arrive from New York or some other part of the American seaboard on the coast of Ireland any day.

WE are rather inclined to treat the recent confessions of a criminal as "Sound and Fury—signifying nothing."

REMARKABLE ROMANCES.

(By a Rambler.)

No. IV.—THE JEUNE PREMIER.

He was a sweet youth, and developed early in life a taste for shiny boots, eighteenpenny cigars, and diamond studs. If LANCELOT LAMBKIN (for such were his names) had had the money, I doubt not but that he would have paid for some of these necessities, but having barely sufficient income for the satisfying of hansom cabmen and club waiters, he wisely left the boots, cigars, and studs to be entered on the credit columns of those tradesmen whom he favoured with his confidence and patronage. He had a decided antipathy to work, but it cannot be said that he was without talent, for he invented a new varnish for patent leather which would cost no more (per bottle) than five and elevenpence three farthings; and he it was who founded that celebrated Club, the Genial Gommies. "Something Bohemian dontcherknow," he explained, as the aim and object of the Association. But when his boon companion, little TOMMY POTTS, asked where Bohemia was situated, LAMBKIN loftily replied, "Oh, somewhere in China—where the tea comes from"—and, of course, he did not mean Bohemia.

I have said that LAMBKIN was sweet, but he was even more, he was beautiful—and he knew it. Many a time and oft, when anointing his well cut chin with soap preparatory to shaving, or when deftly tracing a parting through his ambrosial locks, he would murmur as he gazed in the mirror, "Demme! I ought to marry a



Duchess or a millionnaire." But the hand of fortune was against him, and he didn't.

His literary knowledge was not extensive, and even when he bought the *Illustrated London News* or the *Graphic*, he rarely scanned the letterpress; but in matters of spelling he certainly belonged to the phonetic school. I am in a position to positively assert that he was not the individual who called for the Author on a revival of *Hamlet*, but there was no manner of doubt but that he was a steady patron of the Drama. Indeed, his white gloves with black thumbs might have been seen placidly folded over his embroidered waistcoat, nearly any night in the Stalls of the Frivolity Theatre, and he actually knew the abbreviated Christian names of some of the Ladies of the Chorus. Yet this familiarity never bred any contempt for them. On the contrary, it seemed to heighten his esteem. Albeit this theatrical culture did not increase, but rather diminished his financial prosperity. Nor did any calling seem open to one of his peculiar disposition.

Though his father, a worthy clergyman of the Established Church, talked to him after the fashion of an Uncle from Holland, and wrote him epistles as drastic as his sermons, yet LANCELOT scouted the idea of the Civil Service, and declared that commercial pursuits were those from which no gentleman could derive either pleasure or profit. It is true that the uniform of Her Majesty's Cavalry had once possessed attractions for him; but having loftily declined to satisfy the Army Examiners with regard to the rudiments of Arithmetic and the French language, he was adjudged to be deficient in martial capacity, and was therefore debarred the privilege of defending his mother country in a regular way. But when he joined the Yeomanry, he was more or less consoled, having no vast amount of duty, and a military garb which was twice as fine as that of a Prussian Uhlan, thrice as resplendent as the apparel of a Chasseur d'Afrique, and ninety-nine times superior to the attire of a Don Cossack.

But even a real silver pouch-belt, is not an equivalent for the current coin of the realm. This fact was, after two or three years, discovered by LANCELOT's bootmaker, cigar purveyor, and



PASSPORTS AGAIN!

Gent (to Belgian Official). "PART-YA! EH! WHAT D'YER—OH—AH—OUR 'PAPERS.' 'ERE Y'ARE, OLD MAN! ANY AMOUNT 'ERE'S PUNCH, GRAPHIC, 'LLUSTRATED, 'CADEMY—"

[Disturbance in Europe! and the Travellers learned that, the next time they crossed over, they must provide themselves with Passports
"Ong ragle" and "No mistake!"]

jeweller. They were not perhaps surprised, but they were certainly angry.

"You're a long time picking up that Duchess," remarked Mr. TOUGH, the Bootmaker, in very coarse taste.

"I can't stand any more weeds," grunted Mr. PUFF, the Tobacconist, on receiving an unlimited order for eighteenpenny Regalias.

"I must have a bit on account," growled Mr. STUFF, the Jeweller.

And then, finding LANCELOT deaf to their appeals, they began to ply him with persuasive documents, commencing with "VICTORIA," and ending with the signature of the Lord Chancellor. To such annoyances even the most blameless young man is open, in a so-called free country.

"It's a beastly shame!" remarked little TOMMY POTTS, referring to the legal instruments, while engaging LANCELOT at billiards, for £200 a side, and half-a-crown "ready," at the Clubhouse of the Gommies.

"What's a fellow to do?" responded his antagonist, as he broke down at his twenty-third consecutive spot-stroke. "I've got plenty of coats, and rings, and neckties, but hang me if I can make much use of them."

"Why the dooce don't you go on the stage?" asked TOMMY, deftly making an all-round-the-table cannon. "If I'd got a mug like yours, I'd do it to-morrow. There's JACK JUMPS pouching his tenners a-week, and I'm blowed if he's in the same street with you."

"Yes! I fancy I am decent looking," said LANCELOT, stroking the down on his superior lip. "That's not a bad idea of yours, TOMMY," he continued, "for though I never can learn a part, I'm not much out of it in amateur theatricals."

"Amateurs are just what Managers want," cried the other, enthusiastically. "They don't care about fellows who start as call-boys and end as tragedians. Dress is what they want. Not tall hats and shooting-coats—Game! Toss you for a split."

That night, LANCELOT made a mighty resolve, for the arrival of two fresh summonses from Royalty made him desperate.

Some three months later, Mr. DOOKS, of the Ambiguous-Comic, announced a new comedy (adapted from the Servian) entitled *A British Bull-dog*. The part of Sir Rollin Stone was played by Mr. LANCELOT DAGNEAU. I append a couple of Press criticisms:—

"The *débonnaire* baronet, Sir Rollin Stone, was allotted to Mr. LANCELOT DAGNEAU, who is a decided acquisition to the London stage. His *aplomb* and general "unstageness," if we may be permitted to coin a word, no less than his perfectly fitting suit, induce us to predict for him no small success in the Art of which he has undertaken to become a disciple. His delivery of the often repeated word 'Nevah,' irresistibly reminded us of the *chie* of Belgravian salons, and the style of Mayfair Mansions. Mr. DAGNEAU, like the late lamented Lord BYRON, has awoken to find himself famous."—*Daily Dasher*.

"First and foremost we must place the Sir Rollin Stone of Mr. L. DAGNEAU. We can without hesitation assert that so capable a *jeune premier* has not been seen for years. His assumption of foppish extravagance, his almost reckless regard of stage traditions, and his refined rendering of the part seemed, as it were, so many exquisite cameos of higher London life. Equally at home in his puce velvet lounge coat, his exquisitely fitting frock, or his silk-faced swallow-tail, Mr. DAGNEAU gained the sympathies of the crowded audience from his first appearance to his last exit. Mr. DAGNEAU should indulge us with his reading of *Romeo*."—*Weekly Warbler*.

Messrs. TOUGH, PUFF, and STUFF are now satisfied, LANCELOT's portrait is one of the staple articles of photographic industry, and may be found sandwiched in the shop-windows between the likenesses of Archbishops and Actresses. He is earning some £5000 a year. He has never inquired into the personality of GOLDSMITH, SHERIDAN, BULWER LYTTON, or SHAKESPEARE (why should he?), but he has played *Young Marlow*, *Charles Surface*, *Claude Melnotte*, and (as recommended above) *Romeo* with signal success. He has not yet married a lady of title or wealth, but a billionaire is building a theatre for him. He is a large subscriber to the newly established Hospital for Destitute Actors.

RACING NOTES BY DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR.



The Derby Crack.



A Walk Over.



Two-Year-old Form.



Taking the Field.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

BORN, MAY 25, 1803. DIED, APRIL 27, 1882.

A CHERRY Oracle, alert and quick,
Amidst the joyless voices of the hour—
The dirges dull of singers who are sick.
The peevish plaints of thinkers who are sour—
Its utterance was still of hope and health;
Its silence lessens the World's better wealth.

INEXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER'S LIFE.

(Not by Serjeant B-ll-nt-ne.)

LONG tables, benches, stained-glass windows, and a good deal of oak. That is my first impression of the Hall of Lincoln's Inn. Then I become conscious of a number of gentlemen who are apparently considerably younger than myself, except a few who are unquestionably considerably older. These last are white-headed veterans, wearing spectacles. They seem to be very harmless. They have expressions of great sweetness, and appear to be as innocent as children. Why they should suddenly give up the Arcadian life they have evidently been living for half a century, to be called to the Bar, is a mystery to me. They seem nervous and anxious; so am I. A clerk asks for my name, and gives me a number. This makes me feel rather like a convict until he explains that the number corresponds with the number of my seat.

I am two yards from my neighbours to the right and left. In front of me are pens, ink, and some MS. books. Instructions are given me in a circular. "After finishing one book, commence another!" The Examiners have sadly over-estimated the extent of my knowledge!

I collect my thoughts, and try to recall everything I have crammed for the last twelve months. Then I become conscious of a discovery which is interesting from a psychological point of view, but for the moment decidedly embarrassing. This interesting discovery is that, in spite of my year's hard labour, I can remember absolutely nothing. However, at this moment a pleasant-looking gentleman, carrying the Examination Paper, approaches me, and presents me with a copy.

The first words rather encourage me. It is a direction. The candidates are requested to "answer their questions concisely." "Come!" I think to myself, "this is capital. Answer them concisely, of course I will. What can be more concise than 'Yes' and 'No'?" I will put 'Yes' and 'No' all the way down." Full of this intention, I read the first question:—

1.—*Explain and illustrate*—"Even now a common purchase-deed of a piece of freehold land cannot be explained without going back to the reign of HENRY THE EIGHTH, or an ordinary settlement of land without having recourse to the laws of EDWARD THE FIRST!"

I lay down my pen! This can't be answered with a "Yes" or a "No." HENRY THE EIGHTH and EDWARD THE FIRST! Why should

I explain the laws of *their* days? This is an age of progress, and the Examiners are sadly behind their time.

I am quite mistaken. The Examiners are not behind their time. On the contrary, they are in the hall, and one of them (so I am told by an attendant) is actually waiting for me. My indignation fades away, and I become distinctly clammy—ears red, feet cold!

An amiable old gentleman in a gown is sitting at a table. I approach him abjectly, and bow! He returns the salutation courteously, and motions me to take a chair. I obey him. We have a dark mahogany table before us. Were it not that he has a list in front of him, and a pen, I should feel that we had just dined together *tête-à-tête*, and were waiting for the appearance of a bottle of port and some walnuts. He asks me a preliminary question:—

"Have you been in a Conveyancer's Office?"

"No," I reply, but in such a tone that it implies, that if he considers I ought to have been in a conveyancer's office, I will supply the accidental omission at once, by entering one on leaving the hall, and remaining there for months, years, or life!

He seems a little disappointed at my answer. He continues—

"Do you intend to practise in India?"

Well, as a matter of fact, I did not. But I have been so unlucky in my first answer, that I feel inclined to throw my previous career to the winds, and begin again in India. A moment's reflection, however, proves to me that it would be extremely inconvenient to leave my native country at the moment; so I answer in the negative. However, there is a depth of meaning in my "No." I imply in my tone that there is a sorrowful secret connected with my regretfully adopted intention of *not* going to India—that were I not, so to speak, "the child of Destiny," I should be in Calcutta in a wig and gown in something less than no time.

My Examiner seems thoroughly disheartened. He had forgiven me for not being in a conveyancer's office, but he *did* think I was going to practise in India. However, he is just before all things, and although disappointed, will yet put a few questions upon law.

"Now," says he, as if he were asking me the simplest thing in the world—just to show me that, in spite of my shortcomings about India and the conveyancing, he bore me no ill-will—"Now, will you please tell me the rule in *Shelley's Case*?"

I hesitate. I know that SIR PERCY SHELLEY has opened an Amateur Theatre in Chelsea, and it occurs to me that, perhaps, there has been some difficulty under the Licensing Acts. I am on the point of asking the Examiner if he happens to mean SIR PERCY SHELLEY's case, when, fortunately for me, he exclaims, impatiently, "Surely you know the rule in *Shelley's Case*!"

I wish I were as sure of the matter as he seems to be! SHELLEY? Who on Earth was SHELLEY? I smile in a deprecatory manner. What had SHELLEY to do with a Rule? SHELLEY was a poet; and RULE kept an oyster-shop in Maiden Lane. Certainly RULE's oysters were shelly. For a moment I am on the point of telling him my little joke, when a glance at my Examiner's grave, sorrowful face convinces me that *this* is not the time for playfulness.

"Come," says the Examiner, "you surely know that when a man takes an estate in freehold, and in the same instrument"—

Eureka! I have got it! My mind is no longer a blank, and all my knowledge flows back into my head as water freshly turned on rushes into an empty cistern. I should rather think I *did* know the rule in *Shelley's Case*! I repeat it quickly, like a tune being played on a musical-box that has been over-wound.

My Examiner smiles, and asks me another question. I answer it sharply. He tries me with another. Same result. He puts down marks rapidly on his piece of paper, as if he were scoring for me at some intellectual game of chance.

"That will do, thank you," he says at last.

I should like to ask him if my score has been successful, and which of us leaves off the winner. But on second thoughts, lest any observation I may now make might be "used against me at my trial" (so to speak), I simply bow with much native grace and retire. Should like to ask him to dine with me and square him.

I resume my seat, look at the paper, and—hurra!—find I can do it!

Three weeks afterwards I learn that I have passed a "satisfactory examination," and am consequently qualified.

THE Released Suspects declare that they have always acted, and will always act, in accordance with their convictions. But they never had any convictions. They were imprisoned without any "previous convictions" being proved against them, and it was the convictions of others that led to their incarceration.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has been very much interested in an account of Professor BARFF's Antiseptic Boroglyceride. "Ah!" exclaimed the good Lady after a day's consideration, "why doesn't Professor BARFF give some of his Anti-Sceptic remedy to Mr. BRADLAUGH?"



No. 182. Bargaining with an old Property-Master. Henry Woods, A.



No. 661. Evenings at Home; or, Teaching Grandmamma the Three-Card Trick. P. G. Colman.



No. 1490. The Bookmaker. "Have something on!" Ed. Armitage, R.A.



No. 206. Silhouette Landscape—Blackheath. William Padgett



No. 510. Handy Andy. Edgar Hanley.



No. 262. The Automaton; or, How it's done. A Psycho-logical Study, dedicated to Maskelyne and Cook. J. H. Limner.



No. 264. In such a jelly boat! A rough sketch of ploughing the sea with the aid of a Tiller. Albert Bonnard.



No. 1615. Diogenes prevented from getting out of his Tub by the Indelicate Conduct of some very forward Young Women. J. Warm-Water-house.



No. 291. French Polish. "O my prophetic soul!—my ancle!" Jan Van Beers.



No. 692. Barking. Isle of Dogs. Percy Macquoid.



No. 468. Trained Lion rehearsing privately. Briton Rivière, R.A.

OUR ACADEMY GUIDE.

No. 444. *A Briar Attachment*. G. E. HICKS. Brayvo, 'Icks! It's Icksellent!

No. 530. *A Decided Snub*. MARY L. WALLER.

No. 546. *H. Labouchere, M.P., Sitting for his Portrait*. N.B. The subject might have been more flattered had the representative of Truth been painted by A. STOREY, instead of by A. BACCANI.

No. 561. *Discovered!* "Please, Sir, I wasn't doing anything at the bureau!" W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

No. 587. *Fox and Geese*. H. WEIGALL.

No. 620. *Sir Henry Hawkins (Fancy Portrait)*. "No it ain't," says 'Arry, "it's Mister ARTING A 'AWKIN!" W. S. HERBERT.

No. 635, 636, 637. *Sea and Rocky*, by STONEY.

No. 678. *"Mind your Steps! or, Tempus Fugus it."* Female organism. EDWIN LONG, R.A.

No. 679. *"Boat Gone! Luggage Lost!"* HILDA MONTALBA.

No. 684. *Irving Appealing to the Gods*. F. BARWARD.

No. 688. *Fan-See Portraits, China*. N. CHEVALIER.

No. 701. *Signora Tambourini*. ARTHUR HILL.

No. 708. "I defy any one to take me!" exclaimed the gallant soldier. "I'll have a shot at you anyhow, though you're not pigeon-breasted," cried Dr. CARVER's artistic antagonist. "Confound it," began the irate officer; but it was too late, his indignant expression had been caught by A. STUART WORTLEY.

No. 717. *The Unready Reckoner; or, another version of LEPIC's celebrated "Irritable Gentleman disturbed by a Bluebottle."* GEORGE REID.

No. 731. *Reeds Entire*. J. M. SOUTHERN.

No. 737. *A War Correspondent corresponding with the original A. FORBES*, admirably painted by HUBERT HERKOMER, A.

No. 813. *The Fight for the Standard*. Our Sir JOHN will follow this up next year with *A Contest for the Morning Post*, *A Row about the Daily News*, *A Struggle for the Telegraph*, and so on. Full of fire and dash is the expression of these warriors' eyes, and probably something stronger than "dash" is the expression in these warriors' mouths. Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

No. 833. *Escaped from the Grosvenor Gallery*. JESSIE MACGREGOR.

No. 845. "This is the Way to Travel if you want to Enjoy Yourself." R. HILLINGFORD.



"DINORAH IN DIFFICULTIES."

(Vide case of *Stevens v. Patti* last week, with a Butt for the Defendant.)

"ROBERT" IN EPPING FOREST.

SATURDAY the 6th of May was a grand day for all of us!

In the first and principle place never did Sun shine upon a lovelier lunshun, and never did my patrons and there friends do grater justice to it. And this I will say, for above all I loves to be troothfool, that tho' the old stagers the Copperashun was a good fust, the members of Parlyment and the house of Lords was a jolly good 2nd. I must not of course betray secrets or I might add that sum of the honnerblest names in England cum into our butiful refreshment tent sum 3 sum 4 times.

It was a grand day for the Copperashun. It was a grand day for the Lord Mare. In the fust place, as of course he couldn't condescend to lunch with the mere canoil, as the French calls us, he had a lovely *dayjournée* at the late Queen ELIZABETH's lodging house at Chingford, which, BROWN tells me, is Chinese for horseback.

His Ludship druv in his beautiful state carriage to meet his Queen at the Railway Station, and then, like a galliant Night of old, 'he mounted on his nobel steed and rode behind Her MAJESTY's Carriage all the way to Eye Beach, a matter of 3 miles, without falling off once. I saw him arrive, but what was my astonishment to find him in the ordinary costoom of the period, just like a mere common gentleman. But my surprise soon guv way to admiration.

I have seen sumtimes at Crismas time wonderful changes of Princes into Arlequins, Lord Chamberlains into Panterloons, and Noblemen into Clowns, but nothing I ever seed afore equalled what I now saw behind the Tent. His Ludship's Wally were there with

his Ludship's gorgeous array, and in less time than it takes me to rite it, 'cos I writes preshus slow, His Ludship, who had entered the sacred enclosure a mere English Gentleman, emerged from it in all the glory of a RICHARD the 3rd at the Theater Royal, Drewry Lane! Ah, that was a sight that I shan't soon forget. Then came the Adress, after they'd found the Recorder who was lost in the scrowge, and then the QUEEN red her anser, and then certain Gents was made appy for life by being introduced to Her, and then she druv away, and again the sillybrated transformation scene took place, and the Lord Mare rode away as he came, only an appier and a powder man.

Far above all it was a grand day for the People, I means the poor People.

But I do ope as Epping will be kep proper and respekabel. Anyhow its a grand thing for the Copperashun to ave done, and 'eres their jolly good 'ealth!

ROBERT.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

By a Cantankerous Old Curmudgeon.

ALL the world's a Wardrobe,
And all the girls and women merely wearers:
They have their fashions and their fantasies,
And one she in her time wears many garments

Throughout her Seven Stages. First, the baby,

Befrilled and broidered, in her nurse's arms.
And then the trim-hosed schoolgirl, with her flouncies

And small-boy-scorning face, tripping, skirt-wagging,

Coquettishly to school. And then the flirt,
Ogling like Circe, with a business *avilade*
Kept on her low-cut corset. Then a bride
Full of strange finery, vested like an angel,

Veiled vaporously, yet vigilant of glance,
Seeking the Woman's heaven, Admiration,
Even at the Altar's steps. And then the matron,

In fair rich velvet with suave satin lined,
With eyes severe, and skirts of youthful cut
Full of dress-saws and modish instances,
To teach her girls their part. The sixth age shifts

Into the gray yet gorgeous grandmamma,
With gold *pince-nez* on nose and fan at side,
Her youthful tastes still strong, and worldly wise

In sumptuary law, her quavering voice
Prosing of Fashion and *Le Follet*, pipes
Of robes and bargains rare. Last scene of all,

That ends the Sex's *Mode*-swayed history,
Is second childishness and sheer oblivion
Of youth, taste, passion, all—save love of Dress!

A MEMENTO OF THE ROYAL WEDDING.



USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL CLOCK AT THE GREAT WESTERN STATION, PADDINGTON.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lord Frederick Cavendish

AND

Mr. Thomas Burke.

Foully Murdered in Phoenix Park, Dublin, on May 6th, 1882.

As blameless as the flowers which borrow stain
 From the spilt ruddy life-stream of the slain,
 When battle rages 'midst the fields of Spring:
 As bravely fallen as the few who mount
 The dread death-breathing breach, nor pause to count
 The shot's quick crashing, or the steel's swift swing:
 Rest, while the whole land's voice lifts to the blue,
 In grief and praise, Pæan and Requiem too!

IN the Chamber of Deputies last week opposite parties fought over the Civil Interment Bill, the Materialists claiming for themselves as a Body to be placed on the same footing with Christian believers. An odd contention: yet SHAKESPEARE, who knew the worthlessness of a mere body as well as anyone, when he put those lines about "Great CÆsar dead" into *Hamlet's* mouth, set a different store by his own bones when he invoked a curse on anyone who should remove them. Well, as the French Minister of Worship observed, "When a man dies he usually leaves something behind to which funeral honour could be paid"—at all events, he generally leaves something to be paid, and frequently something to be honoured, if it's only his "acceptance."

BY AN ANTI-WAGNER-RING-MAN.—"Call his work 'The Music of the Future'! To my thinking it would be more correctly described as 'The Music of the Imperfect.'"

"My Niece's bridal bouquet," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "was lovely. It was entirely composed of white cornelians and gardeners."



HAPPY THOUGHT.

YOUNG TONEDOWN HAD AT LAST HAD A PICTURE (AND A VERY BAD ONE TOO) HUNG ON THE LINE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. HE DISGUISED HIMSELF AS A POLICEMAN, AND STANDS BY HIS PICTURE ALL DAY. GREAT SUCCESS!

TAKING OUR "PHIL" AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

BRAVO! and so say all his Sisters and his Cousins and his Aunts! Certainly Mr. CUSINS did give us a benefit of it last Thursday night-Fill Harmonic!—it was Crammed Harmonic, and not a seat to spare. The only fault, perhaps, of the programme was that there was hardly quite enough of it; the justice of this complaint the musical public outside the hall can appreciate when we say that Master BEETHOVEN's *Pastoral Symphony* was one of the lightest and shortest trifles in the bill of fare, which was breakfast, lunch, five o'clock tea with muffins, dinner, and two suppers all in one.

The entertainment led off with WEBER's *Preciosa*; Miss SANTLEY appeared as the heroine of the tale, and Mr. SAM BRANDRAM as the Tale itself; that is, his business was to come in as a Speaking, but not a Singing Chorus. This arrangement reminded us somewhat of the old style of comic song, when after each verse came a sort of stage-direction "spoken," and the singer used to interpolate something of this sort—"Well, then she takes his arm and goes out walking all round the Regency Park up to the Zoological Gardens, and when she saw one of the horrid animals on the top of a long pole, she gave a little scream, and he puts his arm round her waist and says—(Chorus by everyone)—"

"O JEMIMA, O JEMIMA,
 Don't I love you! Oh!"

This is what Mr. BRANDRAM had to do. He did it well; but we deeply sympathised with him, as, whenever he was becoming excited and really arriving at anything like a thrillingly dramatic situation, he was at once put down by Mr. CUSINS' *baton*, which waved him away, clearly implying, "Here, that'll do, we've had enough of you—it's somebody else's turn now," and up rose all the sporting Ladies wearing the blue, or red, riband jockey-fashion, and up rose all the Gentlemen of the Chorus, and down sat Mr. BRANDRAM abashed and temporarily disheartened; though in a most Christian spirit he soon forgot and forgave, coming up again smiling when kindly called upon so to do by Mr. CUSINS.

As an introduction to the Cantata, Mr. BRANDRAM good-naturedly

gave us the names of the *dramatis personæ*. This, apparently, was a sudden effort of his own inspired imagination, as not a single name mentioned by him as being necessary to the plot could we find in the list of characters in the book. Among generalities he announced, in an off-hand way, what sounded to us at a distance like "Chorus of Spanish Noodles;" but this certainly wasn't in the book, and for the life of us we can't even now make out what he intended to convey.

When Mr. BRANDRAM gave us an indication of *Preciosa*, he temporarily posed in the perky attitude of a sprightly burlesque chorus-ballet-girl, but as Miss SANTLEY, whom we were to recognise officially as *Preciosa*, did not at all enter into the spirit of this impersonation, it seemed as if there were a coolness between the Lady and Gentleman on this point, and so they had necessarily to be kept apart by Mr. CUSINS, like the Queen's Proctor, "intervening."

Mr. BRANDRAM's view of *Preciosa* is doubtless correct—a sort of *Esmeralda*, half gipsy, half ballet-dancer, a kind of First-of-May "My Lady" with the ladle; and this idea was borne out by his imitation of *Preciosa's* Mamma, whom he represented as speaking and hobbling like *Old Mother Hubbard* in the first scene of a *Pantomime*. His "Captain," who suddenly interrupts *Preciosa's* soliloquy in the castle, was a first-rate bit of Tommy-up-the-Chimney ventriloquism, the illusion being so perfect that at first we really thought the voice came from the second violin, and wondered how he managed to do it, and yet look so serenely innocent.

We have no space for further description. The New Pianist, Signor SQUAMBRADO* played for a long time, but he only touched the piano—not his audience. Mme. NILASSEN was rapturously greeted. BEETHOVEN's *Pastoral* was, as always, delightfully refreshing; but confound those Music Hall singers!—the reminiscences of "Right you are, says Moses," must occur to anyone who is unfortunately intimate with the refrain of that popular song, on hearing the recurring phrase of the Shepherd's pipe in the penultimate part of the *Symphony*.

* We really must leave this name as printed. It is long since we have seen such a capital title. As a matter of fact the gentleman is Signor SOAMBRATO.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday Night, May 8.—House of Commons full of Members and of sorrow. Not a place anywhere on the Benches for the latest comers, nor room in any heart for other thought than that of grief and mourning. Members speak low and tread softly, as if in the actual presence of death. To-night we were to have met in fierce party strife. The Opposition was to have been arrayed against the Ministerialists in deadly conflict, and all sorts of maneuvering going on to secure the allegiance of Whigs, Land-Leaguers, or other eccentric politicians. But the battle is off. One touch of nature has made the whole House kin, and those who came to fight remain to mourn.

A piteous sight Mr. GLADSTONE at the table struggling to perform the duty cast upon him, and broken down with uncontrollable grief. "To be mourned like this," said a Right Honourable Gentleman, looking round the House, the solemn stillness of which was broken only by the faltering tones of the PREMIER, "one would even dare to die."

Tuesday Night.—"For good bustling indignation of a chirping kind, give me Sir RICHARD CROSS." The remark is Sir CHARLES



Br-ll-gh; nothing if not noisy.

DILKE's, and there is a good deal in it. Sir RICHARD, a very smart man, a little of the Quarter-Sessions order. What with being in the Commission of the Peace many years, and at the Home Office several more, has assumed, for daily use, a magisterial air which always prompts him to regard some particular Member as in the dock. Sometimes it is the House of Commons collectively, or the Ministerial majority which has been convicted, and straightway Sir RICHARD, in his capacity of presiding Magistrate, passes sentence, and improves the occasion by a few remarks. To-night it is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at whom he chirrups.

"Like a prosperous sparrow reproving a worm for not being out early enough in the morning to be caught," says Sir

WILLIAM HARCOURT, regarding with an amused smile his successor as he stands at the table with his head on one side, his hand sharply marking the emphasis of his speech. Looks comically like a sparrow standing on one leg.

CHAMBERLAIN certainly deserves all he gets. Gone so far as to insinuate that the Conservative Opposition, finding Ballot Bill second or third on the Orders, talked exhaustively on preceding subjects till too late to proceed with debate! Sir RICHARD CROSS properly shocked at this, so is Mr. WARTON, so is Mr. GORST, so is Earl PERCY, and so say all of them. Encouraged by their cheers, Sir RICHARD CROSS chirrups so loudly, that Alderman LAWRENCE, who has been sleeping on the Cross Benches, thinks it is early morning, and rushes out of the House to catch the City Train. Bill, nevertheless, read a Second Time, and a great deal more business done. An aggregate sufficient to take away the breath of the SPEAKER. Clerk at the table cannot keep up with the record. Really nothing remarkable about it; only momentarily back in the old times when Members came down to do business, not to obstruct it.

Felt the line must be drawn somewhere. Ruled sharp at the application of Mr. O'SULLIVAN to read his Whiskey Bill a Second Time. With tears in his voice, Mr. O'SULLIVAN pleads for the Bill. Never was such a Bill; everybody loves it, distillers and teetotalers, Mr. RAMSAY and Sir WILFRED LAWSON. All he wants is whiskey in bond a year before it goes into consumption.

"Why, cert'nly," says Sir WILFRID; "keep it in bond a year—twenty years; the longer the better." House would not listen to it. Suddenly virtuous. Done enough for one night, and whiskey must continue to be recklessly removed from bond.

Business done.—Enormous. More accomplished between half-past four and eight to-night than during the rest of the Session.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Mr. PHASE brings in Bill discriminating in the matter of Capital Punishment; Lord COLIN CAMPBELL a

Measure dealing with Scotch Licensing Laws. Mr. NEWDEGATE devoutly "hoped there was nothing bloodthirsty in his nature," but could not take these proposals of PHASE at any price. Nevertheless, Bill read a Second Time.

Liquor debate a little dry. Mr. WARTON joined in it. So much interested in the question, didn't observe that quarter-to-six was at hand, and Bill consequently talked out, as they say.

Thursday Night.—"WAT! TYLER?" Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT exclaimed, as member for Harwich rose from behind front Opposition Bench. Sir HENRY TYLER thinks it's no use parleying about matters. "Let's go to the root of it at once," he had said to Mr. WARTON, during the Cabinet Council held just before the House met; present: Mr. WARTON, Mr. CHARLES LEWIS, Mr. STANLEY LEIGHTON, Sir H. TYLER, and Lord FOLKESTONE. Agreed that matters would be improved if the Government turned out. Accordingly, HENRY the TYLER draws up Amendment, declaring Government not fit to administer affairs in Ireland. Rather disappointing result. Expected whole Conservative Party to cheer. Unfortunately went out in a fizzle. Opposition laughed, Mr. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, looking languidly across the House, audibly observed, "Thought the fellow—going to read—prospects—new company." Sir HENRY TYLER, M.P., Chairman. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE frowned, and GIBSON openly scolded. Sir HENRY then said he'd better postpone his Motion.

DRUMMOND crying "WOLFF! WOLFF!" again. Something wrong in Egypt. DRUMMOND equal to either end of the Mediterranean, though "disappointed," with both as far as they are affected by the Foreign Policy of Government.

HARCOURT up at last with latest Peace Preservation Bill. House crowded. HOME SECRETARY terribly impressed with importance of self and mission. Wants the Land-Leaguers to bury the hatchet. Accordingly put on funeral air. Originality of mind displayed in arrangement of manuscript. Sermons usually neatly bound in black cloth. HARCOURT's Funeral Oration on slips of Home Office paper. House listens with impatience to elaborate sentences, recited in melancholy cadence.

"It's like a village band practising the 'Dead March in Saul,'" said CAVENDISH BENTINCK, wrestling with his shirt-front, which has strong disposition to cross the floor of the House unaccompanied by the rest of his raiment.

No laughing matter when presently, having exhausted the flowers of his rhetoric, VERNON came to the provisions of the Bill. Land-Leaguers lapse into gloomy silence, with the exception of JOSEPH GILLIS and Mr. HEALY. J. G. somehow or other lost his place amid the crush. Got out of sight at the end of the Bench, but his voice distinctly audible. JOSEPH is in a sardonical scornful mood. Mr. HEALY also inclined to be ironical. "Ho! of course!" he cried. "Would you, ah? Ho! ho!" and so on, through quite a catalogue of withering ejaculations. "Mr. HEALY," said Lord EDWARD FITZMAURICE, "is the Miss Meggs of the House of Commons. Only he's always in the mood presented by the young Lady when denied re-admittance to the Varden household."

"Indeed now. Ah! ah! Ho! yes!" says Mr. HEALY in reply. *Business done.*—Bill for the Prevention of Crime in Ireland introduced.

Friday Night.—Mr. CHILDERS made his way to Army Estimates through barricades of Motions. Ireland of course. Mr. HEALY discussing Grand Juries. Sir BALDWIN LEIGHTON treats on Vagrancy; Members give practical illustration by wandering away. Mr. WARTON offers a few remarks on Patent Medicines. Committee at last. Mr. DALRYMPLE wants to know why officers of regiments not Highland should wear trews?

"Tis trews, and pity 'tis 'tis trews,"

Mr. CHILDERS admits, but he cannot ask them to take them off.

Business done.—A few votes on Army Estimates.

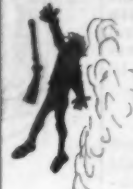
Shakespeare in Paris.

A VERY praiseworthy attempt is being made at the Odéon in Paris, in spite of VOLTAIRE and his *Zaïre*, to familiarise the Parisians with SHAKESPEARE's *Othello*; but the management should explain to the audience that the play is not regarded in England as a comedy, and that *Iago* is not looked upon as a comic character.

WORK FOR THE CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY.—To relieve the suffering from noisy Organ-grinders.



Capital Punishment Bill.



Settled Land Bill.



Friday Sitting.



Spirits in Bond Bill.



AT THE OPERA.

First Subscriber (Musical Man). "IT ASTONISHES ME, HOW THESE SINGERS CAN RECOLLECT THEIR PARTS SO PERFECTLY! THE CONSTANT DISCORDS ARE SO PAINFUL, AND THE INTERVALS ARE OUTRAGEOUS!"

Second Ditto. "AH—JUST SO. THE OTHER NIGHT I DECLARE THEY KEPT US THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR BETWEEN THE ACTS!"

AN UNSPEAKABLE LETTER.

(Published quite by mistake.)

Istamboul, 21st Jomada II., 1299.

RESPECTED WILLIAMS PASHA,

FOR to address you familiarly thus, in a communication to which, for your sake, I do not wish as yet to impart the character of a public European diplomatic manifesto, is, believe me, most agreeable to me. Respected WILLIAMS, I have taken up my pen because I am most truly anxious to assist you. I hear you are in much perplexity and trouble. I am told that that portion of the mighty Empire you administer, called Ireland, is practically given over to anarchy, and that a weak and vacillating Executive has now for eighteen months, much to your chagrin and disappointment, found itself utterly unequal to cope with the forces of the organised disaffection persistently arrayed against it. To hear this, dear WILLIAMS, grieves me, I assure you, very much; and though I have been sitting up and drinking strong coffee with the *Sheik-ul-Islam* all night, talking the matter over with a view to seeing what I can do for you, I confess I can discover no escape for you from your difficulty but such as is offered by an immediate armed foreign intervention under the guarantee of a European protectorate. And this intervention I myself am willing to undertake in the interest of international security.

I do not go so far as to insist that this occupation, which I propose to effect by landing 60,000 of my regular troops at Dublin forthwith, need necessarily be permanent; but I should certainly not consent to authorise its termination until a standard of social right, a respect for constituted authority, and a general security of life and property, such as an enlightened Mahometan civilisation understands these things, had been adequately, fully and securely established in every portion of the disorganised province.

You must not deem me, my Respected WILLIAMS, severe, when in the face of the continued and chronic disorder for which I am

GEE UP, NEDDY!

As the Corporation of the City of London in their parental affection for that rickety ill-mannered bantling of theirs, Billingsgate Market, are praying the House of Lords to prevent any other Market from competing with it, principally because it was so enacted by EDWARD THE THIRD of blessed memory, they might like to know some of the wise and liberal provisions of a statute that was enacted by the same most gracious Sovereign for regulating not Markets but Labour; and as it cannot be a bit more absurd to attempt to regulate Labour by the requirements and ideas prevalent five hundred years ago, than it is to limit the number of Markets at the present time to what was considered sufficient five hundred years ago for one-tenth of the present population, *Mr. Punch* submits them to that small majority of the Members of the Corporation who, having determined to oppose a New Fish Market because opposed to their chartered rights, are bound in consistency to support their adoption.

"Every able-bodied Person under sixty, not having to live on, shall be bound to serve him that doth require him, or be committed to Gaol."

"If a Workman or Servant depart from service before the time agreed upon, he shall be imprisoned."

"The old wages, and no more, shall be given to Servants."

"If any Artificer or Workman take more wages than were wont to be paid, he shall be committed to Gaol."

"Victuals shall be sold at reasonable prices."

"He that taketh more wages than is accustomedly given, shall pay the surplus to the Town where he dwelleth, towards the King's taxes."

According to these sage regulations of the illustrious Neddy whose pious memory the Corporation delight to honour, everyone of their Officers who has had his salary increased since his first appointment, would at the present time be an inmate of Her Majesty's Gaol at Holloway, and would owe enormous sums to Her Majesty's Exchequer.

As these are not "consummations devoutly to be wished" either by the excellent Officers aforesaid or by their employers, the Corporation, they may all be reasonably expected to entertain grave doubts as to the desirability of allowing themselves to be guided in even more important matters by the wisdom, or want of it, of NEDDY THE THIRD.

TWO GOVERNMENTS.—The Egyptian Notables and the British Not Ables.

obliged to hold your Constitutional Government responsible, I insist that there is nothing for it but the turning of you, and those who like you are imbued with Western ideas—clean out, all of you—"Bag and Baggage." Not that I know whether that is the correct phrase, or indeed am quite sure what it means. But it was once shown to me in the pages of one of your Half-crown Reviews, and I have no doubt it is excellent English, and that you, master as you are of forcible nervous language, will for one thoroughly understand it.

If I mistake not, too, there is, moreover, a special reason why I, of all your European friends, should do you this friendly service. The warm and kindly interest you were once so good as to manifest in the welfare of a certain portion of my own Empire, the disturbance of which at the time occasioned me some trifling embarrassment, has not been forgotten by me. There is an Arabian proverb that says, "The bastinado that is not unpleasant to one foot, will probably be equally enjoyed by the other." I do not know, my respected WILLIAMS, whether you follow me, but I mean this letter to be a friendly private offer, made by one anxious to save you from the humiliation of a public scandal. You once gave me your assistance. Here is mine. We cannot have the "Sick Man" always troubling us. We should have to call in a doctor, and how would you like BISMARCK, for instance, to give his prescription, and demand his fee? You see I am so friendly that I am quite jocular. But unless you can put things straight, I must positively intervene. *Kismet!*

Yours, my dear WILLIAMS PASHA, with much kindly interest and esteem,

ABDUL HAMID.

P.S.—I have just read your latest Manifesto. "No Jury," and some other excellent precautions. Very good, my dear WILLIAMS; hope it may answer. Perhaps I shan't now have to come over after all, which would be a great advantage to your solvent British taxpayer; as interventions are costly things, and I don't do business for nothing! "In the name of the Prophet," as the *Sheik* would say after dinner. My vassal in Egypt is giving his Suzerain some trouble. Your vassals—ships, I mean—will soon be there, eh?



HOW TO EFFECT A GOOD RIDDANCE.

SCENE—Royal Academy Private View.

Boreham Jones, Esq., M.P. "AH, HOW D'YE DO, MRS. TOMKYNs! SO GLAD TO MEET YOU—A—I—"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns (who thinks Mr. Boreham Jones all very well, but doesn't want him just as she's talking to the Duke of Wimbledon). "OH, DEAR MR. JONES! HAVE YOU SEEN MR. SOFELY'S PICTURE! IT'S IN ROOM NO. 10. DO LOOK AT IT, AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT!"

[Exit Boreham Jones, much flattered, to perform Mrs. Tomkyns's commission. Enact also Mrs. Tomkyns and his Grace, in the opposite direction.]

THE IRISH FRANKENSTEIN.

WHEN I found [so astonishing a power placed within my hands, I hesitated some time concerning the manner in which I should employ it. But the visions of fancy and the pride of power urged me onward, and forbade too nice scruples or too prolonged delay. Scruple indeed seemed unworthy weakness in the light of so imposing an enterprise. The flame of an unholy ambition, whilst firing the courage, sears the conscience. What count some cunning sophistry of word, some politic ruthlessness of action, in the great tasks of conquest or of creation? Life and death appeared to me ideal bounds which I might set at nought and break down in my pursuit of—what?

How can I delineate the Monster which with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? I had gazed on it when it was unfinished—it was hideous then, though to my distraught fancy bearing the promise and the potency of benignant beauty. . . . I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Mingled with this horror I felt the bitterness of disappointment; dreams vain, violent, conscienceless visions, that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space, were now become hell to me; and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete!

A flash as of blood-red lightning illuminated the object, and discovered its shape plainly to me; its gigantic stature and its deformity of aspect, more hideous than belongs to humanity, informed me that it was the ruthless wretch, the conscienceless demon, the baneful and blood-stained Monster to which I had given

life. I had turned loose into the world a depraved Horror, whose delight was in carnage and chaos: had it not murdered my countrymen, had it not wrecked the rising hopes of my country, had it not branded the author of its being, and the place of its birth, with the blood-red, indelible brand of shame?

It approached; its countenance bespoke bold defiance, combined with disdain and malignity, while its unearthly ugliness rendered it almost too horrible for human eye. And yet—yet was it not my Master to the very extent that it was my Creature? Hideous fatality; inevitable NEMESIS of the shapers of ill! Had I not framed it, breathed into it my own spirit, pandered to its excesses when they seemed to serve my ends, profited by the very villainies which I had assumed to deprecate and denounce? And now that the work of my brain had got beyond the power of my hand, now that my heart sickened, more even with dread than with honest disgust, what power of control, of exorcism, of self-emanicipation was left with me?

Shaken to the soul, I addressed it, yet faintly and falteringly, in words weakly expressive of disavowal and detestation. It met my late reproach, my tardy denunciation, with mockery and defiance. Hideous, blood-stained, bestial, ruthless in its rage, implacable in its revengefulness, cynical in its contemptuous challenge of my authority, it seemed another and a fouler Caliban in revolt, and successful revolt, against the framer and fosterer of its maleficent existence.

CAPTAIN SHAW, the Fire King of the Metropolis, has been inspecting some of our places of amusement. His report is so unsatisfactory—not much beyond "Pshaw!"—that he will repeat his visit. This is "to make assurance doubly Shaw."



THE IRISH FRANKENSTEIN.

"The baneful and blood-stained Monster * * * yet was it not my Master to the very extent that it was my Creature? * * * Had I not breathed into it my own spirit?" * * * (Extract from the Works of C. B. F-AN-LI, M.P.)



THE DANCE OF THE DANCERS

THE PRIZE RING DES NIBELUNGEN;

OR, PANTO-MIME AND THE THREE MERRY MAIDENS OF THE RHINO.

FEW men have made more noise in the world than Herr RICHARD WAGNER, and if anybody doubt it, let him try the *Ring des Nibelungen*; or, *Panto-Mime and the Three Merry Maidens of the Rhino*. The *Nibelungen* is made up of "motives," but Herr WAGNER's motives are often hard to understand. "Blow it all!" says Herr WAGNER (they have trombones, and they all do it), "here goes!" Herr WAGNER's rule is, "When in doubt, play the drum." This

raises a spirit of emulation in the bosom of the gentleman who has been entrusted with the cymbals. Bang they go! The violins tremble with indignation. Herr SKIDL waves his arms to the ophicleides; at it go the horns, and the singers yell in another key,



"O let us be jaw-ful!"

to show that they are not to be put down by the odds against them. Half-a-dozen "motives" have been going on—if one could only have picked them out.

The *Nibelungen* opens with a view of some queer fish in an Aquarium. Here are the Rhine Maidens with Our New Patent Self-instructing Swimming Apparatus fitted on them, trying to remember that pretty little thing they heard last night. They don't recollect the proper words, so *Woglinde* sings the tune, which seems to be badly recollected from MENDELSSOHN, to the thrilling words:—

"Weia! Waga! Waga la Weia!
Wallala, weiala weia!"

Then "Gin a body meet a body coming through the Rhine." Everybody joins in chorus.

These bodies are taking care of the Rheingold, or Rhino, as it is generally called, and a bad young man, *Panto-Mime's* brother, comes and walks about in the water; to which these bold young minxes do not object until he goes up the ladder, which has been incautiously left, from the bottom of the Rhino to the shelf on which the Rhino rests, and walks off with the treasure. Then they let off the steam—which, by the way, they do on every possible occasion. Before the steam has quite evaporated, and while there is still a good deal of Hot-bath smell about the place, the gauze rises, and discovers about as coarsely a painted scene as we ever remember. Here *Wotan*, the King of the Gods, is in a very low state of mind, because the Giants have built him a palace and are coming to ask for their money. The "Can't-pay-the-Rent-and-don't-know-what-I-shall-do-about-the-Taxes Motive" expresses *Wotan's* sorrow, after which, to some good old pantomime music, in come the giants *Fafner* and *Fasolt*. You know they are giants directly, because it is stated so in the bill; though, as a matter of fact, dwarfs, giants, and gods are all the same size. To their "Now-then, Gw'nor, are-you-



going-to-weigh-in?
Motive." *Wotan* replies that he really shall be very much

bliged if they will kindly make it convenient to call again, and off they go, taking with them the goddess *Fry-a*, so named because

Fricka and her Lowther-Arcadian Per-ram-bulator.

she acts as a sort of plain cook and bakes the apples, which is all that keeps the gods young. For these gods are in a very bad way

altogether. *Wotan*, who is a disreputable old man, then goes off on an expedition to steal the Rhino from *Panto-Mime's* brother, who is very good at conjuring tricks; and, at the bad old man's request, transforms himself into a crocodile, which makes the god very nervous, and he hits at him with his spear to the "I-say, you-know, no-larks Motive." The performer then changes himself into a toad, and to the "Halloa!-now-I've-got-you Motive," *Wotan* treads on him and steals the ring and the money. The Giants call again, *Wotan* settles their little account, and then, to the "Schlog-him-on-the-kop Motive," *Fafner* settles his brother.

Parts of the *Walküre* had better not be talked about; but it may be said that *Siegmund*, having been engaged in mortal combat for some



An Engine-eous Monster.

hours with the brother of *Hunting* (a great sportsman), runs away, and takes refuge in *Hunting's* hut. *Hunting* asks him to supper, but doesn't give him any, and *Siegmund*, who hates being chaffed, accepts a challenge to settle it next morning after breakfast—that is to say, after *Hunting's* breakfast, for *Siegmund's* chances of getting any are remote. *Wotan's* wife drives in on her chariot drawn by rams to the "Baa, baa, black-sheep Motive," and after letting the poor old god have it right and left, insists upon his seconding *Hunting*; and his daughter *Brünnhilde* backs up *Siegmund*, though her father distinctly tells her not to do so. Neither of the combatants has the least idea of fighting, and they both die apparently of fright, in spite of the fact that *Siegmund* has found a sword sticking in a tree which he has been assured will render him invincible; but that's the way it happens when Herr WAGNER is to the fore. The Prize Ring they are all fighting about is not really the least good to anybody, and the all-conquering sword is smashed at the first go off. *Wotan* then proceeds to have it out with *Brünnhilde*, who has run away to her sisters, and finds them playing at horses, mounted on little wooden animals, to the "Six-to-four-on-the-field, two-to-one-bar-one Motive." Up comes *Wotan* and condemns *Brünnhilde* to go to sleep for an indefinite period, only permitting her to have a fire lighted to prevent the bad effects of the night air, lest, when she does wake up, influenza should prevent her from expressing her gratitude to the gallant knight who rescues her. The fire is shown by much vapour with light thrown on it, but it is not very effective here, and can scarcely be called a *succès de steam*.

This Knight is to be *Siegfried*, who is living in the forest with *Panto-Mime*, and, indulging in a good deal of bear-play—brings a bear in with him to help; but though the bear is evidently connected with *Panto-Mime*, that dwarf does not like it. *Wotan* is prowling about, and as he can't get anyone else to listen to him, and *Panto-Mime* is rather small, he keeps on obliging him with another stave, till *Siegfried* returns, joins together the fragments of the sword his father, *Siegmund*, made such a mess of, and goes for the giant *Fafner*, who is living in a cave hidden in a second-hand "property" dragon—that's the way he enjoys the Rhino he has got possession of. *Fafner* has caught a dreadful cold in his head, and greets *Siegfried* with the "Aren't-you-frightened? Motive," but *Siegfried* isn't in the least, and before *Fafner* can get out of the "property," he is pierced by the sword, and perishes to the "Just-about-under-the-fifth-rib, I-fancy? Motive."

Here is some graceful and melodious music. The ill-used strings have an innings, and make the most of it, and the flutes, brass,



Good old Pantomime Business. Ram-tum-tum-tum-tiddy-iddy-iddy, &c., ad lib.



EGOISM.

"COME HERE, DORA! I WANT YOU!"

"THANK YOU, ERIC; BUT I WANT MYSELF!"

oboes, and clarinets take advantage of the opportunity. *Siegfried's* general appreciation of larks has taught him to understand the language of the birds, and one of them, to the "*Second-turning-to-the-right-and-then-keep-straight-on Motive*," tells him where *Brünnhilde* is sleeping. He goes, wakes her up, falls in love with her, and then begins the Grand Vocal Competition. "Nice voice you have," says *Siegfried*. "Oh, do you think so? That's very kind of you," says *Brünnhilde*. "Not in the least. Can you sing A's?" "Certainly. Can you? I can sing B's." "Really! I can sing C sharp, if I want to. Let's see how long we can keep on at it? I'm a little out of practice, though. Why, I've been sleeping here since long before you were born!" "How strange! Never mind. Come on!"

Advice to those who want to hear the Grand Vocal Competition:—Go outside. Use your own judgment as to coming in again.

There is one excellent thing about the *Götterdämmerung*—it is the last of the series.

Advice to those who go to hear the *Götterdämmerung* (which begins at half-past six):—See the Prologue; go and dine quietly at your Club; come back and ask a friend to tell you all about *Gunter*—without the ices—and his relations. Here are *Siegfried* and *Brünnhilde*. He gives her the ring, she gives him her horse. To the "*Trifle-weak-in-the-forelegs,-but-otherwise-sound-enough Motive*," *Brünnhilde* tells her husband to "uphold him well," (see Mr. ALFRED FORMAN's ingenious translation of the book). Unfortunately, however, *Siegfried*, having got a good deal mixed up with all the conjuring business, forgets that he is married, commits bigamy, and is stuck in the back, when he isn't looking, by his brother-in-law, *Hagen*, who is probably rehearsing Clown's business for Christmas, as he waggishly directs *Siegfried's* attention to a couple of birds up in the air, and then sticks him. The "*Dirty-mean-trick Motive*" expresses natural abhorrence. Out of forty-five characters, forty-one are now dead, so the vocalists give in, and with a triumphant flourish in the orchestra it's all over.

Honourable mention: Herr NIMMANN, voice a good deal worn, but good artist all round. Herr HEINRICH VOGL, good singer, good actor. Herr SCHLOSSER, very admirable performance of *Pantomime*. If Herr WAGNER's music is in advance of his age (is he twelve?), his *mise en scène* is very far behind it.

A BALLADE OF THE ROW.

THERE is nothing so much to my fancy
As to sit where young lovers frequent,
In the Park, by the side of Miss PANSY,
Who hasn't a heart—and less rent!—
'Neath the branches that shade like a tent,
And watch "the subdued and the slow,"
The restless, the hot, the content,
In a penny armchair in the Row.

POOR FRANK you see at a glance he
Is commencing at last to repent
The vows that he pledged in the dance he
Sat out with old Mrs. CONSENT.
There's TOM, who has come to invent
An excuse for his marriage with FLO,
Who sings at the Suffolk and Kent,—
In a penny armchair in the Row.

Old Time makes no further advance, he
Has not even heart to relent;
He holds daily drill, yet perchance he
Has a penchant for ribbons and scent.
The procession of fashion that bent
O'er the rails when Beau BRUMMEL was beau
Are passed—yet we do not lament,
In our penny armchair in the Row.

ENVOI.

Toby, an hour is well spent
In the study of Life high and low;
Buy, buy, the show's but a cent.—
Take a penny armchair in the Row.

THE *Temps* suggests the query:—"Whether there are insoluble problems, and if Ireland be not one of them?" Wanted, a Statesman, to solve the Irish problem. He will be required to have first succeeded in squaring the circle, and to have discovered perpetual motion.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says her new Spanish salad, made with Aragon vinegar, is greatly esteemed by some of the most distinguished *tableaux-vivants*.

RACING NOTES BY DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR.



Offered and Taken.



He Put the Pot on.



He Plunged Heavily.



Then Hedged.

A BIT FOR BACKBITERS.—Your friend in the habit of abusing his other friends in your presence, is equally accustomed to abuse yourself in your absence.

PROPRIETOR OF LESS THAN NOTHING.—The Owner of a mortgaged estate in Ireland.

MADRIGAL IN MAY.

(By a Very-Much-Married Man.)

LILACS are out, but I'm kept in;
The land's all glow and glee;
What's that to me who have no "tin,"
Nor even a latch-key?
Lambkins may gambol, I may not,
All lamb-like as I am.
What! Spring, shut up at home? Sheer rot!
May without larks? A flam!
My wife at her piano, gay,
Spring chansonnettes may chant;
I know "It is not always May,"
It's generally "Sha'an't!"

An article in *United Ireland* (Land League organ) seems rather to illustrate the saying that comparisons are odious:—

"The toads are the gang of alien officials who nestle in the snuggeries of the Castle, like as many asps in the bosom of the country."

So asps and toads infest Ireland still, in spite of St. Patrick. And fancy the toads all nestling like so many asps! How do they manage it? The frog in the fable failed in endeavouring to attain the dimensions of the ox. But in *United Ireland* the toads and the asps, described as nestling together, do certainly appear to constitute something very like a bull. Remarkable, that Land-Leaguers who love Irish-stew should hate toad-in-the-hole!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 84.



PROFESSOR BARFF,

MEMBER FOR BORO-GLYCERIDE. OUR PRESERVER!

CROWNER'S QUEST CAUSATION.

DURING a recent hurricane a chimney-shaft at Rotherhithe was blown down. Consequently, an Inquest. Pariah Vestry Surveyor deposed that he had examined ruined chimney since the accident and found it defective, and liable to condemnation under the Metropolitan Buildings Act—like half the buildings of Rotherhithe. Coroner "thought with such an extraordinary gale the jury could only regard the occurrence as directly attributable to Providence." *Sic*. But, unless a misprint, "Providence" was evidently a slip of the tongue. Of course the "Crowner" meant to say "Improvidence." Metropolitan Board of Works, please note.

HOMAGE TO HIGH ART.

THE success attendant on the production of the *Nibelung's Ring* may be expected to procure Herr WAGNER's Tetralogy the compliment of a comic version, entitled the *Nibelung's Knock*.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM ON A CERTAIN, OR A TRIFLE UNCERTAIN, NOBLEMAN.—"Ah, poor dear Gentleman, they may say what they like of him, but nobody can doubt his Accept-a-bill-ity."

A "MODUS VIVENDI."—Cat-and-dog life.

A HANDBOOK TO KNOWLEDGE.

No. II.—THE HANSON.

Q. And what is the Hanson Cab?

A. It may best be described as a Practical Joke upon two wheels.

Q. Is it not also called a Safety Cab?—A. It is.

Q. Why?—A. On the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because there is nothing safe about it.

Q. Has the Hanson any merits peculiar to itself?

A. Many—from the practical-joke point of view, which must be understood as ruling everything connected with this vehicle.

Q. How do you enter a Hanson?

A. From a position immediately in front of the wheel, by stepping on to a slippery footboard of considerable height, and with nothing but the splash-board to hold on to.

Q. What are the advantages of this arrangement?

A. First, that your garments will almost certainly get muddled. Secondly, that your person will most probably be bruised.

Q. Why the latter?—A. The driver of a Hanson (who never dismounts if he can help it, save to drink) has, from his position but little control over the movements of his animal; Hanson cab-horses are peculiarly given to starts, jerks, and bolts, and a man with one foot on the kerb and the other on a slippery footboard, whom the slightest movement throws against the wheel, or precipitates into the vehicle, is fortunate indeed if he escapes confusion.

Q. Once mounted, however, is all well?

A. By no means. In the first place you have to open the folding doors of the vehicle yourself, which, on a narrow footboard, and with a fidgety horse, is an operation of much difficulty and some danger. A stout gentleman of uncertain nerve, with an umbrella in one hand and a parcel in the other, precariously balanced on one leg, his hat entangled in the trailing reins, essaying, in a driving shower, to open the "sticking" doors of a dancing cab, is a very amusing spectacle—from the Hanson Cab point of view.

Q. In whose interest are these little arrangements made?

A. Presumably in that of cynical humorists—and the latter's; as your hat must suffer from the reins from the ill-fitting window, or from the jerky driving.

Q. Describe the interior arrangements of a Hanson.

A. A Hanson is at once so confined and so exposed a vehicle that it can hardly in strictness be said to have an interior. The two "fares" which constitute its licensed complement, are crammed together in narrow compass on an uncomfortable seat. If the weather be dry, the cushion will be dusty; if it rain, the cushion will be damp, giving a choice between dirt and rheumatism. If the window be left up, the Jehu's long-tailed whip will flourish and flick about your face, to the considerable danger of your eyesight; if it be let down, it will probably damage your nose or your hat in its descent. When down, it will somehow keep out the fresh air, whilst allowing the rain to drive into your eyes or trickle on to your lap. When the horse falls, the doors will fly open, and you be shot forward against the window (if down), or the footboard. When you alight, the perils of getting in are repeated in an aggravated form. It will be seen how all these facts justify the title of "Safety Cab" bestowed upon the vehicle.

Q. And how do you communicate with the driver of a Hanson?

A. You can only do so either by using your umbrella as a sort of semaphore, or by howling through a small trap in the roof, which you may or may not be able to open, according as the driver's many wraps, or his newspaper may or may not happen to be over it.

Q. Is it not within the resources of Civilisation to improve the construction and management of the British Cab?

A. Possibly. Indeed slight spasmodic efforts in that direction have been made from time to time, chiefly by the introduction of such small and not absolutely essential fittings as looking-glasses and ash-trays. But substantial and general improvement seems at present beyond the effort of invention, the hope of the public, or the purview of the official mind.

GROSVENOR GEMS.

(Collected by a mere Mortal from the Works of the Gods in the Gallery.)



No. 77. Portrait of Mr. Gladstone as he appeared, after cleaning his own chimneys, with a soot-stained expression. W. B. Richmond.



No. 127. "Keep it Dark; or, The Ghost in the Haunted Coalhole." A Darkie in harmony, by a Whistler.



No. 144. "Take me, take my Trunk." By E. Burne-Jones, or "Ty-Burn Jones," for the deadly-liveliness of the figures.

SIMPLE STORIES FOR LITTLE GENTLEFOLK.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"—Elderly Lady.

No. VII.—MARY AND THE MOOCOW.

MARY had a new straw hat trimmed with beautiful cherry-coloured ribbons, of which she was very proud, and intended to wear it one morning when she was going to walk over and call upon her kind Aunt COSEYMORE. But her Mamma thought it was likely to rain, and bade her put on her old Zulu hat with the blue ribbons, and take the large gingham umbrella with her. Now Miss MARY was one of those little ladies who fancy they know a great deal better than their elders, so she pouted and founced



about. And finally, knowing her dear Mamma was engaged with visitors, slipped out of the house in her new hat and cherry-coloured ribbons, purposely leaving the gingham umbrella behind her.

She walked briskly along, very proud of her finery, and thinking how it would astonish her little cousins. Still she was not happy, because she knew she was doing wrong. She had to cross a meadow, where there was a number of cattle and horses grazing. Now, MARY was not afraid usually, but she began to wish she had reached the other side, and regretted she had not brought her umbrella. She heard steps behind her, and she was horrified to see a gigantic brindled Moocow was following her as fast as it could.

The poor child stood still, till she felt the hot breath of her pursuer on her cheek, then she took to her heels and ran as fast as her feet would carry her. The Moocow quickened its pace. MARY expected every moment to be tossed high in the air. She stumbled over a hillock, and fell, and then she fainted. When she came to herself she found she was unhurt, but discovered the Moocow had torn off her hat, and was at that moment rending her beautiful cherry-coloured ribbons to shreds in a distant corner of the field. It was beginning to rain fast. MARY had to walk home in the wet: she caught a bad cold, and was sent to bed directly she returned. She had to wear her Zulu, with its faded blue ribbons, all the summer; and whenever she is inclined to be naughty, her Mamma has only to mention the word "Moocow" to insure her instant obedience.

THE SALON IN A NUTSHELL.

(For Dinners-Out who don't want to cross the Channel.)

The Bastien Lepage-ists.—Portraits of big-wigs—or *gros bonnets à poil*, chiefly the latter, as being more patriotic and generally unpleasant to Germany. Style new—or at any rate a reversal of the old Marshal MACMAHON done, for instance, in tones absurdly old-fashioned painters would take to depict St. Simeon Stylites; and the President of the Cour de Cassation in an attitude threatening a cancan to which the Municipal Guard would object.

Gustave Doré-ists.—Allegorical or nothing—though sometimes both. At any rate, large and chromolithographical. May range from an Alpine range to an arrangement in Red Sea fire. Latest tendency is to rather affect the scenery line of beauty, just to show that you can do anything when you are pushed to it. But good old original devoted Doréists still adhere, without much drying varnish however, to the three-yard canvas containing at least the population of a German principality variously disguised.

Pretty Actresses' Portraitists.—The names of these artists—and models, though not always models in every respect—are Legion, and therefore excluded from our columns. But you may safely say that the presentment of CÉLINE CHAUMONT (she's sure to be there) is such an *œu forte* as to be almost an *œu de vie*; and that the portrait of Madame CÉLINE MONTALAND is remarkable for its breadth of treatment.

Bonnat-teers.—Mix up GAINSBOROUGH and fashion-plates in a conversational nightmare, and there you are. Throw in a bit of REMBRANDT here and there if you insist upon being pretentiously exact. And then mention largely the names of M. le Vicomte de TROUVILLE, Madame la Duchesse de Z. and the rest of the Alphabet, and you will prove as much knowledge of BURKE as of VASARI.

Carolus Duran-ists.—Can make them something the same thing for conversational purposes, only pinker and prettier. Also more exclusively feminine and fashionable. Great thing, attitude.

Rollists.—A new category, came in like their pictures, on Rollers. Subject: Patriotic-Multitudinous. The Feast of Reason, and the Flow of Roll. Must be national and decorative, say the Grand Hôtel Table d'Hôte, when a gentleman has forgotten his purse, and betrays a natural yearning for somebody else's; or, the Apotheosis of GAMBETTA in 1899. Mem: to show your knowledge of this school, emphasise the fact that on the chin of the seventy-ninth figure in the right-hand foreground the wart is absolutely life-like. That is the touch of Nature which makes the whole "world" kin—but not Truth.

GROSVENOR GEMS.



No. 113. "Ease afore Elegance."

* Isn't this a colourable imitation of Penny Whistler's trade-mark?



No. 31. The Self-conscious L on; or, Seeking for Applause. J. T. Nettle-ship. (Oh! Oh!)

No. 26. Note the Colour. About as warm as they make 'em. H. M. PAGET.

No. 63. H.R.H. Where's Tower Hill? This Artist's head ought to be brought to the block. It shall be; and we'll send an Artist in

* Who is responsible for the binding of the G. G. Catalogue? The one we have got is all anyhow. Page 17 follows page 32, No. 75 comes immediately after No. 167. And on quite another page No. 167 is followed by 262. And—well—hang it—*laborare est furare*—and we haven't got the time, nor a sufficient reserve of language equal to the occasion.



No. 89. Not bad for a beginner. The talented young Artist whose work this is must be more than seven, but we should doubt whether he has doubled that age. (Master W. Holman Hunt.) It illustrates the poem—

Mary had a little lamb, Wherever Mary pulled the string,
Led by a cable tow; The lamb was bound to go.



No. 183. A Regular Rough; or, An Elisabethan Gentleman decidedly in Cholera!



No. 48. To be completed in a few more Sittings, by J. M. Whistler.



No. 52. Lady rehearsing Portia in Trial Scene. J. Collier.

black and white to do it. "Off with his head!" What's his name? His name is WATTS, R.A.

No. 124. Section of the Beanstalk sown by JACK.

No. 177. London Chatham and Dover. Mr. S. FORBES in the Chair.*

WAGNER WAGGERIES.

OF course it is utterly bad taste to declare that we would far rather hear *The Flying Dutchman* or *Lohengrin* than the whole of the *Ring des Nibelungen*. After four nights of the *Ring*, with the *Ring* of it



Vog'l-isation; or, Der Hooky-Walkury-Motive.

still in our ears,—which makes us look and feel quite savage,—we deliberately say, "Never again with you, *Wotan*, *Siegfried*, & *Co.*!" It appears to our untutored and uncultivated taste that the *Ring*, taken as an "all round" work, is just what might be expected from an impulsive musician after seeing a melodrama and a pantomime for the first time, and struck by the happy thought of combining the effects and setting them to music. As to "Motives"—this is no marvellous creation of genius, as in every pantomime or ballet of action there has always been a certain phrase to indicate the arrival of every character possessing a marked individuality. When the Giant enters in *Jack the Giant-Killer*, there is the Giant Motive; and whenever *Blunderbore* is "heard without," this Motive recurs. The celebrated "Every Schoolboy" who has been to a Christmas pantomime knows by the music when a fairy is going to appear, and when *Old Mother Hubbard* is about to enter with her crutch-handled stick, also when *Pantaloon* is coming, by the conventional "hobble

motive." Nay, in a pantomime there is a recurring Motive, we fancy, for a policeman, and invariably a rum-tum-tum-tum-tiddly-iddly-iddly-iddly Motive for the entrance of *Clown*. Of course genuine pantomime may be considered as the highest form of Dramatic Art; and this view must be seriously held by all Wagnerites, with whom in this instance we are inclined to agree.

In melodrama the music is suited to the action throughout; and the repetition in Act III. of a strain that first occurs in Act I. is so invariably recognised as a connecting link for a train of thought that, on hearing it, the spectator can positively say, "Here she is again!" or "She's thinking of the parting with her lover in Act I."

The Story of the *Ring* could be easily told in three, or, at the most, four Acts. As it is, several moderate 'cuts' have been found necessary. How the audience brightened up whenever there was anything resembling a "tune"! How delighted they are when Herr Vogt acts and does something; and how pleased is everyone to get a laugh at the Dragon's expense!

Our recipe for a Festival Play of this sort is:—Give a Composer plenty of rope and any amount of brass. We could do it ourselves if we only had brass enough; and we at once acknowledge that our Leading Motive would be the Pecuniary, or "Chink Motive."

There is a greater chance for the Drury Lane German Opera, which commenced last week with *Lohengrin* and *Tannhauser*. *Die Meistersinger* is advertised for the 30th May; WEBER's *Euryanthe* for June 6th, and WAGNER's *Tristan und Isolde* for the 20th. Whatever the Wagner Motives may be for appealing to the British Public, whether "der chinken-motive" above-mentioned, or simply artistic, or a reasonable combination of both, we wish our musical Cousins-German success, and a blessing "on both their Houses."

A FEMALE is at the bottom of every conspiracy. Look for the woman in the Kilmainham Treaty Mystery, and you find her in O'SHEA!



WHICH IS THE "C'RRRECT CARD" ?

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

PEACE IN THE PADDOCK.

No, thank you. I'll stay in the Paddock,
And hence I decline to depart;
I care not the skin of a haddock
About either Finish or Start!
In the Ring or the Stand is a riot;
There's dust and despair on the Hill;
On the Lawn or the Course is no quiet—
Oh, pray let me rest and be still!

I'm sick of the talk of the stable,
I'm weary of trainer and tout,
I loathe the delirious Babel,
I'm deaf with the Bookmakers' shout!
I know nought of "layers" or "backers;"
To me no good "tip" is revealed;
I don't know why folks should "stand
crackers,"
Or why they should "lay on the field."

The Paddock is pleasant and breezy,
And leaf-music lulls me to sleep:
'Tis better to take matters easy,
(I have but a "sov." on a "sweep"!)
To add not an ounce to life's burdens,
But bask in the afternoon sun,
And gaze on the trees in the Durdans,
And wait till the Derby is won!

We lunch at the Derby's conclusion—
I'm faint and exhausted with thirst—
This waiting's the wildest delusion,
Oh, why can't they take luncheon first?
I think 'tis high time to discover
That "cup" worth poetical praise,
The opaline egg of the plover,
The lamb, and that grand mayonnaise!†

Are they off? Has the Start been a blunder?
Or are they now running apace?
And what is in front now, I wonder?
And how will they finish the race?
'Tis over, as I am a sinner,
I hear a loud roar from afar!
I trust something's proved a good winner—
I'll light just another cigar!‡

* *Despair.* Evidently no one would give him luncheon. In such a case cynicism is pardonable.—Ed.

† Evidently ideal delicacies. Alas, poor poet!—Ed.

‡ The luncheon has come down to this! He will light another cigar. He does not say he has done so. Had the metre permitted, the Poet would probably have added, "When somebody gives me one."—Ed.

PLEASANT DERBY SAYINGS. To a Member of the Victoria Club.—"Certainly, put it down to me twice; but I thought you were the man who was warned off the Heath during the Second Spring Meeting for using foul language."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Tuesday Morning, May 16.—Captain O'SHEA long suspected of being a born Diplomatist. To-night turns out to be a great orator. Has been threatening a speech for some time. Whenever Treaty of Kilmainham has turned up (and it's always turning up), O'SHEA rises and says, "Perhaps I'd better take the opportunity of stating the particulars." Everybody waits, and the gallant Captain sits down, looks straight before him, or lounges out of the House.

By the way, interesting discussion to-night among Members near me, as to the grammar of the thing. When we ask, "Who negotiated the Treaty of Kilmainham?" should we answer "O'SHEA," or "O'SHEIM"? Of course you would say "As did it," not "Shea did it." Therefore, O'SHEIM, though unparliamentary, seems, Lindley-Murray, preferable to O'SHEA. Must consult the SPEAKER.

Having missed many convenient opportunities, Captain O'SHEA

unexpectedly turns up at one o'clock this morning with the explanation. Rather long, but delivered with jaunty manner and fluent speech. O'SHEA takes great credit for never baiting FORSTER. He was in times past cruelly baited, he admits. "Now the bear is loose," O'SHEA says, and House roars with laughter as it looks towards the corner where FORSTER sits, leaning forward, with head bent, presenting interesting, but shaggy, foreshortened figure.

The Bear gets upon its hind legs, and paws around, with one for Mr. PARNELL, and two for his late colleagues in the Ministry. FORSTER can hardly stem the rising tide of tears when he mentions his colleagues, partly because he loves them so much, and largely because they are so hopelessly wrong. Odd thing about the Bear "being loose" is that he seems to carry in his pouch all documents that might possibly be wanted for particular crises. Last night brought out full text of PARNELL's overtures, out of which a passage had unaccountably slipped. Now (half-past one in the morning, when we all ought to be in bed) produces memorandum of conversation with O'SHEA, and reads it, to the unspeakable delight of Conservatives.



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Musical Maiden. "I HOPE I AM NOT BORING YOU, PLAYING SO MUCH!"

Enamoured Youth. "OH NO! PRAY GO ON! I—I'D SO MUCH SOONER HEAR YOU PLAY THAN TALK!"

FORSTER had a bad time of it in the House for two Sessions. The only demonstration his rising created came in form of cries and yells from Irish quarter. "Like that engaging young person WORDSWORTH unaccountably loved," says EDWARD CLARKE (so good a fellow that he oughtn't to wear that dreadful suit of Tweed)—

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love."

Now FORSTER is madly cheered by the Conservatives whenever he opens his mouth. RANDOLPH had better look to his laurels, or he will find FORSTER wearing them when he comes back.

Mr. WARTON collecting subscriptions for a snuff-box to be presented to the Ex-Chief-Secretary, with suitable inscription. M.P.'s subscribe a shilling: Constitutional Clubs, half-a-crown.

Business done.—Arrears Bill brought in.

Tuesday Afternoon.—At it again, hammer and tongs. Sir STAFFORD brought up, placed in the forefront of the battle, held up on either side by Lord JOHN MANNERS and Mr. GIBSON, whilst he fires away. Mr. PARNELL judiciously absent. Mr. FORSTER sitting in corner seat behind Treasury Bench, wearing that air of mingled meekness and resolution which is so affecting. Pockets suspiciously bulged out. Evidently full of papers—Cabinet Memoranda, or otherwise—that may be brought out at any moment. Curious to see how House watches him. A throb of interest whenever he puts his hand near his pocket. None can say what the next document will be. Only Captain O'SHEA calm amid the turmoil. Keeps his eye fixed on FORSTER. F. pretends not to notice it; but wriggles uncomfortably in his place, and tries to get his back round. The terrible O'SHEA revolves as on a pivot, and always manages to keep his piercing optic on an otherwise prosperous person.

At length, at end of sitting, the redoubtable Captain rises. Does not make a long speech, there being, in fact, as he observed, with one hand in his trousers' pocket and a contemptuous glance towards the unfortunate FORSTER, "Nothing more to be said to a gentleman who is disloyal to his old friends, and malignant to his old enemies." Can jot down O'SHEA's words, but cannot reproduce the air of withering

contempt with which they were uttered, nor the loud cheering with which they were received from the Liberals.

Sir WALTER BARTHELOT up, shouting at the top of his voice, and emphatically beating the air first to the right and then to the left. Sir WALTER's speech largely made up of two phrases. One is, "I am not one of those;" the other, "Let me go one step farther."



Gladstone Baiting.

These repeated with great emphasis on the shorter syllables, are exceedingly convincing. Draw forth loud cheers from Mr. WARTON and Alderman FOWLER. To-day, Sir WALTER, excited by the eloquence of JOHN MANNERS and Mr. GIBSON, starts at highest notes. Deafens Hon. Members near him.

"Let me," he roars for the fifth time, "go one step farther."



THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.

"WELL, OLD CHAPPIE, WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY?"

"OH—SAID I WAS TO GIVE UP TEA, AND TAKE PLENTY OF REST, AND ALL THAT. MEAN TO."

"BUT WHAT DID HE SAY ABOUT BIG CIGARS AND BRANDIES-AND-SODAS IN THE MORNING, AND ALL THAT?"

"OH—DIDN'T MENTION IT. FACT IS—NEVER ASKED HIM!"

"Wish he'd make it twenty," said Colonel MAKINS, who sat underneath, "and get quite outside the House. We'd hear him just as well, and far more conveniently." *Business done.*—None.

Thursday Night.—Mr. GIBSON, sometimes suspected of losing his nationality, associates too openly with Saxons like STAFFORD NORTH-COTE, GEORGIE HAMILTON, and JEMMIE LOWTHER. To-night, triumphantly proved this a calumny. Speaking of the duration of new Coercion Bill, raised arm aloft, uplifted voice, and said, "Don't let us have any more of these eternal-temporary bills." Eternal-temporary is good.

Business done.—Prevention of Crime Bill considered.

Friday Night.—Serving on Private Committee to-day. Takes up a deal of time. But Country first, the rest nowhere. Subject, Regent's Canal Railway Bill. Found old friend A. M. SULLIVAN, formerly "the eloquent Member for Louth," as GLADSTONE called him, now in wig and gown, as Parliamentary counsel. Some interesting Witnesses here. Allegation on one side that if something is done, will save fifty per cent. of horseflesh.

"What do you think of that?" Chairman asks Witness.

"Well, Sir," says Witness, "I've known the Regent's Canal horses, man and boy, for forty years, and I don't believe there's fifty per cent. of flesh on them."

Business done.—The Sunday Opening of Museums!



The Sly Derby Dog.

ON THE HILL.

(MAY 24TH, 1882.)

(Tennysonian Fragments picked up near the Grand Stand.)

THE stand of the—goodness knows how many—Derby Brigade!—Up the hill, up the hill, thousands of Britons, Thousands of Londoners drew to the crest—and there stayed; For the scarlet and all sorts of "colours" would soon thunder by, And the points of the Bobbies' black helmets broke in on the sky, And they cried "Clear the Course!" and the mob stirred its stumps and obey'd.

On the hill, on the hill, hundreds of toffs and of touters, Big-wigs and betting-men, bookmakers, plungers and prigs, Smart serene swells, and cacophonous spouters and shouters, Kid-gloved devourers of kickshaws, and noisy-voiced Nigs Oh, how they cluster and crush! Sally and rally and rush! Long odds and short ones lay lustily, gaze on the gush Of the creaming champagne from the glou-glou-ing golden-neck'd bottle,

Lobster pick, pencil in betting-book, tippie and tottle. Ho! and the Brummagem Brothers there shout themselves hoarse, Ten to one against Force! And there's JEMMY and STAFFY with hands lifted, eager to bag, And just look at that drag, Where the bland beaming gentleman says—can one guess what he says, As he pours out the froth-foaming fizz to his friend in the fez, And the munching Mossoo? "To our 'Entente,' mon ami! What, you fickle?

Nonsense! Together we'll make a good book and dear TEWFIK 'll Gladly stand in, And we're certain to win; And—come, none of your grabbings, my man! we've no Turkish Delight,

And I don't think this salad and cham. will agree with you quite. Who's that sneaking the bottles down there? Only WOLFF! He's a bore.

But he collars the empties and bolts with the 'dead-men,'—no more."

Cheery! But yon Bounding Brothers, elastic and bold, Watchful WILLIAM and JOACHIM wary, though "out in the cold," What of them? Miching Mallecho, eh? Like that cynical chap With his "scratch-back" and squirt? Well, his foe seems to care not a rap;

All unlike to that woe-begone Welsher who's howled off the course; What is it they're shouting, his worriers angry and hoarse, As concerning his none-too-square game with the favourite, Force?

The favourite? Is he, indeed? Will he carry the money? Succeed? Is staying the course the strong point of the cracks of his breed? What says Weary WILLIAM, who's sombrely standing at gaze In the midst of the noisy crowd, Grey-faced, heavy-browed, Like to one in a dreamy daze? What to his *Punchius* true, Whom scare never frightened or threw; Who stands by him there in the fray, Steady and still as a rock In the whirl of a stormy day?

"WILLIAM, friend, what is o'clock? It is time you should up, Sir, and say. Too much hedging and scratching won't pay In stakes—or in credit."

"Of course I must make the running with 'Force,' But 'tis 'Conciliation' my Stable has confidence in, 'Tis with him that I stand to win."

And the nags gallopt by with a shout and hooray From the mob that surged and waver'd and reeled On the hill, on the hill, on the hill! Out of that field Who shall the winner be? Say!

"QUITE O KAY."

"One of the Lower Class of the Community," (after reading Mr. Justice KAY's summing up in the case of Lord Marcus Berensford versus Prince Bathhyany). "I say, BILL, what's a statement wanting in precision?"

BILL (his Pal). "Why, what we calls—a lie!"

MOTTO FOR HANLAN.—"He was the noblest Row-man of them all."





ON THE I

MR. P. "WELL, WILLIAM, HOW ABOUT YOUR HORSES?"

W. E. G. "CORRECTION"



THE HILL.

CONCILIATION'S TO MAKE THE RUNNING; BUT I STAND TO WIN ON CONCILIATION."



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

MODERN LIFE IN LONDON; OR, "TOM AND JERRY" BACK AGAIN.



TOM, JERRY, AND YOUNG LOGIC GO TO THE DERBY.

OUR heroes had just polished off their breakfast one morning in May, when the following note arrived from Young BOB LOGIC:—

MY DEAR OLD COCKS,

You are on, of course, for THE DERBY. The road is "played out," so I propose to go down with some gommies by Rail. The Station is WATERLOO, where, as the Midshipmite said of the savage island he visited, "Manners none, customs beastly;" but I will "drop in" on you, and we will face the crowd together.

6d, The Albany.

Yours hugely, BOB LOGIC.

"A very familiar letter," said the CORINTHIAN to his Coz, JERRY. "In our days young men did not write in that fashion to their elders: though I have myself written many a flash note like that to Bob's Papa—the OXONIAN. I am very fond of these hippic contests myself, and you, JERRY, are good at judging a prad. So we will go and see this time-honoured race, as proposed to us. At any rate, we shall see LIFE, mix with the Gores and the Shady ones, and find character, which is the target at which we shoot."

On the eventful morning Bob appeared in a stylish overcoat, with a race-glass slung over his shoulders, and TOM and JERRY, having duly "got into their togs," the TRIO proceeded to the Waterloo Station. It was indeed a motley sight, and, as the CORINTHIAN remarked to his Coz, "there was life enough in the assemblage to furnish materials for a SMOLLETT and a HOGARTH." By the side of the platform there was drawn up a series of trains, the carriages full of customers of the Railway Company, but none of them seemed "on the move;" and, as JERRY said, a Railway that neglected the interests of its patrons in that way, could hardly expect to succeed. But the scene on the platform was rich in all forms of life. There was the nob, the mob, the cad, the dodger, the nigger, the cadger, the sham Tar, the canny Scot, the orange-woman, the roguish, the schemer, the hypocrite, the fly cove, the mug, the sharp, the flat, and the bookmaker, all jostling together near the BOOKING-OFFICE, while the Swell was also in the crush, and could hardly "hold his own." For what young Bob called THE ROUGH was there in "great force," and, as the CORINTHIAN said to his Coz, more disreputable "specimens of humanity" he had never seen. "Who are yer a shovin' on?" was the exclamation of one of these city-faking coves to young LOGIC, as the TRIO elbowed their way through the motley assemblage, but our BOB was "up to the game," and made his way like a good 'un.

The CORINTHIAN, too, was "all there," and JERRY followed on their heels, but not before a little PRIG, whose head must have been screwed on the right way, had nabbed his pocket-book, while his tucker also disappeared in the scramble, so that, as his Coz remarked, with the philosophy of a friend who "has not been had," that sartain persons had been "too many" for JERRY. The CORINTHIAN was heard further to declare that even in the old days

when they visited "The Back Slums," masquerading among the cadgers, they had never seen such a seething mass of low life, rascality, wickedness, and deceit, so many shy coves, flash men, and Black Legs. "It is very curious, my dear JERRY," said the CORINTHIAN, "that although the Horse is one of the noblest of animals, he contrives to make all those who have much to do with him the meanest of men. These HIPPIC CONTESTS are all very well, but when the PEER and the Parliamentary Orator are as anxious as the LEG to lay their blunt, we at once see that a great many shady transactions must take place, which show the seamy side of LIFE IN LONDON." "You may well say that," answered young LOGIC. "There isn't a man in the Crowd who wouldn't 'best' his grandmother over a race, if the old lady wasn't fly; and I tell you what, the girls bet just as much as we do nowadays, and get precious good 'tips,' too." "Dear me!" said the CORINTHIAN, "I should have thought a lady would have been above such a thing, but the highs and the lows seem so mixed nowadays, that it is impossible to distinguish them."

Our TRIO obtained a carriage with some difficulty; and, as is often the case on this line, it deserved to be stigmatised as a foul-smelling DEN. There were one or two coves in it who were evidently on the flat-catching lay, and showed our heroes some curious tricks with three cards, which seemed very much to interest an elderly gentleman dressed like a farmer. He sported his blunt, and won, and then asked the CORINTHIAN to "put a bit on." This was done, and as TOM and JERRY in old days had been "had" by the broad coves at cards, they were "fly" to this "little trick," and won their money also. This put the players in a great rage, and, as the CORINTHIAN said, they had better look elsewhere for pigeons, while young LOGIC asked them if they supposed he and "his pals were mugs." At first the tricksters seemed inclined to "show fight," especially the farmer, who was found to be in the swim, but they "thought better of it," and soon left the carriage quite crestfallen.

On arriving at the Course, the TRIO proceeded to the Grand Stand, and also to "The Ring," where they sported their blunt with one or two of LOGIC's friends. Beauty smiled down upon them, and the CORINTHIAN was disgusted to find that it had become a profession, while the shouts and yells of the "Bookie's" deafened their ears. Then came the great race, and as the horses swept round Tattenham Corner, and came up "the straight" to the winning-post, a roar went up from the mighty multitude like the sound of the sea, upon a rocky shore. "Twas indeed a stirring moment," said the CORINTHIAN, "in that minute many a poor fellow 'lives a lifetime'—for he does not know whether he is to win or lose. Our 'little bit' does not matter, but it is a terrible affair when a man is 'hard hit.'" So after luncheon and a pleasant outing, TOM, JERRY, and LOGIC, went home on the evening of the "Derby Day."



"Sharp's the Word."



"THE BLOCK SYSTEM."

Affable Old Lady (to Ticket Clerk—Morning Express just due). "No, I'M NOT GOING UP THIS MORNING, BUT ONE OF YOUR PENNY TIME-TABLES, IF YOU PLEASE; AND CAN YOU TELL ME"—(Shouts from the Crowd, "NOW THEN, MUM!")—"IF THE 10'45 STOPS AT DRIBBLETHORP JUNCTION, AND IF SHANDREY'S BUS MEETS THE TRAINS, WHICH IT ALWAYS DOES ON MARKET DAYS, I KNOW, 'CAUSE MY MARRIED SISTER'S COUSIN, AS IS A FARMER, GENERALLY GOES BY IT. BUT IF IT DON'T COME O' TOOSDAY AS WELL AS WEDNESDAY, I SHALL HAVE TO GET OUT AT SHUNTIBURY AND TAKE A FLY, WHICH RUNS INTO MONEY, YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU'RE BY YOURSELF LIKE. IF YOU'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO LOOK OUT THE TRAINS—AND CHANCE FOR HALF A SOVEREIGN, IF YOU PLEASE. OH NO, I'M IN NO HURRY, AS I AIN'T A GOIN' TILL NEXT WEEK. FINE MORN—" [Bell rings. Position stormed.]

A DRAMATIC DESCENSUS;

OR, WHAT IT WILL MOST PROBABLY COME TO.

THIS being the fifth Anniversary of the establishment of the New School of Dramatic Art, and it having been rumoured that important action, affecting the future of this singularly unfortunate Institution, would probably be taken on the occasion of the forthcoming Annual Meeting, there was, as had been expected, a very large and influential attendance. Among the distinguished company present were the Marquis and Marchioness of BRISTOL, the Marquis and Marchioness of HEADFORT, the Countess of WHARNCLIFFE, Viscount and Viscountess BARRINGTON, the Hon. MARY BOYLE, Lord ROWTON, Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, Sir PERCY SHELLEY, Colonel FARQUHARSON of Invercauld, Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, Colonel HUGHES-HALLETT, Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, Mr. ROUTLEDGE, Mr. TENNANT, Mr. J. L. TOOLE, Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, Mr. NEVILLE, Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL, Mrs. STERLING, the Rev. STEUART BEDLAM, and others, who, it may be remembered, had all kindly given their valuable sanction to the undertaking when in its inaugural stage, some years since.

Letters were also read, excusing their absence, from the Proprietor of ENO'S Fruit Salt, the Antiguan Minister, Messrs. CROSS and BLACKWELL, the Chairman of the Isle of Wight Railway Company, Mr. ALFRED G. VANCE, the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade, and other earnest and enthusiastic supporters of recognised Dramatic Education.

In opening the proceedings, Lord WHARNCLIFFE, who was visibly affected, said he had a very painful task to perform. ("Hear!") He had to announce to the assembled company the final dissolution and disappearance of their long-cherished scheme. In a word, the unhappy and ill-starred School of Dramatic Art was no more. (Loud cheers.) He thanked them for that manifestation. It

gave him courage to proceed. The story, however, was a very simple one. The three pupils—and he reflected that all the immense advantages offered by the excellent Institution now in *articulo mortis*, had succeeded in attracting only three pupils (loud laughter), had all turned out badly. (Renewed laughter.) Their double-first class man, the holder of the Barnes Aluminium Medal, and D'Oyly Carte Scholar of his year, had been hooted off the stage, in *Tripp*, at Sunderland, and was, when last heard of, he regretted to say, taking the checks at the pit entrance of a well-known East-end Theatre. (Loud laughter.) The other two Students, though both anxious and qualified to appear as *Hamlet* at one of the leading houses, had not yet succeeded in getting even an engagement. It appeared, therefore, that dramatic genius could not be implanted, after all, by the same sort of process useful in inducing a mastery of vulgar fractions. (A Voice: "You've got it.") It was a humiliating confession, but he was bound to admit that the most eminent Professors seemed to have failed to impart to their pupils any practical instruction whatever. (Cries of "Oh, oh!" and laughter.)

The Regius Professor of Eccentric Attitude (Mr. IRVING) here rose and asked the noble Chairman whether that remark implied any reflection on his own personal efforts. He insisted that he had had great difficulties to contend with, owing to what he must characterise as a ribald article in the *Nineteenth Century*, advising youthful aspirants for the Stage to matriculate in Christmas Pantomime. By this, he contended, a morbid ambition had been developed among well-born novices to fill the rôle of Clown. ("Hear, hear!") Gentlemen might cheer, but he could only add that, prepared as he was to elucidate any comic business whatever, from the double side-rally as utilised by him in his *Romeo*, down to the window-shutter leap of his *Othello*, he stopped there. He considered that the Professor of Elocution was the legitimate exponent of the proper meaning and emphasis necessary to an effective "Here we are!" ("Oh, oh!" and cheers.)

BALLAD BY A BETTING MAN.

ANOTHER year I've lived to see
Once more a Derby Day;
Self-questioned, "Is it well with
me?"

Can I make answer, "Yea"?

Do I, with steadfast hope imprest,
Believe I'm bound to win,
Feel conscious of a mind at rest,
Experience peace within?

Am I persuaded I have got
A sure and certain tip
From one who knoweth what is
what;

A seer who cannot slip?

I trust I've made my book aright,
And cannot come to grief;
Else, peradventure, now I might
Turn over a new leaf.

Besides, I've hedged—the wary
courses
Is oft the wiser plan;
There's oft no getting at a horse:
No nobbling e'en a man.

But having reckoned all my bets,
The winner in the end,
On losers dubbing up their debts
O dear, may I depend?

Them nought but Honour can
compel,

The Law won't force, to pay.
And shall I find that all is well
In sooth on Settling Day?

PLEASANT DERBY SAYINGS. To
an Owner.—"I want to back
your horse, and will, if you will
tell me honestly and candidly
whether you intend him to try
to-day, or not."

To a Trainer.—"I must con-
gratulate you on the appearance
of your animal; but really is it
true, what everybody is saying,
that you yourself gave him two
buckets of water before he came
into the paddock?"

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 85.



MR. "BRUCE" RYMILL.

"GOING! GOING!!"

WAR TO THE KNIFE!

IRELAND has suffered from many curses. She has suffered from conquest; she has suffered from famine. She has suffered from agitators; she has suffered from rack-renters. Her melancholy history is written in many strange ways and strange places. The old hazard-table at the Kildare Street Club—ploughed deep with the furrows of human folly—is one monument of her wretched past and more wretched present. Her life-blood has been drained for the sustenance of gamblers and drunkards. She has been governed by fools; she has been governed by rogues; and she is now governed by thieves and out-throats. She has taken to the knife. Her chosen patriots affect to deplore this, though their hands are morally as red as the hands of the Three Anabaptists in the *Prophète*. She has taken to the knife. No indignation meetings—no protests—no Mr. O'Caoc'O'DILE's tears can get rid of this shameful fact. She has taken to the knife—whether butcher or bowie is not yet certain—as, before this, she took to the revolver.

"Did you e'er have the luck to see
Donnybrook Fair?

An Irishman all in his glory is there!
With his Yankee revolver,
And knife up his sleeve!"

PLEASANT DERBY SAYINGS. To
a Backer.—"Well, yes, on paper
your book looks wonderfully
good, but I suppose you've heard
that the man who laid you that
1000 to 30 four times is broke?
Write to me from Boulogne, old
Chappie."

To a Jockey.—"Hope that
bride's strong, Laddie; it would
be a bit awkward for you if it
broke opposite the Stand."

Mr. HAMILTON AIDÉ here rose. He said he had not long since entered himself at the College, desirous of taking his degree as Pantaloon. Yet he had been expelled. He considered such treatment as a gross outrage. (*Uproar.*) He repeated it. He had been unceremoniously "rusticated." (*Laughter.*) It was with a generous impulse to swell the number of students, if only to the extent of one, and so to enable the Institution to make a better show to the public when walking out two and two, that he had enrolled himself for instruction; though, he admitted, he had done so quite as an amateur. (*"Oh! oh!"*)

The Senior Warden (Mr. J. L. TOOLE) interposed. He said there appeared to be some "most extraordinary" mistake. "Rustication" merely meant a turn in the Provinces. (*"Hear, hear!"*) He felt sure no offence was meant to the honourable undergraduate, by sending him down for his little go to Lyme Regis. Honours at Drury Lane would come later. Perhaps. (*Laughter.*) The last speaker should remember that whatever he had been once, he was now a "professional." (*Cheers.*)

The Rev. Mr. BEDLAM said, that as a "professional" of very old standing himself, he concurred heartily in what had fallen from the worthy Warden. And he would like to put in a word here. It was this. Amateurs were the bane of this question. (*Applause.*) What did a set of dilettante meddlers know about the British Stage? Nothing! (*Loud cheers.*)

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN (*with warmth*), I am entirely of your opinion, Sir. (*Loud laughter.*)

Mr. CORNEY GRAIN wanted to know whether any replies had been received from the Foreign Governments who had been asked to furnish full particulars as to the working of State aid and endowment of the National Drama.

LORD WHARNCLIFFE (*with deep emotion*). No, Mr. GRAIN. I regret to say—none! (*Loud laughter.*)

Mr. DION BOUCAULT here rose, and was about to give the noble Chairman his cordial support, when one of the door-keepers announced, amidst indescribable confusion, that the brokers had effected an entrance, and were already in possession of the premises. Upon having this not altogether unexpected piece of intelligence whispered to him by the LORD MAYOR, who happened to have looked in at the Meeting casually in a quite friendly and unofficial manner, the noble Chairman, who seemed to feel the painful position of the Institution very keenly, after a few moments' conversation with the Council in a corner, withdrew hurriedly with the archives to consult a solicitor, and the proceedings terminated.

"BEARING THE BELL."



GREAT PAUL. ANOTHER JUMBO—"PAULEY HAULEY!"

RACING NOTES BY DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR.



He Spotted a Dark Horse.



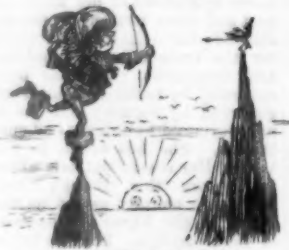
An Excellent Stayer.



Was Beaten on the Rails.



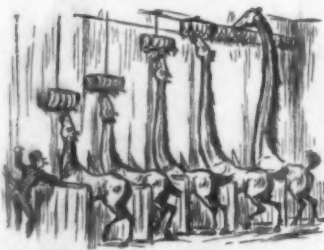
Passed the Post.



Archer's Mount.



A Bad Third.



Patent Adjustable Rack for Elongating the Necks of Race-Horses.



Won by a Neck.

BEHIND THE SCENES!

"Mr. J. L. TOOLE, the well-known comedian, was entertained on Thursday last at breakfast by the PREMIER."—Daily Paper.

SCENE—A Parlour in Downing Street. MR. GLADSTONE discovered up to his eyes in official papers. Enter MR. TOOLE.

Mr. Gladstone (hurriedly leaving his work). My dear Sir, I am heartily glad to see you!

Mr. Toole (shaking hands warmly). "Pray 'scuse my glove." (Coughs apologetically.) Don't you remember—an old catch-word of mine at the Gaiety? (Considering, with his hand to his mouth.) It must be ten years ago at least—now, mustn't it? How time runs on, to be sure!

Mr. Gladstone (seating himself, and pointing to the table). Shall we set to work?

Mr. Toole. Well, I don't mind if I do. "I've only got a 'our for my dinner," as I used to say in JOHN'S farce. You know JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD? (With conviction.) Why, of course you do! (Confidentially.) And how are you? All well at home? (Heartily.) That's right! (Sympathetically.) But you're looking pale, a little out of sorts, not quite the thing? Ah! Just so!

Mr. Gladstone. I have been much worried by recent events, Mr. TOOLE. The altercation about the letter of Mr. PARNELL, has caused me serious annoyance.

Mr. Toole (with sympathy). Ah, I dare say! Just so, just so! Coming out by bits, eh? Yes. Says they, "Why didn't you say so at first?" Says you, "Cos you didn't ask me!" Of course, I see! Just like Spriggins and the Major! By the way, I shall put *Joi on Parle Français* up at a *Matinée* at my Theatre, by-and-by. You must come and see it.

Mr. Gladstone. I shall certainly be present at the initial performance. I am very glad to see you here, and alone, Mr. TOOLE, as I want to consult you upon a matter of very great importance.

Mr. Toole (smiling). So you have sent HERBERT out for a half-holiday? Ah, to be sure! Quite right—"Not before the boy," eh? 'Sense me—only an old gag of mine.

Mr. Gladstone. Yes, Mr. TOOLE; I think it advisable to say what I have to say without a witness. I am sure HERBERT has perfect confidence in me—

Mr. Toole. So he should! As I always say to him, "Keep your eye upon your father, and he will pull you through!" You want to have a little chat about the Egyptian Question, or the Budget, eh? (Gratified.) I am sure I shall be only too glad to do what I can. Always. At any time, don't you know? Pleased. Honoured, I am sure.

Mr. Gladstone. I knew you would. You are always so very obliging. But it's not exactly about the Budget or the Egyptian Question. (With hesitation.) The fact is, I—hem—I want to ask your opinion—upon—hem—(approaching cupboard)—upon something I have here. (Produces enormous pile of MS.) The fact is, it is a farce, in Nine Acts, which I have knocked off in my leisure moments.

Mr. Toole (starting to his feet). Delighted to hear it at any time! Yes, at any time! But just now, don't you know, I've got to go

to King William Street to see about the Booking. Must go at once. (Impatiently.) Never so annoyed in my life! But I will hear it soon—yes, very soon! (Heartily.) Any day you like!

Mr. Gladstone (disappointed). I am sorry you can't wait. (With pride.) It's called *Miss Brown's Little Wreath of Forget-Me-Nots*. Mr. Toole (astonished). No! (Heartily.) Capital title! Capital! I must hear it! Oh, yes, I must hear it! And in Ten Acts, too! Just a nice length.

Mr. Gladstone (apologetically). It's only in Nine Acts; but if you could do anything with it—(eagerly)—I could put on another!

Mr. Toole (heartily). Ah, do! And I will hear it after you've done it! Good-bye! So sorry I can't wait! Never so much annoyed in my life! But must attend to the Booking, don't you know? So annoying! See you soon at the theatre? Yes! That's right!

[Exit hurriedly, and meets Eminent Tragedian on the Stairs. Eminent Tragedian (languidly). Ah, JOHNNY, is the PREMIER alone?

Mr. Toole. Yes, and waiting for you. Tell him, from me, that you're the very man to consult upon the matter we were discussing! [Disappears in a hansom, and drives off furiously.]

(Scene closes in upon the Premier and Eminent Tragedian closeted together for many hours.)

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

"The duration of the eclipse of the sun on the 17th of May," says the *Times*, "was about seventy seconds."

SEVENTY seconds—no more, eager Savans!—seventy seconds, no more!

Yet what may they tell of the sun, eager Savans, that ne'er was discovered before?

It seems but a twinkling of time, eager Savans; let's hope it may tell you, oh! lots

Concerning Corona and spots, eager Savans, concerning Corona and spots.

With Light against darkness, long time, eager Savans, has Science maintained a good fight,

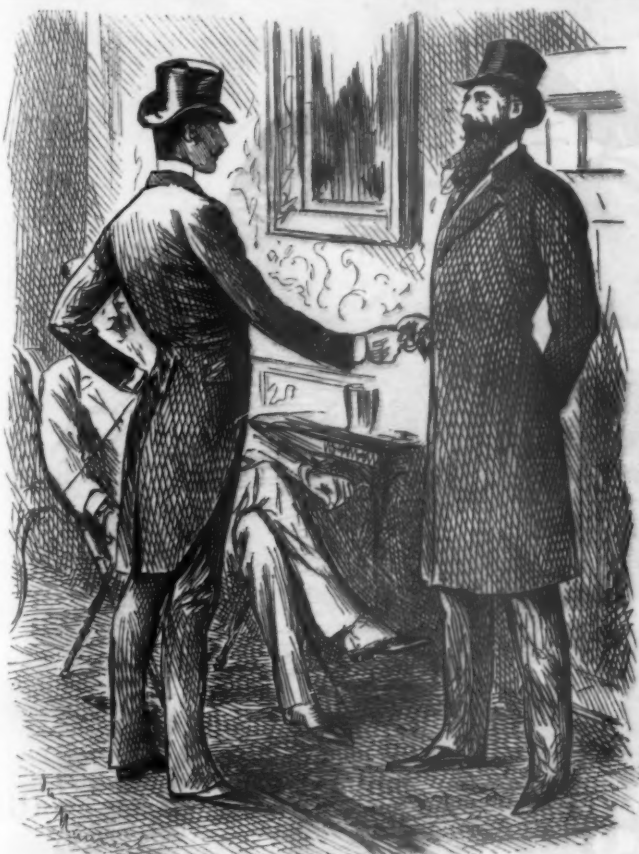
And now she must utilise Darkness, oh, Savans! to throw greater light upon Light.

Seventy seconds of sunlessness, Savans! Well, much has been managed in less;

So, here's wishing you luck and success, eager Savans!—here's wishing you luck and success!

PLEASANT DERBY SAYINGS. To the Owner of Second.—"Poor old man, if your Jockey hadn't made so much running, or hadn't made such a waiting race of it, or had had the pluck to take his place coming round Tattenham Corner, or hadn't come at such a rare but round the Corner, you would have won to a certainty."

To Everybody from Everybody.—"What, didn't I tell you all along?"



SOME PEOPLE GET SO SOON FAMILIAR.

Snookson. "ULLO, MONTY. HOW ARE YOU?"

Lord Montague Brabazon. "PRETTY WELL, THANKS, AND HOW ARE YOU?—AND—A—WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"

"ROBERT" ON BILLINGSGATE.

So we've got trayters in the Camp, have we?

Objecshun I see is taken to one of the wery sacredest of Charters because it's a matter of 500 years old. As if a Charter wasn't like Port Wine and got better by age, aye and sacreder too.

Them low East Enders must be tort better manners, and grater reverence for age and authority. There's nothing like sufferin in a good cause, and if they does sumtimes feel just a little hungry, and their little ones two coss they can't git no Fish, let them console themselves with the reflexhun that they owes it all to the far-seeing Pollysee of the late King EDDARD the 3d, and reverence his memory akordinly.

Luckily for their old Charters, the Copperashun has plenty of warm defenders of 'em in their own Court of Common Consul. For instance, a man with a nice little bit of propputty near Billingsgate, that he wants to sell, or another with a nice large bit of propputty that he wants to have improved in wally, or some fishy Salesman who's making a jolly good thing of his fish, don't they just prize the old Charters! Won't they just fight for the rites of the old Copperashun, speshally as they includes their own wrongs.

Brown says he had a look at the list of the Common Counsel woters that time tother week when the sacred Fish Charter was only saved by a majority of One, and he found among 'em Fish Salesmen, and Fishmongers, and Poultry Salesmen, and Fruit Salesmen.

Why of course he did. Wasn't they all a sticking up for the old Charter? and if they happend to be a sticking up for their own interests as well, all the better for them, and all the wus for the grumbling ignerent Public, who aeshally can't be made to understand why Fish that is sold wholesale at less than three ha'pence a pound can't be bought retale at less than sixpence.

But the Lower Orders always was and always is and always will be hignerent of Pultickle Ekonermy, or they'd bless their lucky stars as they gits their

Fish at any price, considering what a demand there is for it among my patrons the Copperashun, the Livery Companies, and the rest of the Igher Classes.

That EDDARD the 3d must have been a grand feller at a bargain. Not a bad idea to sell what he hadn't got to sell, and what would ha' bin of no use to him if he had. I wonder how much the Copperashun had to stump up for their sacred Fish Charter?

The Copperashun says, and says wery properly, We are the Lords of the markets, a title as we has bought and paid for, ready money.

As regards Fish, there's the result of our affectionate care and the object of our first love, Billingsgate! renowned for ages for its fishy character and its powerful langwidge. As much fish as you can cram into that somewhat cramped space, cram you may, but not another sprat shall you bring within 7 miles of our sacred City. To be sure it's only a quarter as big as that they wants to make at Shadwell, but it's quite big enough for us, and if the grumbling and greedy outsiders wants more room, let 'em go to—well say to East Ham, or to Blackheath, or to Wormwood Shrubbs, or any other equally appropriate place purwided it's 7 miles off.

Some inquisitive feller asked why 7 miles, why not 17? The answer to wich is "Don't no."

The House of Lords has done many good things for the people, and they has a chance now such as they seldom has. The question for their Ludships to decide is, wich is of the most importance, to maintain a Sacred Charter that is aeshally more than 500 years old, or to increase the supply of the werry commonest kind of fish for the wives and children of the werry commonest kind of people.

Let the Copperashun indulge in good cheer as is their wont, and be of good cheer as is their will, for who as respects the institucshuns of his Country can dout what the decision will be.

ROBERT.

FABLES REVERSED.

No. II.—THE FOX AND THE CROW.

PERCHED on a tree a Crow, for

freak,

A Stilton carried in his beak.

Up comes Sir Reynard, sleek

and aly,

Resolved his flattery to try.

He felt that, if he did but

please,

He very soon could have the

cheese.

And so he did! For when his

chaff

Had rather gone beyond a

laugh;

And when he told the black one that he

Was male equivalent for PATTI,

And asked him just to try his voice,

The Crow perceived he had no choice

But to assert himself; and so,

To finish matters at a blow,

He dropped the cheese on Reynard's head,

And naturally killed him dead.

MORAL.

Would you make your flattery stick?

Do not lay it on too thick.

Compliments, however hollow,

May be more than one can swallow.



Directions for Making an Irish Stew.

(From the New Birmingham Cookery Book, Edited by W. E. G.)

TAKE one large Irish Agitation; add one part of Conciliation Butter to three of Coercion Powder. Stir gently. Then take one Radical Land Act, one Peace Preservation, mix well and stir briskly with wooden Irish Secretary spoon till it boils. Flavour with Kilmainham Treaty Relish, New Brunswick Sauce, Dillon pickle, and serve quickly. Thus made, the dish will remain hot for any reasonable time.

Another and a Shorter Way is—to make a hash of it.



ST. GOTHARD'S TUNNEL; OR, SEE THE CONQUERING ENGINEERO COMES!

A Sigh after the Cyclus.

HEIGHO! This is just what my tympanum dreaded!
 And if—as the poets are given to sing,—
 Sweet Sound and Sound Sense are at last to be wedded,
 'Tis certainly *not* with a (Nibelung's) Ring!

"REST AND BE THANKFUL!"—NO MORE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS at Windsor Castle and Marlborough House, as the QUEEN and Princess of WALES have been graciously pleased to accept the two first copies of MARTIN TUPPER'S "Dramatic Pieces."

SEASONED TROOPS.—Volunteers in "pepper-and-salt" uniform.



BEFORE THE CYCLUS.



AFTER THE CYCLUS.

THE MODERN DEUS EX MACHINÂ.

SCENE.—*The Alps in the vicinity of the New St. Gothard Tunnel. The Modern Engineer discovered dominating things in general; the more than Manfred—in check dittoes—of the scene. To him enter unperceived the shades of the Carthaginian and Corsican Colossi.*

Napoleon. Great Carthaginian, a greater than either of us stands there!

Hannibal. What, that unheroic-looking personage in broadcloth and billycock, mightier than the Scourge of Rome and the Conqueror of Europe?

Napoleon. Well, not *he* himself, perhaps, but what he represents, if that which endures and progresses be greater than that which flames and passes. Science, guiding the boring-machine and the locomotive, eclipses the fame of Genius wielding the sword and swaying the legion.

Hannibal. True, Corsican. And yet—well he does not look even a MARCELLUS, and one of my Gauls could have swallowed him body and boots. It seems to me that your vaunted Science dwarfs the Hero, and magnifies the Dwarf.

Napoleon. Ah!

"Jupiter livre le monde
Aux Myrmidons, aux Myrmidons!"

as BÉRANGER chanted. So the Colossi are apt to think. But Science has now "the biggest battalions," and can arm them best.

Hannibal. You mean she is the modern Providence.

Napoleon. And the Engineer the modern *deus ex machinâ*.

Hannibal. I do not somehow feel impelled to bow to your new Mechanical Divinity.

Napoleon. He doesn't look a Cloud-compeller, eh? Less imposing than yourself, for instance—as History drew you.

Hannibal. Or than you—as DAVID painted you.

Napoleon (smiling). Poor DAVID! Wonder he didn't mount me on the hippogriff at once. As a matter of fact, my Pegasus was a mule. Admit, *mon ami*, that, after all, we "heroes" have been not a little indebted to the "property-men" of History and of Art.

Hannibal. Could yonder complacent-looking person have taken a

host of Africans and Spaniards, or of Frenchmen, across the Alps as they were in my time or yours?

Napoleon. No; but he can enable an army of tourists and of bagmen to cross, themselves, in safety and comfort, without loss of life, and with little expenditure of—shall we say vinegar?

Hannibal. Tourists and bagmen? Bah!

Napoleon. Better perhaps—for the world's present work at least—than your gigantic Gauls and bellicose Numidians.

Hannibal. Ah! I suspect you are right, Corsican, and that we—to use the idiom of one of your bagmen—are "not in it" now with that mighty Demiurgus, the Modern Engineer.

[*They softly and silently vanish away—like Bonjums.*]

Electric Lights.

HIGH runs the price of each Electric Share
That scarce a moment in the market lingers;
But wise men have been oft heard to declare
Electric lights will burn investing fingers.

BLACK AND RED!

IF any compact be made between the Government and the Irish malcontents, it should not be written in black and white, but recorded in black and red.

"I KNOW," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "there's a wine grown in Kent as well as hops. Let me see—what's the name of it? Oh, yes, I remember; it's Château Margate!"

CANZONET FOR THE KHEDIVÉ.—"O, ARABI, dear ARABI!"—Oberon, C. M. VON WEBER. To be arranged as a Canzonette for Military Bands.

AN ARRIÈRE PENSÉE.—The Attends Bill.

COURT AT LAST!

A few remarks on "*The Parvenu* ; or, the Match-Making Mother and the Magic Match-Box." Also on "*Lili*" at the Variétés, and Parisian Theatres generally.

CIRCUMSTANCES towards which we stood in an attitude similar to that of Mr. PARNELL towards the Ultra-Land-Leaguers, inasmuch as they were beyond our control, prevented us from seeing *The Parvenu* till one night last week, when, we believe, it was close upon its fiftieth representation, and therefore carried by a lucky breeze out of reach of the deadly guns of criticism. We had read two or three enthusiastic notices on its first appearance, and since then had received favourable reports from fairly trustworthy sources, so that we were prepared for a piece which, if not absolutely a work of dramatic genius, should be at least well worth hearing and seeing.



Anson defying the Limelight.

Its first and chief merit is that it is not taken from the French ; and therefore the French authors, who have not been particularly successful on their own ground lately, will not reap any advantage from Mr. GODFREY'S *Parvenu*.

As to its being "new and original," it is about as much that as any piece can be in which such remarkably new and original materials are employed as are represented by a proud but wicked and impecunious Baronet, a match-making, scheming mother, a daughter to be sacrificed for money, a self-made millionaire, a combination of Rough and "Ready," who proves himself to be one of "Nature's noblemen ;" the inevitable "poor artist" in love with and beloved by the heroine ; and the heroine's comic confidante, who is a relief to the sentimentality, and has to pair off with the "Charles, his friend," of the piece, called the "Honourable Charles Tracey"—this sort of conventional character being usually an "Honourable" and a "CHARLES," and brought in to act the part of a chorus, say whatever good things may occur to the Author, and make himself generally useful.

We had heard this piece described as "Robertsonian"—and if by a "Robertsonian play" is meant a piece full of inconsistencies of character and improbabilities of situation, of dialogue so broken up as to sound like spasmodic efforts at conversation, of opportunities for smoking on every possible occasion, with one Act invariably devoted to wearing evening dress, with a good deal of out-of-door life in the limelight, with love-making, sentimental and comic, then is *The Parvenu* Robertsonian, and its Author a promising fourth-form student of the Robertsonian School, as well as of *Ours* and *Society*.

The story is as simple as it is uninteresting ; the dialogue is at its best when serious, and at its worst when flippant.

Mr. ANSON, in a part similar to the one he played in *New Men and Old Acres*, is very good throughout. The Author has called this millionaire tradesman, "Mr. Ledger," a style of nomenclature reminding us of the names in the comic business portion of a pantomime, i.e., Butcher, Mr. SPARKER ; Fishmonger, Mr. MCKEREL ; Banker, Mr. MONEYBAG ; Clerk, Mr. LEDGER, and so forth—and has made him "M.P.," which at all events should be some kind of guarantee for his being a trifle less ignorant of the ways of Society—a Society in which, from the necessity of the plot, he is bound to move—than he appears to be. Ridiculous he should be, but not improbable.

The conduct of the match-making mother, a woman of the world, a schemer, a lady of rank (by marriage) and fashion, is simply impossible. A Miss Gusher, or some such name, writes to inform her that a Nobleman, *incog.*, is visiting the neighbourhood. An Artist

appears, who happens to have in his pocket this Nobleman's silver fuzee-box, on which are engraved its owner's crest and monogram. On the strength of such evidence, this match-making mother, this woman of the world, concludes that the Artist is the Nobleman in disguise, forces her daughter upon him, invites him to stay in the



Lady Macbeth—only Larkin.

house, makes no inquiries whatever about him, does not allow her husband—a very knowing old man—to make any, and breaks the engagement between the millionaire and her daughter. So flimsy a motive does well enough for a farce like *The Wandering Minstrel*, but it would want all the working-up of situation, individuality of character, and witty dialogue that characterises *She Stoops to Conquer* (which is the merest farce in plot) to raise it to the rank of serious Comedy, as we understand the word in English.

It is well played, decidedly well played all round ; though Mr. CLAYTON is not suited as Charles his friend, and Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON, the emotional Artist, talks like an Aroldesoon in disguise. Miss LOTTIE VENNE as the daughter of Mr. Ledger, is capital in everything she has to do. It is a sort of *Naomi Tighe* part, which, in the palmy days of the Robertsonian drama, would have fallen naturally to Miss MARIE WILTON, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where this play, with Mr. BANCROFT for drawing "Charles his friend," Mr. JOHN HARE as the Baronet, and JOHNNY CLARKE as the *Parvenu*, would have been suited to perfection.

There is only one Scene for the three Acts, admirably painted by Mr. PERKINS—but monotonous.

In Paris, a few days ago, we saw M^{me}. JUDIC as *Lili*. She sings and acts charmingly throughout two Acts. But, in the third, where a strong demand is made on her histrionic powers, her acting is not equal to her singing. She has to represent first a grandmother, then a granddaughter. The change is very rapid, to the detriment of her make-up as the old woman, so that she simply appears as M^{me}. JUDIC in a white wig, her face as youthful as that of the *ingénue*, and her one idea of conveying the notion of age to the audience being apparently stooping shoulders, walking with a crutch, and quavering like a Pantaloon. Such a conventional imitation is quite unworthy of M^{me}. JUDIC. DUFUIS was at his best from first to last, and LAMBOUCHE excellent. They all have the great French fault of taking the audience into their confidence over the footlights ; and BARON grossly exaggerated a small, and not very good part, in order to extort laughs.



The Doleful Lovers ; or the Irving-Terry Movement.

The piece is utterly unadaptable, thank goodness ! as its chief situation is about as grossly immoral as it can be ; and, all questions of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S licence and our Judicature apart, it would be hissed off the Stage by an English audience. It is applauded to the echo by a French audience.

At the Français, *Les Portraits de la Marquise*, by M. OCTAVE FEUILLET, was a failure ; so, perhaps, we shall not hear of its being purchased by an English Manager. Not even fussy little DAUBRAY can make anything of such a dull piece as *La Brebis Égarée* at the Palais Royal, and there is scarcely anything worth seeing just now at those wretchedly-constructed, miserably uncomfortable, ill-ventilated buildings, called, in Paris, Theatres, and considered by a long-suffering public as places of entertainment.

MILK AND WATER.

If 142,000,000 gallons of London water contain (as they doubtless do) 20,000,000 gallons of London sewage, how many gallons of London sewage would be found, on analysis, in 142,000,000 gallons of London milk ?



Little Lottie Venne and Great Lot o' Clayton.

"GIRL GRADUATES."

"A novel feature at the meeting of Convocation of London University, was the appearance, for the first time, of Female Graduates in Academical costume."—*Nature*.

GIRL Graduates! They realise
Our TENNYSON's old fancies,
And winning Academic prize,
They scorn seductive dances.
Here come the feminine M.D.s,
Of physic fair concoctors,
Who write prescriptions with such ease,
The "violet-hooded Doctors."

And here are those who won success
In fields supremely classic,
Who read of NEBULÆ's dress,
Of HORACE and his Massie.
Here female rhetoricians tell
How useful many a trope is;
And men will learn, perchance too well,
If girls are all *Boo-ers*.

How strange to some folks it must seem,
This modern Convocation;
ASPASIA rules the Academe,
Once man's exclusive station;
And those who bow beneath her yoke,
The strongest men and sternest,
May try to think that she's in joke,
And find her quite in earnest!

NEW THEATRE.

Is "Pandora" a good name for a theatre? In one sense, yes; for a House where "all the gifts" are assembled must be as remarkable as a Government of "all the talents." Such an All-gifted Company would be in itself a success. But the word taken in another sense, "The All-Gift Theatre," would rather point to a system of "Orders," or Free-Gratis-for-Nothing Theatre. Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON, under whose management this house of entertainment is to be, is fond of "pans," having started a journal called *Pan*, and having looked after the Panorama of Balaklava in the same building, which he has now re-christened the "Pandora." If he opens with a comic opera, *libretto* by Mr. POTTINGER STEPHENS (Author of *Billee Taylor*, &c.), he will have commenced the Pan's business by going to POTT. *Absit omen!*

DENUNCIATION.

From the Land-Leaguer's Point of View.

EN? Is it denounce? Shure I'm filled with surprise.
'Tis an Irishman's "point" to anathematise;
And, except cudgel-twirling and enemy-trouncing,
There's nothing on earth he so loves as denouncing.
What more about outrages can a Pat say
Than that, for the moment, they really—don't pay?
On maimings and murders his judgment won't vary,
They're *mal à propos*, and most unnecessary.
Strong language, bedad! When O'FLYNN and O'GRADY
Stab innocent men, or shoot delicate ladies;
When masked midnight murderers, twenty to one,
Roast that one out of malice, or "card" him for fun,
What sterner rebuke can such foolishness meet
From an Irish M.P. than the term "indiscreet"?
When that Irish M.P., in a saturnine mood,
Makes a speech in the House, all sedition and blood,
That speech can his colleagues more strongly impugn
Than by saying, with shrugs, that it's "unopportune"?
And yet—so unjust is the bloodthirsty Saxon,
So eager in laying the blame our poor backs on—
He calls such "denouncing" no better than shamming,
And swears that our game is to praise by faint damning!

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that *Orange Free State* would not be a bad title for Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S *Phryne at Blenheim*.

HOW TO "SPOIL THE EGYPTIANS."—Let them have their own way.—Yours, LULLABY P'SHA.



RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

Impulsive Country Cousin (vehemently). "I DON'T WONDER AT THE IRISH DISCONTENT. I SHOULD BE WILD WITH A GOVERNMENT MYSELF IF I WERE AN IRISHMAN, AND SAW MY COUNTRYMEN 'SUSPECTS,' AS THEY ARE CALLED, PARADED ABOUT LONDON IN THEIR CONVICT'S DRESS, WITH THEIR SENTENCES ON THEIR BACKS."

[He was soothed on its being explained to him that the unhappy men he had seen were only Mr. Wyndham's perambulating Advertisers in their "Fourteen Days" Convict's dress.]

THE WEDGE AND THE WORKING-MAN.

(A Short Way with a Sabby.)

THE Working Classes don't want—indeed they object—to have Museums and Picture-Galleries open to them on Sundays.

Why?

Because they are afraid the employment of attendants and other officers or servants, as a commencement of Sunday labour, would, if legalised, end in depriving them of their seventh day's rest. They believe it would be the thin end of the wedge.

Has not the thin end of the wedge been inserted already—though the thick end is not yet driven home? Or what, if not the thin end of that wedge, did the workpeople call the legislation leaving Joint-Stock Companies free to run excursion trains and convey crowds of holiday-makers by steamboat on Sundays? Your industrious classes objecting to the thin end of the wedge, were bound to object to that. But they didn't—and they don't.

They ought.

Why, certainly. They ought. Rather. For what would be the Sunday work of a few caretakers and supervisors on duty at a few Exhibitions, standing or sitting still, or walking up and down, to the strain of body and mind attending the severely laborious occupation of engineers and stokers, and railway signalmen and pointmen on all the Railroads? Now, this has been going on for many years, and *ex hypothesi* it ought long ere now to have resulted in robbing the poor workmen of their rest on Sunday. But it hasn't. And the Working Classes every Sunday travel by rail and steamer in their thousands. Wouldn't they likewise frequent collections of Art and Natural History, if enabled to? They don't want? Yes; because they don't know and can't learn the good of them, for want of opportunity. Honourable Gentlemen would very soon find that they did want admission to institutions for moral and intellectual culture on Sundays, if those institutions were commercial concerns, and, equally with Railway and Steam Navigation interests, represented in the House of Commons.



ACCURACY.

"AND WHAT THEN WAS THE DATE EXACTLY OF YOUR POOR HUSBAND'S DEATH?"

"LET ME RECOLLECT MYSELF, MA'AM! WELL, IF HE'D 'A LIVED TO WEDNESDAY NEXT, HE'D 'A BEEN DEAD THREE WEEKS!"

"ARREARS."

ARREARS! It would seem there is nought *but* arrears,
Overdue from the bad, black, and blundering years,
The dragon-teeth seed-ground of militant hate,
Unwearied as Vengeance, relentless as Fate.

How freely, how gladly we'd hold forth the hand,
Ay, sow with our gold the bare wastes of that land,
If only love-prompted largesse had the power
Our Danaë to win by the aureate shower.

With joy how ungrudging we'd proffer the gift,
If it might but avail the grim shadow to lift
Which broods like a blight, and which clings like a curse,
And the best spells of hope hath the power to reverse.

That Shadow! Unbanished, unalaid, it still lurks,
Black hate is its breath, and base deeds are its works;
With its pestilent presence possession to share
Is a thought beyond hope, the mad dream of despair.

Arrears! Yes, it may be arrears yet remain
Of justice, of right, though our strength is a-strain
These long years with the effort, as earnest as strong,
To slay ancient hate and to right ancient wrong.

Again! A last message of peace, or it seems
The last effort of patience. What thrice-welcome gleams
Of fair promise will greet us—the sole best reward
That we seek for our love, that we ask for our hoard?

Restitution? Not wholly; not ours *all* the blame,
All the burden of wrong, all the blazon of shame.
Time will write other verdict on history's page
Than that stigma of faction's unqualified rage.

What matter to-day? For to-day 'tis enough
That the hand is held forth. Must it meet with rebuff?

Pure pity kills wrath, anger's stilled by regret.
Shall our hands meet in peace? There is time for it yet.

But the Shadow must pass, and the sinister brood
Who have wrought on a much-burdened people's mad mood.
With free help in sore need we would count but love's gains.
Then what room for the Terror whose foot-prints are stains?

Sure it's welcome you are, call it guerdon or gift,
If it only avail that foul Shadow to lift
From the meadows and mountains of Erin's green land,
The hate from her heart, and the blood from her hand!

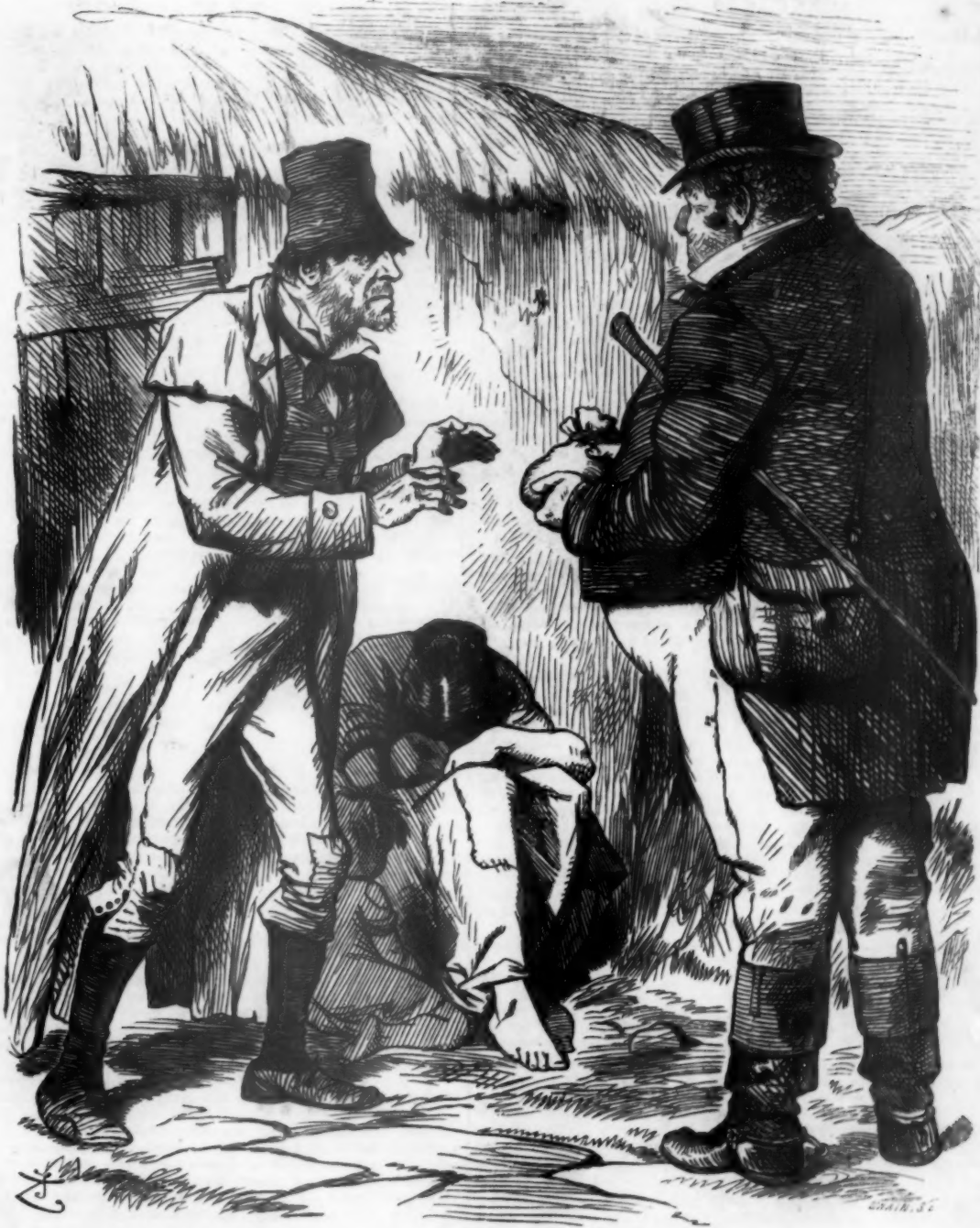
THE HURLINGHAM HUMANE SOCIETY.

TALK about sport! What sport is that of horse-racing to the sport which "FULHAM" of that ilk, writing to the *Times*, disparages as "Cockney sport." "FULHAM" is evidently no sportman. He thus describes the results of the shooting by which the Hurlingham Club has acquired a deserved celebrity:—

"We know indeed little of the delights of trying to kill a frightened tail-less pigeon at so many yards. What we do know is that the wounded birds flutter daily on to our roofs and shrubs, and possibly linger there undiscovered for days; last year one was picked up, a living skeleton, a fortnight after the last shooting-day of the season. The only persons who seem to enjoy the sport besides the actual shooters are those little knots of roughs who are daily to be seen humbly imitating their betters by jelling the wounded birds from trees."

What then? Are pigeons as sacred as guinea-pigs, or even as rats and mice, except for purposes of Science? Are Hurlingham Club sportmen and shots on a level with experimental physiologists in point of cruelty? Why, possibly some of them are also members of the Society for the Total and Entire Abolition of Vivisection, which, anyhow, allows Pigeon-shooting the sanction of silence. Yet sincere Anti-Vivisectionists must at least wish it were possible that pigeons could be shot under chloroform.

A REPRESENTATIVE INVERTEBRATE.—The Baron DE WORMS.



“ARREARS.”

PAT. “IS IT A GIFT, YER HONOUR? SURE, WE WANT IT BADLY, SORR!!”



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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Tuesday, 4 A.M., May 23.—No one would think, to look at STAFFORD NORTHGOTE as he sits spectacled and benevolent on Front Bench, what depths of duplicity there are in him. Came down last night burning with anxiety to discuss Arrears Bill. Conservative party smouldering with same desire. All very well for GLADSTONE to suppose one night would do for the debate. A week would scarcely suffice. One night ridiculous.

This came out at early hour this morning; but the way STAFFORD NORTHGOTE and the rest dissembled all the evening, really appalling. Conservative Benches empty. Debate nearly collapsed. Difficulty in keeping the House sitting. Score of Members yawning through exhilarating discourse of Mr. GREGORY, and some profound philosophical reflections from Sir JOSEPH MCKENNA. Ministers and House generally lulled into security. Expected Division at every moment. Then Sir STAFFORD comes in, throws off the mask, and discloses the true condition of his mind, burning for further discussion on the Bill. Ministerialists rage; GLADSTONE storms; but no use. The wily Conservative Leader, with hands meekly folded, and spectacles dimmed with kindly emotion, bends his head to the storm.

Prevention of
Crime (Ireland) Bill.

Sails taken in on both sides, lee-scoupers stowed away, and all made taut for dirty weather. Mr. JAMES LOWTHER does violence to his natural feelings, and flings himself into the fray. GLADSTONE catches him by the hair, and worries him. CLAUD HAMILTON rushes in, and declares his readiness to sit for twenty-four hours. Mr. MACPHERLANE, with proud recollections of his feat on the opening night of the Session, when he camped out in Palace Yard with a noggin of whiskey and an oatmeal-cake and was first in his place, says he will sit for twenty-five. Mr. LEWIS declares he is good for twenty-six. Sort of Parliamentary auction. "Going at twenty-six! Who says twenty-seven?"

The Auctioneer hesitates. Mr. HENRAGE knocks Mr. CHAPLIN down. CHAPLIN said that he said that Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR had said—mark me, Moor!—that no division was expected last night.

"No Hon. Member," Mr. HENRAGE declares, honest indignation mantling his brow, "has a right to say what no Hon. Member has not said."

Thunderous cheers, though, on reflection, axiom seems a little dubious. However, can't stay to fathom it. Irish Members rush in. "Are we going to sit here all night?" Mr. DILLWYN says, with his head on one side, and a general air of putting a conundrum which had occurred to him after severe thought. Opposition guessed it immediately. "Yes!" they roared. Mr. DILLWYN subsides, to think of another, and much more difficult. Whilst he is cogitating, compromise arrived at. Government decide to take the Bill again at Morning Sitting, and Members go home. All this comes of STAFFORD NORTHGOTE dissembling.

Business done.—Motion for Second Reading of Arrears Bill.

Tuesday Night.—After all the fighting last night, turns out no one had anything particular to say in continuance of debate. Yes, Mr. STORER has; and when Mr. SCHATER-BOOTH's Amendment is negatived, Mr. STORER rises. Just ten minutes to seven: barely time to divide on main question, as Sitting is suspended at seven. Tremendous howl greets his placid appearance. Noise as if it were feeding-time at the Zoological Gardens, and STORER the toothsome morsel just out of reach.

Exceedingly meek-looking man, Mr. STORER. Last man likely to do a thing like this. Stands timidly surveying the raging House.

Ministerialists bawling at him. STAFFORD NORTHGOTE not dissembling his wrath. Sir RICHARD CROSS evidently about to sentence him to three months' imprisonment with hard labour, accompanied by a few remarks on his moral turpitude. Mr. Alderman FOWLER deafens him with a roar of "Divide!" Baron de WORMS nudges him in the stomach. Colonel MAKINS tugs at his left coat-tail. Mr. WHITLEY fetches him "a one-er" on the right shoulder. CLAUD HAMILTON, taking base advantage of being on a higher level, grapples him round the throat, and presses him down. STORER begins to wish he were on another storey. Would sit down if he could, but is momentarily paralysed. Ghastly pallor steals over him; eyes glare with a strange light; tongue cleaves to roof of his mouth;

left arm spasmodically extended; right feebly making play with Mr. WHITLEY's watch-chain. A gurgling sound is heard; something about "agricultural interests," escapes his parched lips; then Mr. STORER subsides, and Division taken. This process of Parliamentary Debate watched with great interest from Gallery.

Business done.—Arrears Bill read a Second Time by 269 votes against 157.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Rumour about to-day that DICK POWER has been offered the place of Junior Whip. Not likely to be true. In some respects too good to be true. In others not desirable. Irish Members must have a Whip, and it would be difficult for any man to succeed DICK POWER, and make himself acceptable to the House. As Mr. RICHARD PEDDIE says, "If, in the House of Commons, a man's called 'JACK' or 'DICK,' be sure he's a good fellow." Certainly holds good with respect to DICK POWER. And, look you, it's not an easy thing for a man to be Whip to the Land-League Party, and be personally popular on both sides of the House.

Met O'SHEA in the corridor leading down to back of Speaker's Chair. Thought I'd ask him, as he knows everything. But O'SHEA in a terrible hurry. Got another negotiation on hand.

"Dear boy," he said, "they all come to me when negotiations wanted. Here's JOSEPH GILLIS goes and makes a fool of himself under the moonlit arbres of the Champs Elysées. Case of chops and tomato sauce over again, with a pair of high-heeled boots, fourteen buttons thrown in. Case going to Court. Then they come to me. Wherever there's a difficulty, as TALLEYRAND said, 'cherchez l'O'Shea!'" (Which mot, I informed him, Mr. PUNCH applied last week. But O'S. hasn't time to read anything but letters.) "Fancy shall bring it off, and make a new compact."

Afraid great Diplomatist is overworking himself. Evidently in a highly-strained nervous condition.

When I pulled out pocket-handkerchief just now, he was quite startled. Thought I was going to produce a document, à la FOSTER. *Business done.*—Debate on Arrears Bill.

Thursday.—Had a very pleasant tea this afternoon. DILLWYN gave it. We had JACOB BRIGHT, PETER, WILFRID LAWSON, and several other great Statesmen. Everything done in best style, regardless of expense. Muffins perhaps a little over-buttered, but tea excellent, and cream of best London make. After tea, looked into this Prevention of Crime Bill. Can't let GLADSTONE go on in this way.

"Must put him down," DILLWYN says, with his mouth full of muffin and true Liberalism.

"If he'd been little more careful in his selection—thank you, yes, I will have a seventh cup," said PETER—"in his selection of Under-secretaries, it would have been much better for him and the Country. What is wanted either at the Colonial Office or Board of Trade, is a good honest Radical, with a turn for figures, and some influence in the Country and below the Gangway."

We decide to draw up Memorial, and send it in to GLADSTONE. Go round after and get it signed. Begin to feel I'm doing something in Politics. Barkshire will some day be proud of its Member.

DAVID DAVIES a little rude in speech. "What do you mean," says he, in the English of Machynlleth-atte-Llansaintffraid, "by caterwauling in a tea-room like a lot of old women at a Sewing Meeting? If you've anything to say, why don't you up in your place and out with it, instead of getting excited over your tea, and making believe to be Conspirators, when you are only a lot of well-meaning political old ladies?"

DAVID then proceeded to give interesting particulars as to the number of men he employs, the aggregate weekly wages paid, and other details. Can't stay. Must get signatures and save the State.

Business done.—Got into Committee on Arrears Bill.

Friday Afternoon.—Going off for the holidays to-day. Not very long; but WOLFE, WILFRID LAWSON, ASHMEAD BARTLETT, and others, cannot start without stock of information. Packing their portmanteaus and Gladstone bags previous to starting. Only DRUMMOND says he never had a Gladstone bag in his house. DILKE on the stand peppered with questions. Nothing got out of him. Then W. E. G. comes forward with long speech, signifying nothing. O'DONNELL aptly says the only difference between DILKE and GLADSTONE is the difference between the monosyllabic and the polysyllabic model of saying nothing.

Business done.—Adjourned for the Whitsun Recess.



The Carriage Tax.



The latest Moonlighters in Ireland. (As seen by Mr. T. P. O'Connor.)



Police Superannuation Bill.

THE IRISH DEFECTIVES.

THREE gentlemen have amused the Public for some weeks with imaginary "clues," and have probably spent a small fortune in telegrams and cablegrams. They have caused the arrest in various parts of the world of a number of penniless vagabonds, who have been discharged in a few hours after accounting for their poverty. The newspapers have seconded their efforts in a most admirable manner. Every "clue" has had the honour of sensational type, and assertions made in one number have been duly contradicted in another. In one case the assertion and contradiction appeared together, though scarcely with the same prominence. New York has been worked with great activity, but has Dublin been overhauled in a workmanlike manner? The "slums" have doubtless been exhausted, but this was not a crime of the "slums." The men that are "wanted" eat, drink, and make merry, and are probably treated every night in some place of amusement, as HAWLAN would be treated in a London Music Hall after one of his victories.

MUSIC in Hyde Park from Five to Eight P.M. on all days in the week except Tuesdays and Thursdays, when the Band plays in Regent's Park. Hooray for the Sunday-in-London Rational Recreation Movement! And one cheer more for the Duke of ALBANY, the President of the Sunday Band Society! Sabbatarians and Pharisees must be careful, or we shall be having a "People's Garden"—such as the weak-minded Emperor of AUSTRIA allows under the windows of his Palace. A café or two in the Park, bands playing, and people actually enjoying themselves on Sunday! Dreadful!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 86.



SIR MICHAEL COSTA,
OUR LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR.

PUNCH THE PROPHET! RIGHT AGAIN!!

OUR Fancy Portrait last week of Mr. RYMILL mounted on the noble Bruce, with an Auctioneer's hammer in his hand, and the legend underneath of "Going! Going! . . . ?" was startlingly prophetic. He went, he went, and where was he? "Going! Going! . . . Gone!" Nowhere! Right out of it.

Those who looked our Fancy Portrait in the face, who regarded it between its lines, and took all they could get against our Fancy, have written, with tears in their pens, to express their thanks for such a straight tip, as was suggested by the point of the rider's nose; but their acknowledgments have not taken a more substantial form, though, owing to us—and there is a good deal owing to us—they must all of them have become millionnaires—or Rymill-ionnaires—by the event. Ah! where is gratitude?

"My Brother-in-law," said Mrs. RAMBOTHAM, "came back from the Derby so sunburnt and red, that he reminded me of JULIUS CÆSAR after he had crossed the Rubicund."

SUGGESTED SYNONYM FOR THE NEXT CYCLUS OF THE "MUSIC OF THE FUTURE."—The By-and-by-Cycle.

LIGHT-HEADED SPECULATORS.—The present buyers of Electric Shares at Stock Exchange prices.

A ROYAL STUDIO.—Her Majesty's Drawing-Room.

THEIR NOBLE ANCESTORS;

OR, WHAT IT MAY COME TO AT LAST.

SCENE—The Smoking Room of a West End Club, A.D. 1882. Descendants of SMITH, BROWN, and JONES, discovered discussing the newest batch of Baronets.

Smith. Well, I call it a downright degradation of the great hereditary principle! (Takes up evening paper.) Look here. Here's a set of fellows to have the right to tack "Bart." on to their names for ever!

Brown (in disgust). Fancy MOLLUNK—a wretched, plodding beggar, who has merely spent forty-five years of his life in research, that has revolutionised the whole last five centuries of European science!

Jones. Yes! He's bad enough; but OCTAVO is worse!—a scribbling cad, whose name is known wherever the English language is spoken! By Jove, who would ever have thought we should have come to see the day when they throw mud over a Baronetcy by associating it with such beastly vulgar things as Science and Literature! Why, they'll be dragging it down to Art next!

Smith. Next! Why, they've done it! Here's EASEL down for one, too! Only think now,—a fellow like EASEL being made a Swell of because the world has seen nothing like his work since TITIAN went off the hooks!

Brown (with warmth). Titles are going to the dogs—that's about it. (Turning over the pages of the very latest edition of "Burke.")—Why, the good old names will blush to be in such company. Take 'em at random. (Reads.) "Sir DE MOWBRAY PLANTAGENET FORTESCUE EWO, Fourth Baronet." Dare say his ancestor, now, was at the battle of Bosworth. Here, here's some more created much about the same time. Read 'em.

Jones (referring to "Burke").—"Sir SETHMOUR BEAUCHAMP SWAN," there's a fine old name for you!

Smith. And here's another, "Sir ATHELNEY HUGH EDGAR." A

couple of Crusaders, I'll be bound! Then look at "Sir MARMADUKE OSCAR COCKLE!" If the COCKLES didn't come over with the Conqueror, I should like to know who did.

Brown. Yes; and I shouldn't wonder if "Sir HERBERT DE PEARS, Sir HUMPHREY HOLLOWAY, and Sir RICHARD RECKITT" didn't trace back to Magna Charta. Ah, they were grand times those!

Jones. Ah! they knew then how to keep up the dignity of a title. Rather! They never conferred it on a man unless he had done his country some distinguished and splendid service. That was the age in which you had to be a BASS, an ELLIS, or a FREAKER, before you could ride the high horse above the heads of your fellow-countrymen.

Smith. And, by the way, what splendid and distinguished services did FREAKER, ELLIS, and BASS do their country?

Brown. Be hanged if I remember! But you may be sure that whatever it was, it was a cut above "Science, Literature, and Art." They hadn't quite sunk so low as that a hundred years ago. Take my word for it, they understood what they were about in 1882.

THE GREAT PAUPER COUNTRY.

IRELAND is to have a clean slate, and, as usual, at the expense chiefly of the British Taxpayer. That patient Jackass is to be saddled with another burden. The rent which the Irish malcontent can't, or won't pay, and which the Irish Landlord probably ought not to receive, is to be partly paid by the hard-working, over-taxed, and much-abused Saxon. If the Saxon will indulge in the luxury of keeping a prodigal son, the Saxon must not grumble at the expense of the luxury. No one is disposed to understate such a blessing as DAVITT, but DAVITT may be bought at too high a figure. The pauperisation of Ireland will be the demoralisation of England.

RACE-Y SAYINGS. To an Outside Ring Bookmaker.—"I suppose it's all right; here's the five; but do you remember, and it's not so long ago, when you wore a red hat and a blue coat, and were thrown into the river for welshing at Hampton?"

OUR BOYS' NOVELIST.

BEING STORIES OF WILD SPORT AND STIRRING ADVENTURE, FOR THE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF
THE YOUTHS OF ALL NATIONS.



BOB SUDDENLY CONFRONTED BY HATCHU MUTCH.

WET BOB;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE ETON BOY AMONGST THE HOTWATHA CANNIBALS.

(By the Author of "The Three Young Benchers, and How they all Got the Woolpack,"
"From Back Yard to Yard-arm," &c., &c.)

CHAP. II.

(Continued from No. 2123.)*

Bob was summoned to the library. The Provost was standing on his dignity near the fireplace.

"Find my abducted daughter," said the Provost to Bob.

"I will," replied Bob, simply. Then he hurried out.

* The approach of the Fourth of June has aroused our inspired Novelist to a sense of his duties. He has returned, after an inexplicably long absence, and we have shut him up in a room with a bottle of the best old ink, and have turned the key on him, as we said to him, quite genially, "There, you young rascal, you don't leave the room till you've finished *that*!" Through the keyhole he has vowed that the thrilling romance shall be completed in one more Number.—Ed.

CHAP. III.

UNDER THE CASTLE.

He was quickly joined by a couple of College chums. These were WATTY BIGGUN, a son of Sir THUNDERY BIGGUN, the Welsher Baronet, and ILEY CULLARD, a nephew of Lord PENNIPLAYNE. Both were Eton youths who loved stirring adventure.

In another minute all three were prosecuting their exciting search for the fair Purkussian in the deepest recesses of the Home Park. They whistled. Someone seemed to send them an answering note.

"Hush!" said Bob, halting suddenly.

"There's someone under a beech-tree."

"Hush! He's tapping! Keep up your woodpecker!"

The man shouted. Then evidently fearful of being overheard, he dropped his voice.

Bob dashed forward, picked it up, but the man had disappeared.

"*Le voici!*" cried Bob, and pointing to the tree which was not what they had supposed, but a box, in which the mysterious individual might still be hidden.

"Jack in a box," exclaimed WATTY.

"P'raps it's a Jumbo Tree," suggested

ILEY CULLARD, "lift the trunk."

The voice they had found led them to this tree.

"I thought so!" exclaimed Bob, triumphantly. "The voice *did* go inside the tree. Outside it was a whisper, inside it's a hollow! *Suivez moi!*"

They understood French, having studied OWANDOFF, and went after him. In another second they were miles below the surface.

The three boys saw their opening. They dashed through.

An appalling sight met their gaze. With her hands fastened to an iron bolt, the staple commodity of the apartment, the fair Perkussian was hanging in awful suspense. A dark figure in a pot hat and Eton jacket stood before her.

In one hand it held a gleaming *yat-agan*. In the other a ladle of boiling lead.

The three boys at once recognised their college chum.

It was HADJI NUFF!

CHAP. IV.

IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER.

A FURTHER glance disclosed to the three boys the appalling character of the scene before them. About the chamber they now noticed a score of savages.

"The Hotwhata Cannibals!" they whispered to each other.

These last were characteristically occupied. Some were sharpening tattooing needles, and designing patterns on each other's frames. It was crewel work, but they did not seem to mind it.

They rightly conjectured they were in the Underground Torture Chamber.

Bob saw that if a rescue was to be attempted, no time was to be lost. He considered his whereabouts. "This," he said, "must be the Round Tower. Then I have only got to square the sentinel."

To rush up a secret staircase to the battlements, descend with a loaded thirty-six pounder, and hold a lighted match to the touch-hole, was but the work of a few seconds.

The fair Perkussian shrieked with horror.

Bob had scarcely applied the match to the touch-hole, when, as if by magic, a dusky oriental figure bounded through the tapestry, and interposed himself between the line of sight, and the now trembling form of HADJI NUFF. At the same instant, the thirty-six pounder went off with a loud report, but the new-comer, executing a dexterous *pirouette* on one leg, caught the ball in his left hand.

"Who, and what are you?" asked Bob, greeting the curious feat with a hearty "Encore!"

"I am," replied the stranger, "the Persian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, and I am the maternal uncle of HADJI NUFF."

"Then you must be—?"

"You are right. I am HATCHU MUTCH!"

(To be continued.)

A HANDBOOK TO KNOWLEDGE.

NO. III.—THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Q. What is a Street?

A. A Street is a thoroughfare designed for the recreation of roughs, the diversions of Vestries, Gas Companies and Boards of Works, and the amusement of Advertisers.

Q. Are no other sections of the public possessed of rights and interests in our Streets?

A. Secondly and upon sufferance perhaps; but their claims are quite subordinate to those of the classes first specified.

Q. Are there not various sorts of Streets?

A. Many.

Q. How would you classify them?

A. No known principle of classification would apply to them in their entirety, but several kinds of Streets may be named, e.g.:—

1. The Street which is never repaired, and is therefore always impassable.
2. The Street which is always being repaired, and is therefore always equally impassable.
3. The Street which leads nowhere.
4. The Street which always leads back into itself again.
5. The Street which leads to a Market or a Railway Station, which many desire to approach, and which consequently is always blocked and beastly.
6. The Street with so narrow a footway that a wayfarer adventuring therein is exposed always to inevitable dirt, and generally to imminent danger.
7. The Street whose footway is always so crowded by costers, roughs, and loiterers, that the wayfarer who would make progress is compelled to walk in the gutter.
8. The Street of exceeding narrowness, into which Cabmen from all quarters will continually and eagerly converge, as a "short cut," remaining there blocked many minutes in the vain but inveterate hope of saving one.
9. The Street where the Shopkeepers bestow the bulk of their wares on the pavement, or on poles, &c., outside their shops, so that you are likely to have your hat dislodged by a flapping carpet, or to stumble over a coalscuttle or a pile of crockery.
10. The Street which is a sort of unchartered Alsatia, and given up wholly to drunken women and roughs.
11. The Street which is all oyster-shells and dirty children.
12. The Street which is no Street at all, but only a noisome *cul-de-sac*, beginning with a beerhouse, and ending in a dust-heap.

Q. How do you account for these several specialities of our Streets?

A. They are the result of the varied and uncontrolled humours of the irresponsible wage-called Builders, Contractors, Road-makers, Municipal and Parochial Boards, Constables, &c., &c.—who are charged with their construction, supervision, and guardianship.

Q. What would you consider to be the most general and striking characteristic of a London Street?

A. Dirtiness.

Q. Are any provisions made for the cleansing of our thoroughfares?

A. Many very expensive ones.

Q. How are these applied?

A. Either quite capriciously, or upon the principle of being least used when most needed, and vice versa.

Q. Mention some of the results of this system.

A. That, in fine weather, one Street will be as dry and dusty as Sahara, the next as swamped and sloppy as a fish-market. That, in

wet weather, most Streets are Malebolges of mud, in one or other of its two conditions of glutinous slime and gruelly slop. That, after a heavy snow-storm, a London thoroughfare furnishes worse travelling than a Yorkshire Moor in midwinter.

Q. Next to their dirtiness, what should you say was the most obvious peculiarity of London Streets?

A. The frequency with which they are "up."

Q. What do you mean by a Street being "up"?

A. It is the term colloquially applied to that condition of tumultuous and perilous chaos caused by the operations of paying, drainage, and the laying or repairing of gas and water mains.

Q. What appearance does a Street present in these circumstances?

A. That of a combination of Builders'-yard, Cemetery, and Gravel-pit, which has been subjected to the action of a local earthquake.

Q. On what principle are these various operations performed by the several bodies responsible for their execution?

A. On the principle of "One down and t'other come on," with a view, apparently, to making the condition of chaos as chronic as possible. When, for example, the road or footways are not being repaired, the sewers or the gas and water-pipes are. And, again, when one Metropolitan Bridge is "up" upon one pretext, it is carefully arranged that one other Bridge shall also be "up" on another.

Q. What further strikes you as regards our London Streets?

A. The extent to which the London "Rough" monopolises their advantages, and subordinates the convenience, comfort, and even safety of the General Public to his own profit and amusement.

Q. In what does his profit consist?

A. In violently appropriating the property of the Public.

Q. And his amusement?

A. In annoying the Public by all the devices of lumbering obstruction, foul language, and brutal horseplay.

Q. Is no provision made against his too free indulgence in these enjoyments?

A. The Police are—by some gentle optimists—supposed to "keep an eye" on him. But that "eye" being generally very "far" indeed, and, when "near" chiefly engaged in threatening honest flower-girls and commanding small boys, the Rough is most frequently and in most places master of the situation, and free to act out the favourite Street-drama, known as "The Three Stages of Ruffianism."

Q. What are these three stages?

A. Brutal skylarking, drunken bestiality, and homicidal violence.

Q. Are no restrictions placed by Authority upon the use—or abuse—of the public thoroughfares?

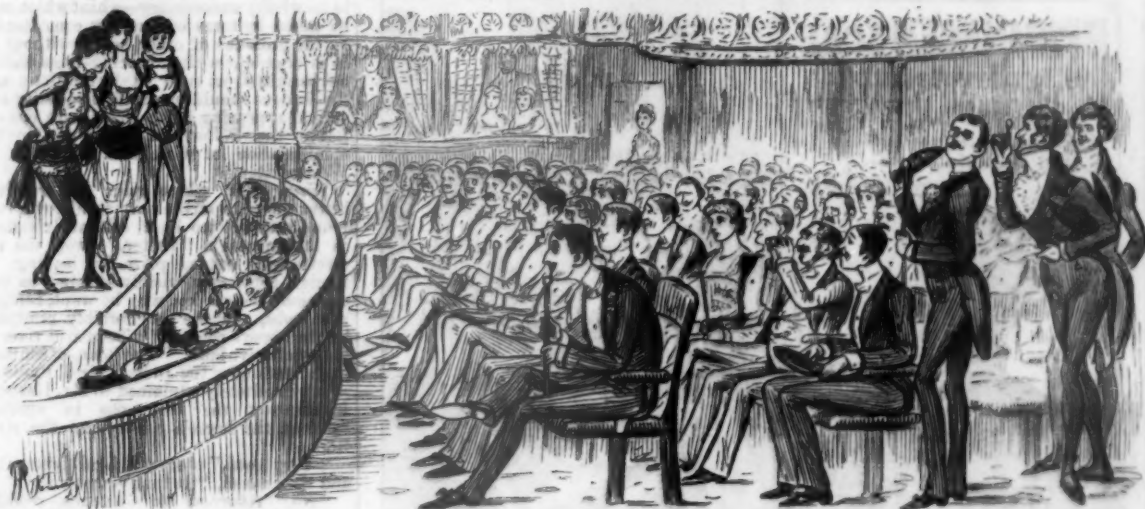
A. Many. For example, an inexperienced stranger pausing to look at a passing show, a girl attempting to sell a bootlace or a bunch of violets, a homeless outcast trying to snatch a short sleep on a little-used doorstep, an innocent wayfarer fainting from privation or disease,—all these are extremely liable to be "moved on" with churchy indignity, or "run in" with indiscriminate violence. But there are certain classes who are the chartered libertines of the London Streets.

Q. Name some of these.

A. Exceptional privileges appear to be reserved for the following—

1. The Bumbledom that blocks and bemuddles.
2. The Ruffianism that revolts and endangers.
3. The flaunting Vice that obstructs and demoralises.
4. The carelessness that befools and imperils. (As instanced by the dirty idiots who cast orange-peel, and more objectionable filth, upon the pavements.)
5. Last—but, in these days, scarcely least—the "colossal" Advertiser, who disfigures London from end to end with his blazing abominations, making every hoarding an eyesore, and every street-corner a public nuisance.

MODERN LIFE IN LONDON; OR, "TOM AND JERRY" BACK AGAIN.



TOM, JERRY, AND YOUNG LOGIC AT THE PLAY.

"We shall be quite game to go to the Theatre, my dear Bob," said the CORINTHIAN one morning, when young LOGIC suggested that they should patronise a TEMPLE OF THESES. "True in old days JERRY and I only took an occasional glimpse at the play at 'Old Drury,' and a look at the Stage at Covent Garden Theatre; but since our object is life and improvement, we will accept your invitation." "Ah!" said young BOB, looking rather nonplussed, "I think I can promise you life at the play, but I am not so sure about improvement." "Well," said the CORINTHIAN, "so long as there are gay moments, all will be 'merry as a marriage bell'; but have you no KEMBLE, KEAN, or MACREADY to interpret with histrionic skill the genius of SHAKESPEARE, and render the Bard of Avon truly sublime?" "Oh," said young LOGIC, "if it's SHAKESPEARE you want, you must go to another shop, and not to the theatre I am aiming at. Fact is, don't you know, we consider the Bard quite played out, nowadays. Give you my word that those fellows who write burlesques can beat him easy; and hang me if I think THE FARRER or THE VAUGHAN would condescend to play in him." "You astonish me, Bob," said the CORINTHIAN. "Where then is this theatre, the players at which are above SHAKESPEARE; I am quite curious to see it." "So am I," cried JERRY. "I agree with my Coz, and though I never read SHAKESPEARE myself, we had a large copy at Hawthorn Hall, and I have always heard my father say, that though he did 'get into trouble' for poaching, when a boy, he was a most meritorious writer."

"There is only one theatre in London," said young LOGIC, "patronised by the 'Boys,' and that is the Gaiety. It is managed by Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, better known as Practical JOHN, and he is truly a remarkable man. He is equally at home at writing an article, or writing a letter to the newspapers, in chaffing the 'Board of Works,' or introducing the Electric Light to London, and he would at a moment's notice undertake to do the work of the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, or the LORD CHANCELLOR, or assume the Command of the Channel Fleet." "Bless me!" cried CORINTHIAN TOM, "you amaze me, such a man is thrown away on a theatre; he ought to be 'serving his country' in Parliament, and not leading a *Mug-cutting Company*." Thus, when the time arrived, Tom and JERRY were quite ready to accompany young Bob to this "much-talked-of" theatre. They found a great crowd at the door, but as their seats had been booked, they were free to enter, and when they did so, an unsurpassable scene met their optics. First, their attention was drawn to the folks in the Stalls. These seemed chiefly young men, with very shiny hair, and beautiful linen, very tight collars, and very sloping foreheads, who sat sucking large knob-sticks, and gloating over the scenes on the Stage. Here was young ALDESBROT, juvenile OXFORD, or CAMBRIDGE, in short, all the "men about town" of the day, the *gommeux* of the age, and their appearance might have afforded reflection to the philosopher. Vacuity and

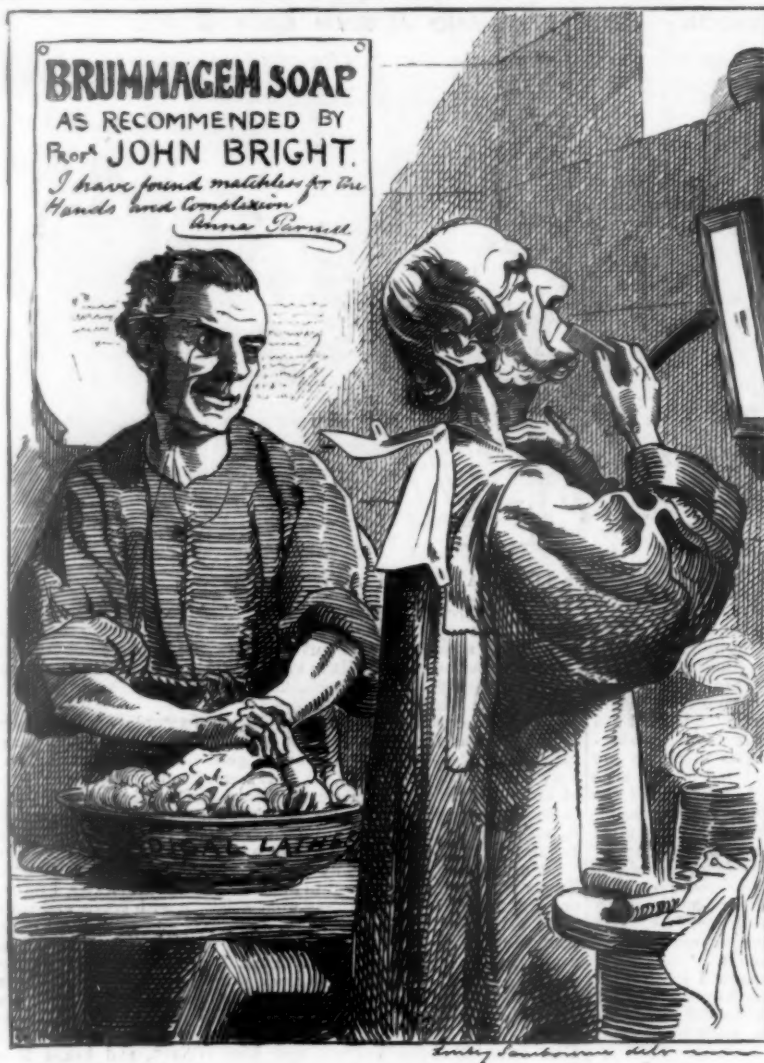
solemnity were their prevailing characteristics, and though they seemed to be enjoying the play, they "took their pleasure sadly," as if life had nothing to give but one more pun, one more dance, and one more burlesque. A HUXLEY would have found among them many near relations to the Monkey, and a DARWIN would have espied "The Missing Link."

Quite as curious, in its way, as an example of "LIFE IN LONDON," was the entertainment provided on the Stage. It was called a Burlesque-Drama, and had a good deal of the former, and very little of the latter in it, while it seemed to the uninitiated eyes of Tom and JERRY, to be a series of scenes of which they could not make "head or tail." But young LOGIC seemed to know all about it, and assured them it was quite the best thing out, while the solemn young men seemed to enjoy it as much as they could appreciate any "bit of life." The Company was a clever one, and such men as TERRY and ROYCE were equal to JOEY MUNDEN, MATTHEWS, LISTON, or HARLEY, while several young women danced with grace, and some acted with spirit. Misses FARREN, VAUGHAN, and GILCHRIST were, young BOB pointed out, the heroines of "the show," and he said he considered them real actresses. That, indeed, seemed to be the opinion of the Crowd, for encores were frequent, and many a bouquet was "hurled" over the footlights to be rewarded with a smile, though, as Tom remarked, it had to be distributed over so many adorers, that it would hardly "go round." "We have seen Miss TREE, Madame VESTRIS, and Miss O'NEIL, and heard Miss KELLY, and Miss STEPHENS, my dear LOGIC," said the CORINTHIAN, "and we are glad to see your beau idéal of the acting of the day, it is infinitely refreshing, and let us hope it will expand the mind."

The most curious "bit of life" seen that evening was, however, yet to be experienced. "Let's go round to the Stage-door," said young LOGIC, "and see the girls come out." "Certainly," said the CORINTHIAN, who had observed that young LOGIC was a great admirer of the *fair sex*. "You have friends, I presume, among the *corps de ballet*." "Oh, dear, no," said young LOGIC, "but it's 'the thing' to do, and some of the fellows know that dark girl in the third row. She ought to play Juliet, she ought. I'm sure she's clever enough." So the Trio went round to the Stage-door, and there was a crowd of our friends from the Stalls standing near the door, over which shone "THE SACRED LAMP OF BURLESQUE." 'Twas a strange sight, and characteristic of the age, to see those young men watch the "ladies" come out. These youths, Tom remarked, had been called the "*jeunesse-stagedoor*" of the period, whereupon JERRY observed that "he hoped his Cousin would not catch the infection of punning from the burlesque." Some held bouquets which they offered as the *hansoms*, *grocers*, and *bronghams* drove away with LILY, or TOTTIE, or POPPY, and the men looked down with a *slight* glance at this very serious bit of "MODERN LIFE IN LONDON."



"Coming out" at the Gaiety.



"LATHER-DAY SAINTS."

(FROM THE WELL-KNOWN MEDIEVAL MURAL DECORATIVE ADVERTISEMENT BY TRADE MARKS, R.A.)

AT THE HORSE-SHOW.

THE Horse-Show at Islington is a peculiarly British institution, like tall hats, trial by jury, and the morning tub. For we are a horsey people, and on the Continent every Englishman is supposed to be a judge of horses, although he may happen not to know fetlocks from flower-pots, and pasterns from pepper-casters. We are indeed very fond of horses, although we have not yet, as CALIGULA did, made one a Magistrate, although we frequently utilise donkeys for this office, even in Middlesex. Three great rides have been celebrated in immortal prose and verse—those of TURPIN, MAZEPPA, and GILPIN; and where is the man who does not feel for the latter, seeing that all the time he was careering up and down, his dinner was being spoiled. Now, the racers and hunters of the day may lack the *vates sacer*, and only live in the memories of bookmakers, but still we cling as fondly as ever to horseclesh; and though we cannot all be ALEXANDERS, we can at least fancy that we possess Bucephalus.

The Horse-Show, then, represents the national taste, and no wonder it is so popular. It is graced every year by the presence of Royalty; and last week the Prince and Princess of WALES, and two of their daughters, went to see the leaping. The ponies were much admired, especially Mr. DUPONT's little black pony, *Lady Jumbo*, a Circassian, which is more like a rat than anything else, being only thirty inches high. This mite took the fancy of the little Princesses very much, and was heartily cheered when it leapt a tiny hurdle. One thing must be noted, which it is to be hoped will not happen again. Many of the animals paraded before the spectators had tight bearing-reins, a fact which we commend to the attention

of Mr. FLOWER. The poor animals were thus in torture, while the gag was proved to be wholly unnecessary—a hint which may be taken by some of our low comedians—by the presence of other horses without it. It is scandalous that bearing-reins should be permitted at such an Exhibition; and the Judges should promptly disqualify any animal appearing before them with one on. Leave the *Clôture* in any form to the manipulation of Coachman WILLIAM of Westminster.

Tinder-Box, whose rider had received instructions to strike only on his own box,—and then not too hard, said an Irishman, as the animal's "tinder,"—won the red rosette, the second prize for leaping. A foreign gentleman, visibly affected on this occasion, being asked why he wept, replied, with sobs, that he was forcibly reminded by the horse's colour of a beautiful river in his own native land. "The Roan, of course," exclaimed one of the Judges, Sir C. PIGGOTT, who immediately explained to Mr. HAMMER BILLINGTON the difference in spelling between the horse's colour and the river Rhone.

"Very good," observed Lord LONSDALE, and then asked, "Is that your own?" "No," returned Sir CHARLES, readily, "and it's not *your* roan; it's Mr. HEAP's." "Thank you," rejoined the owner in question, "but I don't boast of it. To quote another *Heep*, 'I'm so 'umble.'" So they gave him the rosette, and he will live happily ever afterwards.

Mr. LEVY LAWSON took a second prize with his *Safety*, or, *In medio tutissimus*, a clever telegraph-wirey bay steed. *Happy Thought*.—Capital name for a Turkish Horse of that colour, *The Bey*.

A Verse to Home Rule.

In Westminster Palaces
We bluster and foam,
And say, if it's humble,
There's no Rule like Home.
St. Stephen's is charming,
St. Stephen's is fair,
But it's not the St. Stephen's
We long for elsewhere.
Home, Home, sweet Rule of Home!
There's no Rule like Home Rule,
No Rule like Home!

THIS from the *Times* of last Thursday:—

"Prince BISMARCK has just presented to the Botanical Garden at Düsseldorf a large tame wolf, which was given to him some time ago by a Russian Prince. The Chancellor's health is now rapidly improving, and he is expected to return to town shortly."

At first sight the connection between the improvement in the Chancellor's health and the dismissal of the wolf is not evident. No doubt the wolf worried him, and a mere lambkin like Prince BISMARCK is easily worried to death. *Happy Thought!*—When you can't keep the wolf—a tame one, of course—from the door, give him away. There is now, we apprehend, some considerable chance for the satisfactory settlement of the Egyptian difficulty.

"GREAT PAUL."—One Citizen, living in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral, observed that "the bell would make a dickens of a noise." "Dickens!" rejoined his companion, catching at the word. "I wish, instead of Great Paul, it would turn out to be little Paul Dumbey."

ULTIMATING.

(A good old Farce revived, but no Money turned away at the Doors—quite the contrary.)

British Admiral (meeting French Admiral). Enchanté, Amiral. Quite des-des anciens—(Aside.) Where the dickens is my Flag-Captain? He's the only fellow on board who can manage French subjunctives. Don't know that there ought to be a subjunctive there. Des—oh, old friends, Amiral.

French Commander. Yes, we have met before. *Trop honoré.* I think the first time was—in China.

British Admiral. Ah, yes, when we demonstrated about the big Rum Chum outrage, you remember?

French Admiral. Parfaitement. And my bill for subsequently saluting and dining the authors of the Rum Chum outrage was eighty thousand francs. Cheap, *hein?* considering the fact that we got a treaty out of them, and you didn't.

English Commander. Oh, yes we did, but as they broke both, it doesn't much matter. Some old business here, eh?

French Admiral. Même vieux jeu, comme a dit Shaguspère. Flag-Captain, go and see if it's time to open the sealed orders.

British Admiral. Aoting in concert, quite so; and Midshipman Uneasy, bring me up my sealed orders and the Greenwich time.

French Admiral. Absolutely united. (Opens Orders. *Aside.*) Must not let English land whatever happens. Perish Khedive first.

English Admiral (opening Orders. Aside.) Maintain concord and anything else you like, but if the French land a Marine, or fire a popgun—well, remember BYNG. (Aloud.) Oh, *parfaitement d'accord.*

Man at Mast-head. Another revolution up, yer Honour. HAZABI PASHA just collared the National Exchequer, and is a-trying to negotiate the National Bonds, which is all he found in it, with the ladies of the harem, who have all got money-boxes.

French Admiral. A revolution!—the fourth in six days. Then I ought to interfere. Pardon, Monsieur, allow me.

English Admiral. I must demonstrate now. Pardon, Monsieur, but that's just what I can't do. (Aside.) I do remember BYNG—it was a horrid question of bang!

French Admiral. We are thoroughly agreed. But you can't land your men. We should regard it as a *casus belli.*

Man at Mast-head. Another revolution. Circassians massacring everybody.

English Admiral. Oh, perfectly agreed. But if you land even a purser's assistant, I shall be reluctantly compelled to torpedo the lot of you.

Khedive. Somebody come and depose me; I can't stand reigning much longer.

French Admiral (winking to Turkey). I think you had better come, after all.

British Commander (same business). After all, it's in the Treaty, so you may as well produce that *gendarmérie.* Because you see we can both turn on you, and lick you together if you don't go right.

French Admiral. Quite so. And now, whom shall he lick?

English Admiral. Well, I rather think ARABI—

French Admiral. Well, I thought TEWKIE deserved as sound a thrashing as anybody.

Man at Mast-head. Killed all the Consuls now.

Turkey. Are you agreed?

British and French Admirals. Agreed! We couldn't disagree—until the next Sealed Orders come. [Curtain.]



The Rector (to Irish Plasterer). "THAT MORTAR MUST HAVE BEEN VERY BAD."

Pat (with a grin). "FAIX, YE CAN'T EXPECT THE LIKES O' GOOD ROMAN CEMENT TO STICK TO A PROTESTANT CHURCH, SOER!!"

BIG AND EARLY.

FROM an evening contemporary last week:—

"A strange story comes from Shetland of an encounter that a crew of fishermen had off the coast with an extraordinary sea monster, said to be about 150 feet in length, and which was supposed to be a species of giant cuttlefish or octopus."

Evidently the monster was brought up close to shore by the Whitsun holiday-tide, and dared to show itself when the coast was quite clear in the absence of Parliamentary Intelligence. If Egyptian and Irish affairs should grow dull, we shall look forward with interest to the report of a "fearful Struggle with a Gigantic Gooseberry off the Coast of Greenland." Sea-Serpents and others will accept this intimation, and kindly wire to our office, where any information as to their movements will be thankfully received.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM AND THE EGYPTIAN DIFFICULTY.—She knows all about it, and has got the names so correctly. "The idea," she exclaimed, "of a person called TOOTHACHE PASHA! Of course he'd give trouble. I should have him out or stopped at once."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Thursday Night, June 1.—Exhilarating but exhausting dissipation of three days' holiday over. House back again to work. Egypt and Ireland to start with. Interesting to watch ASHMEAD-BARTLETT during the peppering of Ministers with questions. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE footing it on light fantastic toe amid ancestral Pynes, drinking a toast to the bride, Blessing-you-my-children, and performing other of those friendly and fatherly duties which accord better with his kindly nature than leading RANDOLPH, WOLFF, WARTON, and the Alderman into battle. In his absence CROSS cross-examined Ministers.



Gladstone with the Irish Nihilists and the Egyptian Nile-ists.

DILKE, by putting his head on one side and facing the guilty Under-Secretary with magisterial air. "Take care, Sir, take care," he says to the PREMIER, by putting his spectacles on to bring him under closer supervision.

Half-a-dozen others follow, then ASHMEAD-BARTLETT appears on the scene. W. F. G., older in habits of deception, manages to conceal his emotion; but paper held in DILKE's hands visibly and audibly trembled. DILKE tries to put A. B. off in old style; but not to be done. Thanks to recent elision (for which see *Gazette*).

A. B. has been able to learn his brother's name off by heart, and retain it in his memory. Great weight thus removed from his mind. Its powerful machinery now entirely reserved for foreign affairs. Up again with fresh question, prefaced by same implacable fixing of eye-glass. Ministers may deceive CROSS and SMITH, and even DRUMMOND WOLFF. "But," as the Poet somewhere observes—

"But ASHMEAD B.,

He sees, see he,

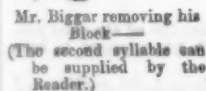
You must get up *de bonne heure* to get over me."

A man who represents Eye ought to see as far through a ladder as most people. And ASHMEAD-BARTLETT does.

Got early into Committee on Crime Bill. Mr. PARNELL returned with his most polished manner. Evidently nothing gives him so much pain as to oppose anything or anybody. His urbanity contagious. Even Mr. HEALY agrees that there may be something in views that he does not agree with. Only JOSEPH GILLIS untameable.

"Woman likes me not," JOSEPH says, "nor Man either. All things are vanity." Smiles more or less scornfully at PARNELL's placidity. When things are going on all right, when the Land League Lamb is lying down with the English Lion, when peace reigns o'er the troubled House, JOSEPH GILLIS rises in his place, and, *à propos des bottes* (fourteen buttons, price 35 francs), he calmly advances the theory that the murders in Phoenix Park were planned by the Irish Landlords, and executed by their paid emissaries. This said, JOSEPH feels he has done his duty, and is presently discovered with his head upon his breast, sunk in child-like sleep.

Business done.—Prevention of Crime Bill taken in Committee.



Mr. Biggar removing his Block—
(The second syllable can be supplied by the Reader.)

Friday Night.—Discussing Crime Bill tonight. Newspapers and newspaper writing coming up, HARCOURT takes opportunity of saying that, according to his experience, everything that appeared in a newspaper was not necessarily good, and was rarely true. Committee listens with respect always paid to man who talks on subject of which he knows something. Few men not in the profession written so much in newspapers as HARCOURT. Ought to know what he's talking about.

Business done.—Committee on Crime Prevention Bill.

MRS. RAMSDOTHMAN says that "Irritation is the surest flattery."

MR. BRIGHT, at Birmingham, praised BANCROFT without mentioning MOTLEY. This was highly appreciated by BANCROFT of the Haymarket.

ADVICE TO THE SALVATION ARMY.—"Begone, brave Army, and don't kick up a row!"

RACING NOTES BY DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR.



He showed the whey.



At the fall of the flag.



Taking up the running.



Winner sold.

THE ADJUTANT'S HORSE.

(From the Diary of a Militia Training.)

First Week.—Got a new charger from the cab-yard. My last year's mount is now permanently engaged churning clay in a brick-field. Present animal has his faults—gone in the knees, hollow back, and Roman nose. Still, he is as gentle as a lamb. Good pedigree, too. Cab-proprietor says that *Staggers* (my horse) had a cousin who once shared the same stable with a half-bred Arab. Found *Staggers* a little awkward at starting at first. However, my orderly suggested that if he made a noise like the slamming of the door of an omnibus, and called out sharply, "Higher up!" the charger would move on. Orderly perfectly right. *Staggers* seems to like the music of the band, and always walks on his hind legs when the Regimental March ("The Vagabond") is played. Orderly says he remembers him doing that in a booth at a country fair twelve years ago. On the whole, am fairly satisfied with my bargain.

Second Week.—I am afraid that *Staggers* must have led a very chequered career. He is always having embarrassing reminiscences of the past. For instance, the other day, when the Regiment was engaged in a "march out," we met a funeral. *Staggers* immediately quitted the battalion, and took up his place at the near-side leader in front of the hearse. Again we are training in the country this year, and often have some skirmishing drill on the sands. *Staggers*, noticing a bathing-machine one morning rather far out, immediately walked through the water to it, and backed into the shafts! We could not get him to rejoin "Ours" until he had taken it out. Again, on passing a common where Excursionists were enjoying themselves, he took up his place amongst some animals strikingly resembling himself, under a placard bearing the legend, "A really good ride for one penny!" All this is very annoying, and I am continually being called upon to give my "reasons in writing" for my charger's eccentric behaviour.

Third Week.—Took *Staggers* to target-practice. All went well until the first shot was fired, when the brute turned round rapidly three times, and then fell down, pretending to be dead! My orderly says he remembers him doing the very same thing five-and-twenty years ago in the *Battle of Waterloo* at Astley's. My man added, it used to be his "cud" to recover when the Clown offered him "a glass of sherry wine." As we had no means at hand of giving him his "cus," we were forced to leave him on the ground. He was driven home subsequently by a costermonger, harnessed tandem with a donkey. With this little exception, *Staggers* behaved admirably during the whole week. I have nothing to complain of except his custom of invariably taking up his place behind the last vehicle when we pass a cab-stand, from force of habit. But this is not very noticeable, as my position as Adjutant on the march is in rear of the battalion. However, I wish he wouldn't do it!



The Arrears Bill.

Fourth Week.—Really, I have got through my training very pleasantly. *Staggers* was not quite satisfactory at the inspection. I had to ride him in blinkers to prevent accidents, and to spur him vigorously when the battalion was passing a public-house. After the inspection, hard at work in the Orderly Room, and so did not go out. On the last day, having returned to Head Quarters, trotted *Staggers* back in mufti to the cab-yard. All the cats in the neighbourhood followed me. Surprised at this, until cab-master (who lives next door to a knacker's), suggested that perhaps the cats were following *Staggers*, because they thought I was going to kill him! Said he had known it happen before. Cab-master promised me the refusal of *Staggers* for the next training, subject of course to the consent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Hope I shall get him, as he is certainly the best-looking animal I have ridden for many years!

LA DAMALA AUX CAMELIAS ET LES AUTRES.

Of course there are some English plays to be seen in London, but the "other people" for the most part are to be found listening to



"After Darkness." First appearance in London of a young Actor with an honoured name, who, we hope, will stay among us, though he's "bound for Farren parts."

the members of this company were deporting themselves on the stage; for their absence must raise the average of Art in France.

M. SARAH DAMALA did not appear on Monday. He was probably learning his lesson; but on Wednesday the prize pupil of Madame BERNHARDT's Finishing Academy for Young Gentlemen was introduced by the Principal of the Establishment as *Armand Duval*, of the *Maison Duval*, in the *Dame aux Camélias*. The prize pupil is best when he has to stand still and say nothing. They are that way sometimes. He is, however, "getting a big boy now," as the Poet sings, and will soon be a credit to his teacher. What do you suppose the *Times* calls the nauseous original of *La Traviata*? "This sweetest of idyls!" We shall next look to see *Nana* described as "this most exquisite of pastorals," and *L'Assommoir* as "this most delicate of poems."

Hats off to Herr RICHTER and his band! They played BERT-

French at the Gaiety, German at Drury Lane, or Italian at Covent Garden, where most of the company are Belgians. Such is life on the English Stage. The event of the day—that is, of the Monday last week—was the return to London of Madame SARAH DAMALA BERNHARDT, accompanied by M. SARAH DAMALA BERNHARDT. SARAH was welcomed by a brilliant *Salle*. She was warmly received with five bouquets. What became of the other one—for they ought to have made up the half-dozen—is not known. *Adrienne Lecoureur* was chosen for the limp, languorous, and lackadaisical lady, and she was determined to spare nothing to attain success, particularly the paint-box. Why do French actresses "make up" so badly? Why does Madame BERNHARDT put on her lips enough vermilion to last an economical painter for three weeks?

The tail of the comet is far from brilliant. The company indeed appear to have been chosen with the benevolent idea of reconciling us to English players, and of exposing the folly of the belief that everything is good in Paris. Things are better the other side of the Channel than they were when



La Damala aux Camélias teaching the Young Ideas how to set.

HOVEN's *Fidelio* superbly, and a public which has not been educated up to the musical Dragons and other zoological curiosities over the way in the *Nibelungen*, listened with delight. The peculiarity of the performance was the demeanour of the Goaler, Rocco, who could



Fidelio. Hard-as-a-Rocco, or Jack o' Lantern, the Goaler, with Chorus of Suspects, and the different keys for them to sing in. They ought to have come on ticketed "Fourteen Days."

not for the life of him make up his mind whether he was a hardened villain with a cultivated taste for murdering his prisoners, or an amiable creature who looked on his charges quite as a little family. As for the *Meistersinger*, the shock of hearing it for the first time is too much to make criticism possible till the listener has pulled himself together. *There are tunes in it! THERE IS A WALTZ!!* Hooray for WAGNER Waltzing! "His First Waltz," companion to "WEBER's Last," which sounds as if WEBER were a Shoemaker. Shall hear the *Meistersinger* again, as will many others. *Lohengrin* one is accustomed to; but, in the face of the Critics, I don't like the fight. *Lohengrin* holds up his enchanted sword, and down goes *Tramondo*. But where is *Lohengrin's* pluck under these circumstances? The proper sort of fight for the stage is one where they go at it their "werry fiercest," and spectators grow nervous lest the wrong man should win. When there is not a considerable uncertainty as to the result of the combat in *Richard III.*, in the dual-scene of the *Corsican Brothers*, and in the bout between *Hamlet* and *Laertes*, depend upon it the Actors don't know their business, and the success of the piece is jeopardised.

Madame PAULINE LUCCA, at the Royal Italian Opera, has unfortunately left some of her top-notes behind her in Germany, but she is an Artist, and as such is welcome.



The Air-Apparent (for the first time); or, Crown Prince Wagner accompanying one of his own tunes—actually tunes—on the *Meistersinger's* Machine.

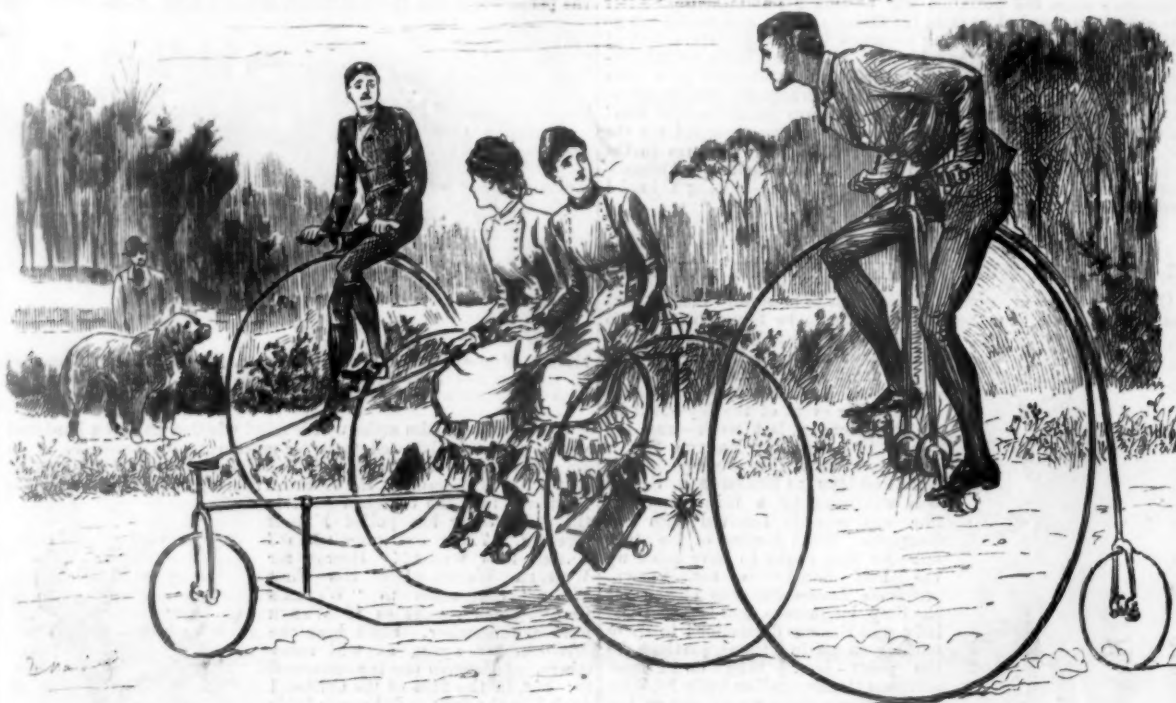
RACE-COURSE SAYINGS.

To the Owner of a Winning Horse.—I congratulate you on the easy manner you won, and I hope you are prepared with a defence. Eh? Oh, haven't you heard? Why, a member of the Jockey Club has just told me, that the Stewards are going to have you up, to explain the in-and-out running of your horse. Of course, I know you are innocent; but I may as well tell you that popular feeling is very much against you.

To the Occupants of a Regimental Drag.—Thanks. Capital lunch; wine perhaps a trifle too sweet, and I am sorry I was so late. Really, you know, when I first saw this drag, with you on it, I took it for the turn-out of some local Volunteers. Ta! ta!

To a Mistaken Backer.—Yes, I'll have a glass of the Boy with you to celebrate that last victory. Thanks. Health! Very good Boy, indeed. But I say, old chappie, you asked me to take you a 1000 to 50 about the winner. What a mistake it was to limit the price! I was a bit late in the Ring, and the best offer I could get was 1000 to 50, so I did not put a penny on for you.

To a Lady.—Your dresses are always charming; but what I admire even more, is your careful economy. It is not everybody who can discover that the dress you are wearing to-day is the one we all admired at the Oaks so much.



MODERN ATHLETICS.—A DIPLOTRIBICYCLICAL QUARTET.

HOW THIS DRAWING WOULD HAVE ASTONISHED OUR READERS TWENTY YEARS AGO!

HOLD ON!

"An awkward and even dangerous position."—*Vide Cartoon.*

HOLD ON! This bridling Behe-moth
Is a stiff business for you both;
This double mount,
On such a knife-back'd, hard-mouth'd brute,
Not either rider seems to suit,
By all account.

As headstrong as the nonde-script
O'er which good MALAPROP so tript,
This thumping lizard:
And if Leviathan will swerve
And plunge, firm seating to pre-servo
Probably is hard.

Yet all the same it must be done:
Men don't ride Crocodiles for fun,
Except in stories;
But, mounted, if the reptile flings
Its riders, why, 'ware teeth!—
which things
Are allegories.

Perehance the plan of riding
double
Began, or complicates, the trouble.
That cayman's blind
Who chance of mischief doesn't
spot
When he perceives his riders not
Both of one mind.

But, JOHN, you can't afford to fail;
Held by the head or by the tail,
The saw-toothed Saurian
You must contrive to rule and tame
Or—earn barbarian scorn, and
blame
Of the historian.

Hold on, then, JOHN! and bear
in mind
That "when two ride one rides
behind,"
Old saw hath said.
On alligator, as on horse,
That rule holds good, and so, of
course,
You'll—hold his head!

COPYRIGHT AND COPYWRONG.

THE Dramatist who dramatises his neighbour's Novel against his will, is less a Playwright than a Plagiary.

THE CUT DIRECT.—The New Cut, Lambeth.

IGNES FATUI.

Few great scientific discoveries have escaped the clutches of the Stock Exchange. The Electric Light is now the victim. A rickety bantling in its scientific form—an infant essentially in a state of pupillage—it is not yet exactly the one entire and perfect chrysolite. And yet every morning sees the creation of a new "*Will-o'-the-Wisp*" Company, formed to acquire rights that have no existence, to promise fabulous dividends, and the regeneration of the human race, and to steal the capital of the greedy fools who fish in phantom waters. The light that is destined to turn night into day will survive this degradation, as its twin brother, the electric telegraph, survived a similar attack, but the struggle with human folly will be long and hard.

From H.R.H. to the Mayor of Leicester.

[About the excited person who wanted to shake hands with the Princess.]

Mr dear Mr. Mayor, Sir, of Leicester,
As to this I do wish you'd made less stir;
Let him off, as we feel
That 'twas only his zeal,
For he never did mean to molest her.

Flagging Enthusiasm.

THIS announcement in the *Globe's* list of "to-morrow's" doings, a few days since, rather startled us:—

"Army Guild of the Holy Standard, Annual Meeting in the Trophy Room of St. Paul's Cathedral, 2-30."

This sounds uncommonly like a Salvation Army announcement. Is it possible that the Dean and Chapter have enlisted, and that the Canons are going to be utilised in the Artillery of these irregular troops? By the way, why doesn't some one start a Salvation Navy, and commence with a Salvage Crew in connection with Lloyd's? Tell this to the Marines, and ask their opinion.



"HOLD ON!"

"AN ALLEGORY ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE."—MR. MALAPROP.

OUR ACADEMY GUIDE.



No. 618. Paul Pry's Practical Joke with the Piano. Carl Schloesser.



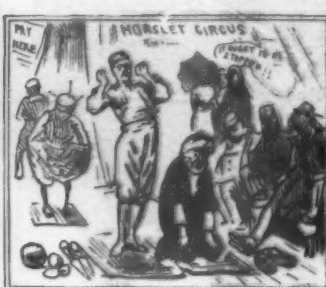
No. 558. The Refractory Lay Figure. Vol. Frinsep, A.R.A.



No. 237. Harem-Scare 'em! Knight Warren.



No. 512. "Set Fair." G. D. Leslie, R.A.



No. 522. Sur le Tapie; or, "Just a-go-in' to Begin!" Walter C. Horsley.



No. 351. The Commencement of Rheumatism. E. H. Fahey. N.B.—Reverse the picture, and you will see the sequel.



No. 649. Dr. Birch and his young Friends; or, Let me Whip him for his Brother. Walter S. Stacey.

REMARKABLE ROMANCES.

(By a Rambler.)

NO. V.—THE CRITIC.

MR. CHIFFONIER PRIGGS, of Peckham Rye, was born a man—no, I mean, a baby of letters. His father knew, the moment that he gazed upon his abnormally developed head, that CHIFFONIER was destined to become a MACAULAY, a SHAKESPEARE, or a SAMUEL JOHNSON; but his mother secretly inclined to the belief that she had brought into the world a future Bishop or Dean of the Established Church. Thus it was that almost before he could speak, CHIFFONIER knew that he was to be a GREAT MAN. To do him justice, he at once realised the responsibilities incurred by his position. Instead of wasting his time at marbles, he would ponder over the cardboard globes in his father's study; while other boys were indulging in cricket, CHIFFONIER was delivering stump orations to his little sisters in the back garden; and when his associates were making the air hideous with penny whistles, Jew's harps, and other deuced blowers of their own trumpets.

In this way CHIFFONIER grew up to be good and virtuous. He was never birched or caned, and if occasionally the shoe leather of his schoolfellows was brought into violent contact with his own broadcloth, it must be set down to the fact that they were of that common and vulgar earth, which furnishes the world with its ordinary citizens. You cannot make porcelain from brickmaker's clay. On each and every occasion when he suffered, CHIFFONIER would enter the particulars in his diary.

"They will be of great service," he would say to himself, "when my juvenile experiences come to be recorded in the *Boyhood of Great Men*."

Though studious, he was, however, by no means plodding, for he

was aware that Genius is never thus. It was only when the days of Examination approached that he would gorge his mind with facts and figures, so as to enable him to bear home pretty, gilt-edged, calf-bound volumes to his delighted parents. Had his father not died before his preparatory education was completed, he would certainly have gone up to one of the two leading Universities. This was the more provoking, as, had he honoured Oxford with his choice, he would without doubt have carried off the Newdigate, inasmuch as he had discovered himself to be a Dramatic Poet of no mean order. The time for a first-class being of this kind had, he argued with himself, come round in the cycle of events. SHAKESPEARE had been dead for these three hundred years, and no one had yet been born to compete for the pride of place with the Bard of Avon. CHIFFONIER PRIGGS resolved not to shirk the contest. He therefore set to work on a play which should earn for him the income of a patent-medicine-monger, and the posthumous honours of Westminster Abbey.

When the *magnum opus* was finished (it took PRIGGS at least three weeks to write), he read it at a solemn family conclave. There were present his mother, his sisters, and his uncle and guardian, who had lately threatened "to make that young jackanapes put his shoulder to the wheel, and do something for a living." The piece was in six Acts, and in blank verse. It was called *Columbus*. The Author delivered his speeches with coolness and fervour and pathos. His mother applauded and his sisters laughed in the wrong places, but his avuncular relative preserved a stony silence, and stolidly drank gin and water. At the end of the fifth Act, however, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and asked, "When are we coming to the discovery of America?"

"That is far too vulgar an incident for my drama," replied CHIFFONIER, loftily.

"Might I inquire," continued his uncle, "why your characters don't speak the Queen's English?"

"Great heavens!" cried PRIGGS, "it's blank verse!"

"It's the blankest verse I ever listened to," snorted the Philistine, "and into my counting-house you go to-morrow."

And in truth in less than a week CHIFFONIER was perched on a high stool, entering the price of currants and sage in a ledger.

"CHATTERTON," he whispered to a fellow clerk, "was not more appreciated than I am."

"Was it before he took Drury Lane Theatre?" asked the other. CHIFFONIER only shuddered.

But despite his mercantile pursuits, he did not abandon his strivings



ECHOES FROM ASCOT.

WHY am I here? Why, my doctor ordered me quiet and change of air. So, after we have finished our fourth peg, we will just toddle round to the Ring, and see what they are doing about the Cup.

I can assure you I *only* come for the dear girls' sake. They would have been so disappointed if I had refused. Yes, thank you, I *will* take a little Mayonnaise of salmon, and *mind* you put Apollinaris in the champagne!

Mamma will be dreadfully angry if you don't go away. She's looking at us! Take out your note-book—quick! Yes, Mr. PENNYWISE, my size is small sizes!

Allow me to introduce: "General" BOOTH—Cardinal MANNING.

My dear Bishops, I think all of you know Mr. IRVING?

I consider Ascot the pleasantest meeting of the year. Yes, I shall be at Tattersall's on Monday. Shall take it on my way to my banker's.

Always think Ascot beastly! 'Spouse I shall be at Tattersall's on Monday. Shall have to look at my banking account first, though!

"*TEMPORA mutantur*," as the School-Boarded Railway Porter observed, when a Traveller had just missed his train in consequence of having trusted to last month's Guide.

AN IRISH SOLUTION OF THE EGYPTIAN DIFFICULTY.—
"ARA-HI Aisy!"

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 87.



SIR JOHN BENNET LAWES, BART.

THE AGRICULTURAL LAWES, THE NEW WHEEL-BARROW-NET.
MOTTO, "LAUS ET HONOR."

STUDD AND TEAM.

THE fashion in evening dress of wearing a *solitaire* in the shirt-front will now be given up by all Cricketers out of compliment to the three STUDDS. That the STUDD Brothers have made a profound study of the noble art of Cricket may be gathered from the fact of their having made 297 runs between them in the Cambridge victory over the Australian team. Landlord, fill the flowing bowl! Here's their health! And another to battering-Ramsay, and another to Lord GAMP—no, beg pardon, we mean Lord HARRIS—"only but for his manly letters signed and sealed," said a certain sceptical Prig, "I didn't believe there wasn't no such person." Why, of course there is. Isn't he evidently a member of the Harris-tocracy? How's that, Umpire? Not out. Over!

MR. J. L. TOOLE, writing to Mr. W. E. GLADSTONE, informs him that, as a politician, he entirely approves of sending "Sealed Orders" to the Fleet. He has himself adopted the idea, and is now sending "Sealed Orders" for his theatre to all the naval stations. Begs to enclose a specimen to the PREMIER of "Signed and Sealed Orders" for any night, but "N.B. not admitted after seven, and evening dress indispensable. Excuse my glove. Love to HERBERT. Yours ever, J. L. T."

after stage-effect. He even descended from his lofty pinnacle and gallantly bombarded Managers to no purpose, as many a deserted pigeon-hole and crammed waste-paper basket could tell, were they gifted with speech, with comedies, farces, and burlesques. He frequented the society of Actors, and got himself elected to a so-called Theatrical Club, where he sat up all night, caustically and caustically pointing out the obvious demerits of the pieces then running. Here it was that he made the acquaintance of one, FLOATS, the Manager of a Playhouse, and of GRUBLEY, the Editor of the *Griffin*.

Now it so happened that FLOATS, having had six successive failures written by six eminent Dramatists, and having by him a French play which he wanted cheaply and speedily rendered into English, under the influence of despair and brandy-and-water, intrusted the adaptation to CHIFFONIER. The young man felt that the time had come, and set to work at once with the ardour of HANNIBAL, and the certainty of a NAPOLEON. Not unsuccessfully, he flattered himself, when he had eliminated all the coarse Gallic humour, and when he had Anglicised all the characters by converting them into Lords and Ladies, Baronets, Squires, and other ingredients of what is known as Society. And of course he took care to make use of much of the beautiful poetry which he had composed for *Columbus*. Naturally sundry improbable situations and impossible complications remained, but it is unlikely that a strong suspicion of a breach of the Seventh Commandment should have been the reason why Manager FLOATS was provided with a Seventh failure. But so it was, the spectators stoned the play to death, and the critics danced with glee upon the corpse.

CHIFFONIER felt that the sorrows of JOB and WERTHER were but sea-bites compared with his. For six weeks he mourned with a face as long as a double-bass, and led the sad life of a hermit of old, craving as it were for death. At last, finding that his dissolution did not come, he ventured back to the Club, and marvelled greatly to find that no one even remembered the title of his abortive dramatic effort. So he plucked up his spirits, called for poached eggs and

stout, and let his tongue run loose with the satiric freedom of former days. At last he and GRUBLEY, the Editor, were left at cock-crow with no other companions than empty glasses, cigar-ends, and two yawning waiters.

"You seem to talk a great deal about what you don't understand," said the Editor. "It strikes me that you're just the man I want. My dramatic critic is leaving me; would you care to have a try for his shop?"

CHIFFONIER's feet swelled in his boots, and a button flew off his waistcoat, at the offer. He even forgave, in his gladness, the uncomplimentary opening of GRUBLEY's address.

"I will do my best," he cried.

"Good!" said the other. "There's an Original Comedy coming out to-morrow at the Peristyle. Let me see what you can do with it."

PRIGGS did this with it:—

"Since the days of Mrs. APHERA BEHN and GEORGE COLMAN the Younger, the specific qualities necessary for the realisation of Art in its dramatic form have scarcely ever been thoroughly developed in that degree which is at once agreeable to the not too captious taste of the ordinary playgoer, and to the more eclectic discrimination of the Critic. Art, to be Art, must be Art and not Artifice. The hedge-sparrow, in the hands of an experienced *ordon bleu*, may make a *salmi* calculated to deceive the vulgar, but it can no more obtain with the connoisseur as the ortolan or *beccafico*, than can a Wardour Street 'pot-boiler' pass muster for a masterpiece by PETER PAUL RUBENS or WILLIAM MALLORD TURNER. The new comedy, *Water-nymphs*, though enthusiastically received by, to say the least of it, a very friendly audience, is mediocre beyond mediocrity. Scarcely have we done laughing at a situation or a joke, when we remember that the same joke and the same situation might very possibly have done duty scores of times before. Indeed, to call *Water-nymphs* an 'original' work is about its only original attribute. Originality, to be original, must strike us with the freshness of a prismatic



BARTER.

Visitor (who could hardly get into the Studio for Packing-cases). "HULLO! WHAT THE DEUCE 'S THE MEANING OF ALL THIS? MOVING?"
 Artist (with some embarrassment). "NO; FACT IS I—I—YOU KNOW THE ACADEMY TURNED OUT MY—" (Friend answers by a glance of indignant sympathy.) "WELL—AN AGRICULTURAL PARTY WANTED IT, AND I TOOK HIS OFFER—FIVE-AND-TWENTY POUNDS AND THIS TWO TONS OF CATTLE SPICE! BUT"—(noticing his Friend's look of dismay)—"I'VE GOT RID OF IT, OLD FELLOW. EXPECT THE WAGGON EVERY MINUTE. BUSINESS MAN—FRIEND O' MINE—AGREED TO TAKE IT OFF MY HANDS FOR A TEN-POUND NOTE AND THE REST IN BACON! MORE USEFUL, Y'KNOW!" [They light up.]

combination of colour, whether bright or sombre, or of that indescribable tint, which is so hard to be described, yet which is so easily to be recognised by those true disciples whose artistic perception is not dulled by constant contact with the gaudy atrocities of the Great Uncultured."

"This will do," said the Editor, abruptly folding up the manuscript. "Just what I want. Do you understand music?" he asked CHIFFONIER, who had brought his own effusion, and was now beaming like a full moon.

"I can play the flute a little," he answered.
 "That's enough," cried GRUBLEY. "Try your hand at this Comic Opera, which comes out to-morrow. It's from the French. Been a great go in Paris. Now be off."

This is what CHIFFONIER did with the Opera:—

"Last night, at the Ambiguous Comic, was produced one of those sparkling operatic gems which the Management of this popular little theatre has from time to time caused to be repolished for the English stage. *La Petite Cocodette*, as originally produced in Paris, would doubtless have been too strong for our insular palates, and accordingly M. BARNET, the adapter, we might almost say Author, has refitted it with the pointed dialogue and exquisitely turned lyrics for which he is so renowned. Some of the jokes, notably the oft-recurring one allotted to *King Saccharino*, 'Do you see the point of my boot?' caused the spectators to shriek with laughter, while the tenor ballad, '*Let Cleopatra's Needle Dwindle*,' the comic song, '*Bing! Bang! Bong! am I Going Wrong?*' '*The Knight's Shirty Chorus*,' and the exquisite chansonnette, '*When Pussy Meows upon the Tiles*,' are morceaux which will soon be the property alike of the drawing-room and the barrel-organ."

Mr. GRUBLEY did not read any more. He was satisfied. As Critic of the *Griffin*, Mr. CHIFFONIER PRIGGS has become a shining light in literary and artistic circles. He has condescended to "arrange" several plays of foreign origin for friendly Managers, he is consistently opposed to, and readily nips the feeble dramatic growth of

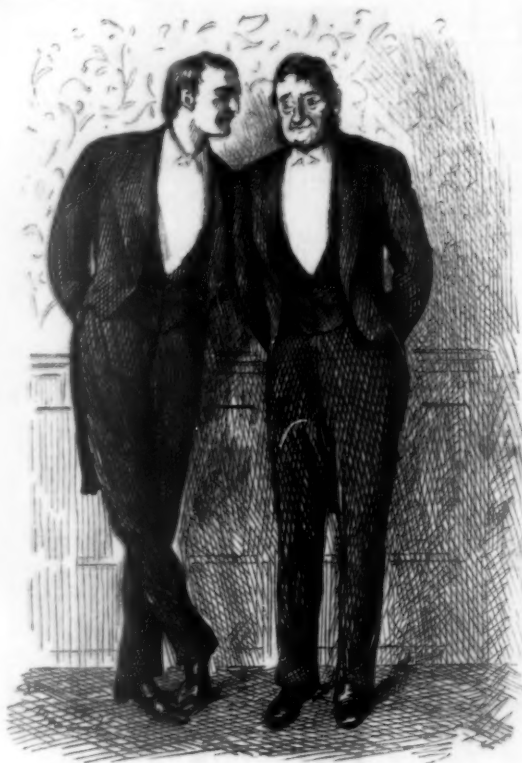
his native land, and GRUBLEY has cheerfully paid the damages and costs incurred more than once by his Critic's exuberance of pen. CHIFFONIER can now afford to look down upon his uncle and his office. As his parents, and doubtless the stars, foretold, he is a GREAT MAN. Has he not fulfilled his highest ambition?

ARMA VIROSQUE.



NEW KNIGHTS—THE OGG IN ARMOUR AND HANSON'S PATENT.

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM writes to ask us where she can obtain a *Tabular Razor*. She is anxious to make a present to her Nephew, who is just beginning to shave.



MATERIA MEDICA.

American Physician (to English Ditto). "NOW IN VIENNA THEY'RE FIRST-RATE AT DIAGNOSIS; BUT THEN, YOU SEE, THEY ALWAYS MAKE A POINT OF CONFIRMING IT BY A POST-MORTEM!"

A HANDBOOK TO KNOWLEDGE.

No. IV.—THE WAITER.

Q. What is a Waiter?

A. An Attendant for whom one has to wait.

Q. Was that the original meaning of the word?

A. No; it originally signified one who waited upon others. But that sense of the word is almost obsolete.

Q. How is this singular inversion to be accounted for?

A. In many ways. Among contributing causes may be mentioned:—

1. The spread of that particular sense of dignity which manifests itself in cold abstraction of gaze and lofty indifference of demeanour.

2. The growing interest in that which used to be described as "the sport of Kings," but may now better be described as the chief business of Waiters—viz., horse-racing.

3. The fascinations of female converse.

4. The exigencies of the toilet, more particularly in respect of moustaches and finger-nails.

Q. What is commonly the first effect of calling a Waiter?

A. Instantaneous development of stone-deafness on his part.

Q. How is this singularly sudden affliction manifested?

A. By his gazing at you with an expression of tranced immobility, or turning his back upon you and solicitously folding a super-numerary *serviette* into the shape of a cocked hat, or *fleur-de-lis*.

Q. If you raise your voice, what follows?

A. His rapid retreat to the farther end of the apartment.

Q. On what errand?

A. None.

Q. What should be the would-be diner's next proceeding?

A. That depends upon his physical gifts. If he should happen to possess an unusually powerful voice, an imperative and *staccato* summons, several times repeated, may, eventually, bring the errant one slowly and reluctantly to his elbow. If his vocal powers are

small, or should he object to public declamation, his only course is to wait patiently until the Waiter chances to be strolling again in his direction.

Q. When again within vocal range, what is usually the Waiter's next proceeding?

A. To blow down the back of your neck?

Q. What is the reason of this action?

A. Research has not yet discovered whether it is a mystic professional rite, or a subtle form of vengeance.

Q. But what if you remonstrate against this annoyance?

A. He does it again, under cover of an apology.

Q. Are all Waiters subject to this disorder?

A. Not in this precise form. Some simply snort at you, others whisper confidentially and odorously in your ear; others, again, kick the legs of your chair, or ruffle your back-hair with their elbows or table-napkins; but all these are shrewdly supposed to be varied symptoms of the same disorder, "a malady most incident to"—Waiters, the roots of which are to be found in clumsiness combined with self-conceit.

Q. What is the Waiter's next proceeding?

A. To perform the ceremony known as "taking your orders."

Q. In what does this consist?

A. Mainly in prolonged interrogation and ingenious misconstruction.

Q. Explain this.

A. No self-respecting Waiter will grasp the meaning of your commands without many repetitions of his shibboleths, "Hay, Sir?" and "Wotsy, Sir?" or having—apparently—grasped that meaning, carry them out without such modifications and perversions as commend themselves to his independent judgment or his sense of humour.

Q. Having approximately realised your desires, what does he next proceed to do?

A. Bring you what you have—or have not—called for, in instalments, at intervals as long as possible, taking care, for example, that the potatoes shall by no means accompany the meat, and that the peas shall not come until the potatoes are cold.

Q. What does he do during these intervals?

A. This is a mystery that cannot be solved with certainty. It has, however, been conjectured that he may occupy the time in composing epics, or travelling in foreign parts.

Q. What other specialities of the craft can you mention?

A. There are many, including those common to the class, and those peculiar to the individual. The Hotel Waiter, the Restaurant Waiter, and the Waiter at public dinners have, each of them, peculiarities, manners, and manoeuvres of their own. There is the stolid and stony Waiter, afflicted with chronic stiff neck, who obeys your behests resentfully and under protest, suggestive of his being a high-minded Seraph in temporary subjection to a purse-proud Philistine. There is also the effusively confidential Waiter, who hovers about you like an affable bluebottle, softly buzzing gratuitous advice into your ears, strongly counselling you to refrain from the dish of your choice, and pertinaciously urging you to "try just a little bit of" whatever you have decided to pass. Again, there is that highly obnoxious Waiter—common at public dinners—who comes round to you towards the end of the repast, and interrupts the conversation between you and your neighbour, to ask in a severely tip-suggestive manner, if "there is anything more as he can do for you, as he is hoff." But perhaps the most unpleasant peculiarities of Waiters come out in connection with the heavy ordeal known as "Settling."

Q. Mention some of the salient peculiarities of this process.

A. There being no fixed rule in the matter, you never know whom you are to pay—the Waiter who has attended you, or some other solid and superior personage summoned specially for the purpose. In the former case the Waiter will most probably affect shortness of memory, and question you closely as to "Wot you've 'ad, Sir," correcting you sharply, however, in case of lapse or error on your part. He will probably also persist in shouting aloud the prices of the several items and the amount of the total, especially if you have a companion whom you do not wish to be informed on these points. In the latter case, you are subject to a stern and suspicious cross-examination, which inspires you with a passionate desire to make lethal use of the water-bottle. Finally, there is the great "tip"-torture.

Q. What is a "tip"?

A. An undefined quantity of coin of the realm, bestowed, by voluntary compulsion, upon one Waiter for doing his office badly; upon another for not doing any office at all, or—as is more commonly the case—upon both; producing in you a sense of being abominably "done," and in the Waiter, or Waiters, ingeniously-varied expressions of dissatisfaction, derision, and disgust.

SOME of the Egyptians profess great admiration for Mr. GLADSTONE, as they have heard that when axe in hand he is such a fellow!



NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

"WAITER! SNUFF-BOX!"

"SNUFF-BOX, SIR! NO, SIR. SORRY TO SAY I'VE NOT, SIR. AND I'M AFRAID NONE OF OUR WAITERS DON'T TAKE SNUFF, SIR."

FROM A SPANISH SUNNY 'UN.

THE back-yard of the Englishman is the palace of the Sevillian. He retires from the sun on the lines laid down by his Moorish predecessors, and lives half the day in a marble court, like the Alhambra Court at the Crystal Palace. If little footway is dedicated to the public, that little is scrupulously clean and sweet. The houses almost kiss each other, and the blue sky above, when it is turned to fire in the summer, is shut out by awnings drawn from roof to roof. The scent of the orange groves is in the air, and the promised garlick has to be sought after to be found.

The government of Spain is a mixed monarchy, consisting of the King and the Bull-Fighter. In Madrid, the King may have a little the best of the bargain; but in Seville the Bull-fighter is decidedly triumphant. He holds his court in the narrow streets, in the *cafés*, and public places. In some of the shops the people bend the knee to him if he is a leader of his tribe, and all his inferiors in the ring show him this mark of homage.

The Spaniards would be a charming people if they were only a little more musical. If some one would teach them to play the guitar or the castanets, as they are popularly supposed to play them, they would be less disappointing to the British traveller. Their national air, anthem, or march, is a melancholy production. It is the tune the traditional cow died of, and no one can blame the cow. Their bulls (and horses) die to much more lively music, selected from the Casinos of Paris.

The economical arrangements of Seville are of what may be called a fatherly character. Food, as a rule, is sold in the public market, and nowhere else. It is sold at a very early hour, and at no other time. The prices are fixed by the Town Council from day to day. The prices are not moderate. The poor and proud Hidalgo must have a bad time of it. No wonder the proverb says, his breakfast-table consists of very little meat and a great deal of table-cloth.

The shops in the narrow streets and alleys are chiefly devoted to the sale of fancy articles—mostly French and English. The mantillas appear to come from the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road, and to be made of lace that is intended for window-curtains. The barbers are as numerous as gin-shops in England. They are not Figaros in liveliness, but they know how to shave.

The amusements of Seville (always excepting bull-fights) are rather melancholy. Spanish dancing appears to be a fading art. LOPEZ DE VEGA wrote four thousand plays, but they seldom represent them. Mosquitos sting you in the houses, and beggars pester you in the streets. Spain can compete with Russia in the public exhibition of curious and wretched cripples.

Having written this much with a quill evidently drawn from the fretful porcupine, let us do justice to the brighter side of Seville. You mix with a people sober, polite, and orderly. You are in a city of flowers. There is no smoke in the air, for there is not a fire-place or a chimney-pot in Seville. Gardens run along the housetops, and orange-trees grow in the few little public squares. Dark-eyed Rosinas peep at you like caged birds from windows barred with iron-work as delicate as a spider's web. On every side—in every nook and corner—are traces of the Moorish past. You turn aside and find yourself in a garden of palms that is older than COLUMBUS, or the continent he discovered. You can sit by the side of a cool fountain, and dream a dream of the *Arabian Nights*.

PRINCEDOM FOR PREFERENCE.

AIR—"The Pope he leads a Happy Life."

I WOULD not change my mean estate
To reign a Despot e'er so great,
Nor swap this easy chair, to own
The greatest King's or Kaiser's throne.

The life that I should lead in dread
Of daggers, dynamite, and lead,
Not e'en would Royal fare repay,
Though, sure till death, three meals a day.

The Principedom of a people free
Would rather seem the berth for me,—
But such a Prince must bear the weight
Of pomp and ceremony and state.

There's some foundation-stone to lay,
Some place to open, day by day;
Some public dinner to attend,
And make a speech—of bores no end.

He has to "show" at many a play,
When he'd much sooner keep away.
What trouble princely rank entails!
—I'm glad I'm not the Prince of WALES.

The only Prince I'd care to be
Enjoys his Principality;
Alone of Princes, all I know,
I'd be the Prince of MONA-co.

For his domain, so snug and small,
Exertion costs him none at all.
Whilst loyal subjects love the reign
They pay no taxes to maintain.

Since Monte Carlo's Table pays
What revenue he needs to raise.
Your conscientious scruples blow!
Would I were Prince of MONA-co!

GOOD OMEN.—It is stated that, after this Session, Mr. RICHARD POWER will retire from the office of Whip to the Land League Party. Not the first sign by any means of the Land-Leaguers losing power.

FISHING PROSPECTS.



"A Salmon taking a Fly."



THE BELL OF THE SEASON.

"THE EGYPTIAN DIFFICULTY" is described by a holder of Unified as a Question of the Greatest Interest.

To the Right Hon. Mr. FAWCETT, Postmaster-General:—"We pause for a reply"—post-card.



LUCID!

Dear Old Mrs. Mopples (who takes such an interest in the Workmen). "WELL, SMITHERS, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO THIS MORNING?"

Smithers. "WELL, M'UM, I'VE JUST UNSCREWED THIS 'ERE UNION, TO THREAD IT, AND I SHALL SOLDER IT UP WITH ANOTHER WASHER, CONNECT IT WITH THE DOWN SPOUT ON RETURN FROM THE MAIN, LOWER THE BALL TAP THREE INCHES, AND STRAIGHTEN THE LEVER, SO AS TO PERVENT THE TANK FROM OVERFLOWING, AND THEN——"

Mrs. Mopples. "AH, YES. THAT'S QUITE RIGHT, SMITHERS!"

[Exit, satisfied.]

THE WAGS OF WATERLOO AGAIN.

It is not very startling news that last week Ascot Races were held. Most people knew the date beforehand and made their arrangements accordingly. Not so the Wags of Waterloo. Late on Monday night one of them must have seen a newspaper contents bill with the words "Ascot Races" on it, when possibly the following scene occurred—

Literary Wag (bursting into *Traffic Manager's* room). I say, I believe Ascot Races come off to-morrow.

Traffic Manager (doubtingly). No, really. (Blows through tube.) Send for the *Sporting Times*.

Literary Wag. If it is so, I suppose we ought to do something.

Traffic Manager (sternly). Leave that to me. Do you know, Sir, that there is now a train from Shepperton which does the distance, eighteen miles, in one hour.

Literary Wag. Come! come! you're chaffing.

Traffic Manager. No! fact, upon my word. (*Sporting Times* arrives.) By Jove! Ascot Races are to-morrow! (Blows through tube.) Stop all the regular trains. Make everybody generally uncomfortable. Blow the season-ticket holders, and above all double all the fares.

Literary Wag (going). Wonderful man! What a head for business! Wonderful! Wonderful!

This is what we suppose must have occurred, or otherwise we cannot understand the hopeless bungle of unpunctuality and discomfort into which the traffic of the Waterloo Loop Line was reduced during "Royal Ascot."

TRUE SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—We were right again! Bruce won the Grand Prix. What did we say about a Rymillionaire? Didn't we advise all our readers to put their money on Bruce for the Grand Prix, and back him heavily? Well, if we didn't, we meant to.

TO SIR WILLIAM THE OPTIMIST.

We may recommend the following slight alteration of an old song to the serious and immediate attention of the Seldom-at-Home Secretary:—

"If a Bobby sees a body
Floating high and dry,
Need a Bobby seize that body—
Need a Bobby cry?"

We know that Sir W. V. H. is a firm believer in the perfectibility of everything, from Convict Prisons and Industrial Schools to Police efficiency and the Arcadian state of the Metropolis. He can no more believe in the disgraceful fact that one or two people die every week in London of absolute starvation, than he can believe in the dangers of the Thames Embankment. A Blue-Book just published, which states that for the last five years nearly two thousand bodies have been found in the Thames within the Metropolitan District, or an average of one body a day, and that six hundred and thirteen of these bodies, or nearly three a week, may be taken to represent undiscovered murders, is doubtless regarded by the Seldom-at-Home Secretary as a collection of stories that may be told to the Marines. If some eccentric capitalist would buy the hideous abortion on the Thames Embankment which was meant for an Opera-House, and turn it into a gigantic Morgue for the reception of these bodies, perhaps the Seldom-at-Home Secretary would then believe his eyes, or, failing his eyes, the evidence of his other senses?

"KNEE PLUS ULTRA."—Dr. MUTERHEAD LITTLE has done a big thing. He has published—or rather he has written, and LONGMANS has published the Little man's book—a work on Treatment of In-Knee Distortion without surgical operation—the only cuts necessary being the wood-cuts which illustrate the subject. Here is a friend indeed to all friends in-knee'd!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

MONDAY Night, June 5. House of Lords.—Lord REDENSDALE fast asleep in the Chair at the table, at which Lord SALISBURY stands



THE PROTEAN ENTERTAINER, OR, HOW DID HE DO IT?

To celebrate the Queen's birthday, Mr. Gladstone gave two full-dress dinner parties on the same evening; one as Premier, and the other as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Afterwards at midnight he went down to The Durdans. How did he do it? With a couple of "doubles" after the Corsican Brother fashion?—

making pleasing GLADSTONE's relation. Interesting tion of noble Lords dangerous position Committees. His left shoulder; his and it is only by a brings himself up. pen supposing he his equilibrium? Chairman of Com-covered at full Table, or between Leader of Opposi-dressing the House. no precedent for of Committees a so waking him. ening in intensity DALE, after a lurch heart of every mouth of long descent, awoke, and glaring round the Table, making Lord COTTELOE tremble in his short jacket, cried "Order! order!"



—And then went down "doubled up" to Dame Durdans? or alone did he do it with "trick wigs," two disguises, and a dummy? "Grand old man!"

remarks as to Mr. tions with Mr. PAR-speech, but atten-distracted by the of Chairman of head falls on his body sways over, desperate jerk he What would hap-pailed to recover No precedent for mittes being dis-length under the the legs of the tion as he is ad-On the other hand giving Chairman dig in the ribs and Excitement deep-when Lord REDEN-which brought the noble Lord into his

Business done.—Dead horse of the Kilmainham Compact flogged. Commons discussing the Prevention of Crime Bill.

Tuesday Night.—The O'Kelly shall burst to-night quite unexpectedly. Mr. FORSTER the slow-match. Been away for a few days in places where Mr. HEALY ceases from troubling, and Chief Secretary at rest. Came back to-night, looking as ruffled as ever. Mr. BARRAN, who regards him with despair, says the time when he put on his own coat, brushed his hair, and wore a collar to fit him, was exceptional, and not likely to recur. Now FORSTER goes his old way, puts on the first coat he finds at hand, and only has trowsers of tolerable fit, because these are garments not usually found lying about the Cloak-Room at the Club or the House.

Mr. McLAGAN began sniffing round as soon as FORSTER entered; felt about in his pockets to see if anything smouldering. Nobody took any notice of that. These Chairmen of Fire Insurance Companies always suspecting Fire. The O'KELLY sat nearly opposite FORSTER, with arms folded, brow lowering, and chest protuberant. "Wisely swelling afore our werry eyes, like the Fat Boy at his meals," says Lord EDMUND FITZMAURICE.

Still, nobody noticed the danger. Slow-match burning steadily. PARNELL commenced by an attack on the long-suffering FORSTER, who of course must answer it. Then Mr. HORWOOD appeared on the scene, interrupting counsel as if he were Master of the Rolls. PARNELL snapped back at the learned judge, who went on noting the evidence in Cignified silence. When FORSTER rose, Mr. HORWOOD up again. Very sorry; Mr. PARNELL his friend; often helped him; Mr. FORSTER his right hon. friend; full of admiration for his

abilities. But the balance of a judicial mind not to be disturbed by personal considerations. Having called Mr. PARNELL to order, the learned judge must really do the same to Mr. FORSTER. Every-body howls upon the learned judge, who reseats himself with grim dignity, and prepares to go on with the charge, presently to be delivered to a rapt jury.

Slow-match steadily burning all the time. The O'KELLY swells to prodigious size. Never taken his eyes off FORSTER since he entered. If F. would only tell him why he put him in prison he might simmer down. Has asked the question. Has indeed put it several times. FORSTER always declines to answer. Unsatisfied curiosity works terrible effect in The O'KELLY's mind. Slow-match nearly burnt out now. FORSTER on his legs again in style reminiscent of happy days on the Treasury Bench. The O'KELLY begins to heave.

"Sure there's a smell of fire somewhere," says Mr. McLAGAN, trying to recollect whether the House is insured with the Queen's.

Poof! bang! The O'KELLY's off! Springs to his feet clamorously indignant for order. "Order" The O'KELLY's first law. In exemplification of which axiom, protests he has "had enough of these infernal speeches."

Tremendous excitement. Fragments of The O'KELLY picked up, heaped together on a bench. Words to be taken down, and The O'KELLY to be taken up. Hubbub for ten minutes. Then The O'KELLY, temporarily put together again, reappears, and, with subdued mien and wistful look—"like the fat boy when he found he couldn't eat any more," Lord EDMUND says—proclaims his regret for the untimely explosion. Everybody shakes hands with everybody else, and we make-believe to go to business again.

It's all very well to blow up The O'KELLY, but what about the slow-match? Can't Sir DONALD CURRIE give Mr. FORSTER a little trip in one of his invaluable boats till the Irish Bills are through Parliament?

Business done.—Crime Bill taken in Committee.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Another passenger for Sir DONALD CURRIE's invaluable boat! Mr. GLADSTONE to sail immediately and not to come back till Crime Bill through. Do him good and save the Committee several days. Has made gallant efforts to refrain from speech-making. Sits at end of Bench leaving place of honour to HARCOURT, who fills it with great complacency. Has painful wrestling with himself whilst debate going on. Everybody talking but him. Still feels desirability of remaining silent. Bill not in his charge. HARCOURT doing very well. Every speech means so much obstruction. Managed pretty well up to this afternoon. Can't stand it any longer. HARCOURT spoken, ATTORNEY-GENERAL addressed jury, Amendment already debated through several hours; only thing wanted is the Division. W. E. G. can sit silent no longer. Must speak, and does it at some length, and with great force. Effect on Debate immediate. Instantly revived. Everybody has something fresh to say, and will now go on comfortably for another day and night.

Business done.—Talk.

Thursday.—Seem to have got back to good old times before Mr. PARNELL was converted to conciliation. Chairman of Committee had quite a cheerful evening. A little trouble with Mr. NEWDEGATE. Mr. PARNELL having taken his coat off, C. N. wanted to follow his example and have matters settled on the spot. Members in all parts of the House jumping up calling to order this eminent champion of order. Mr. NEWDEGATE smiled benevolently upon them all, and finally refused to sit down, to the great distress of the Chairman. Terrible man, Mr. NEWDEGATE, when once roused.

To-night an interesting addition to Parliamentary Ruling. The other day the SPEAKER ruled that "bare" was not a Parliamentary word. To-night, PLAYFAIR ruled that "imbecility is not unparliamentary." A general disposition to agree with the Chairman. Only Members, as they repeat the phrase, look in various parts of the House: Mr. WATSON, for example, steadily fixing his gaze on the Treasury Bench.

Business done.—More talk. Still in Committee on the Crime Bill.

Friday Night.—Another night with the Prevention of Crime (Ireland) Bill. GOSCHEN says what we want is a Prevention of Talk (Parliament) Bill. Terrible condition of the House just now. English and Scotch Members intimidated by fear of further delaying Bill if they join in debate. As far as they are concerned, Chairman's eye practically Boycotted. Has exclusive dealing with the Land-Leaguers; whilst Members are evicted from their places, as it is impossible to stand more than thirty speeches of HEALY in one night. If this were Ireland, somebody would be shot.



Mr. O'Kelly's "infernal" machine! Escape of Mr. Forster!! Mr. Parnell as the Deaf 'un, or Hard of 'Erin one.

THE WEATHER CHART.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



This Chart requires no explanation.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

MADAME RISTORI is coming to play at Drury Lane (*Query*, What sort of game is "playing at Drury Lane?"—ask Mr. HARRIS, in English. Her one performance in English years ago of *Lady Macbeth's* sleep-walking-and-talking Scene, was the finest thing we ever remember to have seen on any stage; but then, it only lasted about twenty minutes.



French Company.

Of Signor Rossi in Italian, with the rest of the Company in English, we shall report next week. A pity that RISTORI and Rossi couldn't have united their talents in *Macbeth*.

SARAH B.—The "SAL" *de spectacle* had better become a "SAL" *à manger*.

If her audiences were as thin as herself, Doña SAL would not be particularly pleased. A few repetitions of *Hernani* might do it; and perhaps a few *répétitions* might improve it. "Show me his company, and I'll tell you the sort of man he is"—is proverbial. Poor SARAH!—if the standard of her merits were to be her company!—But present company must always be an exception, so we won't say anything about 'em.

On the 15th, Madame SARAH is announced to play for the Benefit of the Distressed Jews in Russia, which performance is to be accepted by the public as a benefit to M. M. L. MAYER,—this gentleman, as the advertisement pathetically puts it, "never having taken a benefit during his management of the French Plays." Why should he have had one, unless he has hitherto given his distinguished services as *entrepreneur* for nothing? Has he lost by the spec? And have the theatregoing public so very much to be thankful to him for? How do the Gaiety *vaudeville* like the rustication of their favourites, MILLES, FARREN, VAUGHAN, Messrs. TERRY, ROYCE, & Co., during the London Season? He will have deserved a benefit should he ever succeed in establishing a first-rate French Company in London, so as to save us the trouble of crossing over to Paris, to sit in the most uncomfortable theatres in the world, in order to see, occasionally, some superior acting. However, on this occasion, the "Distressed Jews" are to represent their self-effacing and generous co-tributist H. L. MAYER, and the entire proceeds are to be handed over to the Lord Mayor, Baronet ELLIS, the money thus passing from MAYER to Mayor. City Christians and Hebrews will come down in their thousands, and with their hundreds.

Once more this week to adapt *Shylock* to the occasion, our Rich City Mosais may well say that "Succorins" is the badge of all our tribe,—so may they give pursfuls of 'em to the Mayor-Mayer Fund on behalf of the Jews who are being served *à la Russe*.

LADY MONCKTON, having successfully performed in her own piece, *The Countess*, at the Shelley Theatre—which is such a *bijou* of a place that it might well be called the *Nut-Shelley Theatre*—is, with her talented Company, going to repeat the performance next Friday afternoon at the Prince of Wales's, for the benefit of the Distressed Jews. Her Ladyship should have re-named the play for this occasion, and called it *The Discountess*. Evidently the Jews' distress is the Amateurs' opportunity.

The first Meeting of the Actors' Benevolent Fund Association was held last Wednesday at the Lyceum, Mr. LEVING in the Chair, and Mrs. BANCROFT and Miss TERRY in separate boxes. The results have not yet been published; but we are privately, and perhaps wrongly, informed that these are some of the Rules, quite in the rough:—

RULE No. 1.—When one Benevolent Actor—to be hereafter referred to in this recital as "B.A."—meets another Benevolent Actor, the B.A. who has the more coin in his pocket is to stand a drink to the less-gifted B.A. at the nearest Club or hostelry.

RULE No. 2.—When several B.A.'s meet together, the most-moneyed stands treat.

RULE No. 3.—When the amounts in pocket are equal, the highest-salaried—to be hereafter referred to as "*Salario*"—stands treat.

RULE No. 4.—Should all the B.A.'s, meeting as hereinbefore mentioned, be out of engagement, the B.A. with the best credit shall have the preference.

Other possible cases were discussed, but without anything definite being arrived at, except the promise of a hundred a year from each of the principal London Managers. The most laudable object of the Association is to abolish the Benefit System, which should have vanished long ago, simultaneously with Authors' Nights. A great fuss is made nowadays about "The Stage as a Profession," and attempts have been made to get it recognised as on a level with the Church, the Army and Navy, and the Bar. Clergymen hold benefices but don't have benefits; our officers, judges, and barristers don't have benefits; and how any Actor of position nowadays, when even a fair low-comedian's salary amounts to over a thousand a year, can go round with the hat—like the street acrobats, or the drum-and-pandean-pipes-collector for Punch and Judy,—and appeal to public charity without losing his self-respect, personally and professionally, is a puzzle to all those who have truly at heart the status of the Theatrical "Profession." The great Actor's "Benefit" is only the small Actor's "Ticket Night," writ large, and the sooner the Actor's Benevolent Fundists can do away with the Benefit system, the better for the social position of the Actor.

SKETCHES FROM "BOZ."

(Adapted to Well-known Characters.)

Mr. James Lowther, M.P.,
as *The Artful Dodger*.Marquis of Queensberry
as *The Chicken*.

ART AT LIVERPOOL.—A proposal is to be made to extend the Walker Art Gallery. What an appropriate name for a collection that might easily be made out of the works which this year may be found in the Academy and the Grosvenor. The President of the Hockley Walker Art Gallery would be Mr. WHISTLER, unanimously elected.

PROVERBS FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—No. I. "In youth, try a Bicycle; in age, buy a Tricycle."

* May be intended for the *Nineteenth Century*, but we've got it, and, with all respect to the Marquis de KNOWLES, we mean to keep it.—Ed.



PERPLEXING—VERY!

"MY DEAR ELIZA, SIR ARTHUR PILLINGTON IS THE MAN FOR YOUR COMPLAINT. SO CLEVER, AND A PERFECT GENTLEMAN. PRAY SEND FOR HIM!"

"SIR ARTHUR PILLINGTON, INDEED! WHY, HE NEARLY KILLED AN AUNT OF MINE! SEND FOR WILFRID JONES, ELIZA. TRUST ME, THERE'S NOBODY LIKE HIM. HE LISTENS TO EVERY SYMPTOM!"

"NO, NO, ELIZA. LISTEN TO ME. I KNOW A LITTLE MAN IN HAMMERSMITH, WHO SAVED MY POOR GRANDMOTHER'S LIFE WHEN EVERY OTHER DOCTOR HAD——"

"HAMMERSMITH! NONSENSE! I DON'T BELIEVE IN ANY ENGLISH DOCTORS! LET ME BRING HERR SCHWARTZMÜLLER TO YOU, MY DEAR ELIZA. HE——"

"MY DEAR ELIZA, HAVE YOU LIVED ALL THESE YEARS WITHOUT KNOWING THAT DR. THRUPP ROBINSON, THE HOMOEOPATHIC ALLOPATH, IN BERMONDSEY, IS THE ONLY PHYSICIAN IN LONDON WHO——" &c., &c., &c.

A TRANSIENT TRIUMPH.

(Adapted from Shakspeare.)

SCENE—A very Public Place. Enter SHYLOCK (from Stamboul) and GLADSTONIO.

Shylock. Signor GLADSTONIO, many a time and oft,
In the Fortnightly, have you slated me
About your moneys—and my use of 'em;
Still have I met it with a cheerful wink,
For borrowing is the trick of all my tribe.
You call me—bankrupt, begging out-throat, thief,
And spit upon my Moslem weaknesses,
And all because I spend what's not my own.
Well, then, it now appears you're in a mess yourself;
Get out!—you come to me, and say, "Look here!
We want your moral weight." By Allah, you!
You, that did at Greenwich once consign
Me, with my bag and baggage, to a place—
Beyond your threshold! Now you want my help.
What should I say to you? should I not say,
"Hath a thief weight?" More—is it possible
The great unspeakable is asked to speak?
Or shall I cringe, and in the sick man's key
With halting breath—and tenpence in the pound—
Say this—
"Fair Sir, you hooted me on Wednesday last:
Next day gave me in charge. Another time
Knocked off my hat; for which quaint courtesies,
As you're stuck in the mud—I'll pull you out!"

A WALL WITH EYES AND EARS.

MR. HARRY WALL looks so sharp after anything resembling infringement of copyright in songs, that for the epithet "Lynx-eye'd," as applied to a watchful person, might be henceforth substituted "Wall-eye'd." Further suggestion,—have a portrait of Mr. HARRY WALL as frontispiece to a Comic Copyright Song, with title, "Oh, for the Guardian Wall!"—

OH, for the Guardian WALL!

The sharpest cuss of all!

I'll never forget

The night we met,

When I sang a song with the words well set

By BALFE: I the fee—which I wish he may get—

Owe to the Guardian WALL!

But surely there must be some effective compositions over which he has no control. So let charitable amateurs look into other *répertoires*, remembering that only the Weakest go to the Wall.

Eastern Questions.

Punch Pasha. Well, JOHN, what are you doing in Egypt?

John B. Well—um—nothing.

P. P. Ah! And, Madame FRANCE, what are you doing here?

Madame France. I'm helping JOHN.

[They strike an in-statuesquo-ante-attitude. PUNCH PASHA prepares to wake 'em up as Curtain falls. End of First Tableau.]



A TRANSIENT TRIUMPH.

SULTAN (*adapting SHYLOCK to his purpose*). "SIGNOR GLADSTONIO, MANY A TIME AND OFT, IN THE FORTNIGHTLY, HAVE YOU SLATED ME ABOUT YOUR MONEYS—AND MY USE OF 'EM; STILL HAVE I MET IT WITH A CHEERFUL WINK, FOR BORROWING IS THE TRICK OF ALL MY TRIBE." ***



THE LANCET

THE LANCET is a weekly medical journal published by the Lancet Publishing Co., Ltd., 1, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, England. It is the leading authority on all matters relating to medicine and surgery, and is read by all medical men and students throughout the world. The journal is published in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. It is the only medical journal that is read by all medical men and students throughout the world. The journal is published in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. It is the only medical journal that is read by all medical men and students throughout the world.



VERJUICE!

Farmer's Wife (whose Beer is of the smallest). "WHY, YOU HEV'N'T DRUNK HALF OF IT, MAS'R GRABER!"

Peasant (politely). "THANKY', MU'M—ALL THE SAME, MU'M. BUT I REAN'T SO TRUSTY AS I THOUGHT I WOB, MU'M!!"

"ROBERT" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THEY'VE bin so jolly bizzy at the Cristial Pallis lately with the Lectric Lighting, which seems to have the singler dubble qualatty of making all pepel as cums for to see it, dredful hungry afore they sees it and dredful thirsty arterwards, that they was obligated to send for some of us prinsipple Waiters to help 'em.

So I've had a pretty good dose of Lectricity for the last month or two, so much so in fact that I shan't want no more on it for a long time. If anybuddy wants to know my opinion on it, they can soon have it; and that is, as I remarked when I fust seed it, it won't do at no price. In the fust place you can't get away from it. It's allus a-staring you in the face as much as to say, "What are you about there? I see you!" The Ladys too don't like it, for it shows up all the week places, and diskovers all the littel innocense deceptions that are thort to be so carefly hidden. So they woud be with nothink but gaslights a-shining on 'em. But with this calm kool delikat white light a-looking at 'em so persistently and so quietly, why nothink can't stand it much above five-and-twenty. There's a lot of things in the world as don't rekwire such a lot of light.

For instans now, even in my important perfeshun, there's some things as is a good deal better by being kep just a little dark. Take Lobster sauce for instans when Lobsters is scarce. With a flaring gassy light a-blazing in your eyes, or jest over your head nice and hot, anythink that's werry red and werry thick will pass off right enouff, and even a Alderman will gobble it up without grumbling, but with a Lectric light a-looking at it, so bright, and so quiet, and so troothful, why it makes even a seasoned Waiter blush to hand it round. The same thing arries with the Beeswing in the werry old '44 Port. What passes for the right artikle with Gas, looks werry like the wrong 'un with Lectricity. And even with the sacred Turtel Soup, thorts of Congo Eel will intrude when seen beneath the light of this confounded revealer. Everybuddy can see too wether the bottle's empty or not, that the careful Waiter quietly removes when he thinks the tabel looks just a little too scrowded.

ARABI FELIX.

THEY sung the songs of ARABI,
Of ARABI the Blest,
But only Chelsea DILKY could see
Quite what those songs expressed.
The dull perception of the rest
Saw not, divinely slow,
Why ARABI was cross, and blest
Their stars they didn't know.

They sung the songs of ARABI
With very diverse throats;
Turks in an Asia Minor key,
The Powers in joint Notes.
They hymned the dulcet name from Kew
To Khiva and Herat;
But no one out of Chelsea knew
What ARABI was at.

They sung the songs of ARABI,
And now and then a word
That almost seemed a vague faint "Free,"
Was indistinctly heard;
But then it changed to "Discontent,"
And then to "SULTAN's away;"
And what it positively meant
Sir CHARLES alone could say.

They sung the songs of ARABI,
Though not in monotone;
Songs with some words from which would flee
The Muse of MENDELSSOHN.
But simple folk, whose heads are thick,
And whose opinions strong,
Consider that gum Arabic
May stick and jaw too long.

Mr. ARNOLD, leaving his partner, TRIFF, behind in Paris, took a trip over to London to bid against Mr. WALLIS for MEISSONIER's portrait of NAPOLEON. Mr. ARNOLD ran Mr. WALLIS up to 5700 guineas; then, with one nod, the latter won by a head, and NAPOLEON went for 5800 guineas. This was "going Nap" with a vengeance. But the week began well for Scotland. Bruce won the Grand Prix in Paris, and WALLIS, willing to bleed to any amount, won this Pictorial Grand Prix in London. Well, it was A-Scot week.

We had the SPEAKER of the House of Commons down last Satterday week, with a lot of M.P.'s, and Aldermen, and Common Consulmen, and other scientifick swell. When they all stood up to say grace I could hardly help shouting out, "The SPEAKER's at prayers!" as I hears 'em allus down at the House. I had the honner of hearing him speak, which werry few pepel ever has had, altho he is called THE SPEAKER. I don't think much of him as a reel SPEAKER, praps it's from want of practis, for he was as quiet, and as calm, and as gentlemanly as if he'd been sitting at his own tabel, insted of standing up to speak before such pussomatches as the LORD MAIR and Mr. Alderman FOWLER. BROWN didn't quite agree with me, for he said that while all the other gents put him in mind of a fussy gas-light when it's turned on too high, and fizzes and fumes without giving much light, the SPEAKER, with his bewtiful soft voice and his quiet clear style, was like the best speciment of Lighting in the whole Pallis, and that is of course The—

No, I don't, not for worrlds—of course, I don't mean littorally, but suppose I say not to be hed Waiter at the Grand Hotel—would I reveal that perfound secret. A few on us knows it, and only a few, and we are arainjein with a well-known Member of the Stock Exchange to form a Kumpany, not to make Lectricity, any fool can do that that knows how, but to sell our secret to lots of other Kumpanies, with permission to use it in one of the districks of the Metrolopus, and as there are about 30 of 'em, why, if we only gite a hundred pounds a pease from 'em, look how it mounts up. I am to be Chairman under the assumed name of ROBERT GARSONE, Esq., M.C.W. (Member of the Waiters' Club), and BROWN is to be Deputy Chairman, under the name of BROWN KELLER, Esq., F.G.G., (formerly Green Grocer).

Our Stock Exchange friend tells us it's sure to be a success, for, to his certen knowledge, the Public has been making, not such Ducks and Drakes, but such Brushes and Brooms of their monney, that Speekylashuns not half so true, or so reasonabel, or so feesabel, as ours has perduced hundreds of thousands of pounds to their fornit and, possibly, highly onerable promoters.

ROBERT.

A MYSTERY OF LONDON.

As this is the period when advertisements for houses are very numerous, when the gentleman who usually signs himself "OZONE" has a sea-side place up a back-street to let, and when lodging-house keepers find that Shingleborough saved the life of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, it may be well to offer a polite form of letter to those persons who have to communicate with advertising House-Agents. These gentlemen are very reticent in their announcements, and easily offended, and it appears to be a rule of the trade that locality and price should be kept perfectly secret. The following form may probably meet the situation:—

SIR,—I have read your advertisement in to-day's *Telephone*. If it would not cause unnecessary pain to any deserving individual, and would not place you in an unpleasant position through communicating strictly confidential information, may I ask you to furnish me with the name of the place in which the house you advertise to let is situated, and may I ask further for the favour of some idea as to rent, drains, gas and water, &c.? Of course your answer will be treated as strictly private.

DAVITT'S LAND SCHEME.
—Won't hold water.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 88.



"O HAPPY DAY!"

MR. JOHN CHARLES DAY, Q.C., APPOINTED TO THE VACANT JUDGESHIP IN QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION. THE NEXT STEP WILL BE TO TURN DAY INTO KNIGHT, AND MAY IT BE VERY LONG BEFORE THE BREAK OF DAY! IF MR. BARON MARTIN HAD NOT RETIRED, HOW POLISHED THE BENCH WOULD HAVE BEEN WITH DAY AND MARTIN ON IT!

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

(Sung by Royal Visitors, suitable to any Season.)

We don't stay in pallidges
In London, when we
roam;
Although lodged at CLARIDGE'S—
'Tis not a Royal Home.
The subject we ponder
Re-crossing Channel
foam,
And looking back yonder,
We much prefer our
home.
Home! Home! cry our
suite, "Home!"
To pallidges,
From CLARIDGE'S,
There's no place like
Home!

Thoroughfare or Market?

A DEPUTATION of merchants and inhabitants of Billingsgate Ward had an interview with the LORD MAYOR to complain of their houses and offices being barricaded with stinking fish, while their footways were taken possession of by fighting and abusive costermongers. The LORD MAYOR could only echo the Recorder, and say that he was afraid the streets were part of the market, but he would look into the matter, and see what could be done. The City is not the only locality where this theory is acted upon. Mud-Salad Market means about an acre of open space, and several miles, in various directions, of what is facetiously called the "Queen's Highway."

MUDLORDISM IN LONDON.

THE Duke of Bestminster, ignoring the public convenience, as becomes one of the four or five great owners of the Metropolis, has uttered a complaint on behalf of certain tenants about the "vibration of railway trains." The great Metropolitan Mudlords can never be brought to understand that London is not a Cathedral Close, or a Stagnant Country Conservative town, but a busy hive of four millions of people, who have to push, rush, sweat, and struggle to pay rent and taxes, and get a living. The Duke of Bestminster, owner of the Over-Grown-venor property, may succeed in showing that the use of the continuous brake on our underground railways may be productive of a certain amount of annoyance to those who live over these railways, but are there no other Metropolitan nuisances which the Duke of Bestminster might use his influence to diminish? If he would confer with his Grace of Mudford and other owners of London, he would find plenty of evils that want reforming. He would find important streets blocked by insolent gatekeepers, the right of thoroughfare refused where most needed, and the rank luxuriance of Mud-Salad Market more rank and more luxuriant than ever. Whatever complaints may be brought against the railway companies (and doubtless there are many, for corporate bodies are far from perfect), these companies have at least sought for and obtained parliamentary sanction for their work. The same cannot be said of the great Metropolitan Mudlords, who use the greatest city in the world as if it were made solely for their profit and amusement.

THE vendor of gaseous drinks who gives you a bottle of bad soda-water, ought to be Schweppe't off the face of the earth.

A DAY'S HOLIDAY.

"Mr. Justice DAY was in attendance at Westminster yesterday, ready to take his seat in Court, when it was discovered that in all the Courts the Judges had part-heard cases before them, and, under these circumstances, the services of the new Judge were not available on that day."—*Times*, June 8.

WHAT did he do with his curious holiday?
Did he go out for what boys call a "lark"?
Did he resolve on a festive and jolly day,
Dining at Greenwich and doing the Park?
Did he rush off to the Royal Academy,
Seeing what painters have borne off the bell;
Or go to Ascot, exclaiming, "I had 'em, I
Think, when I 'sported my blunt' on Rozelle."

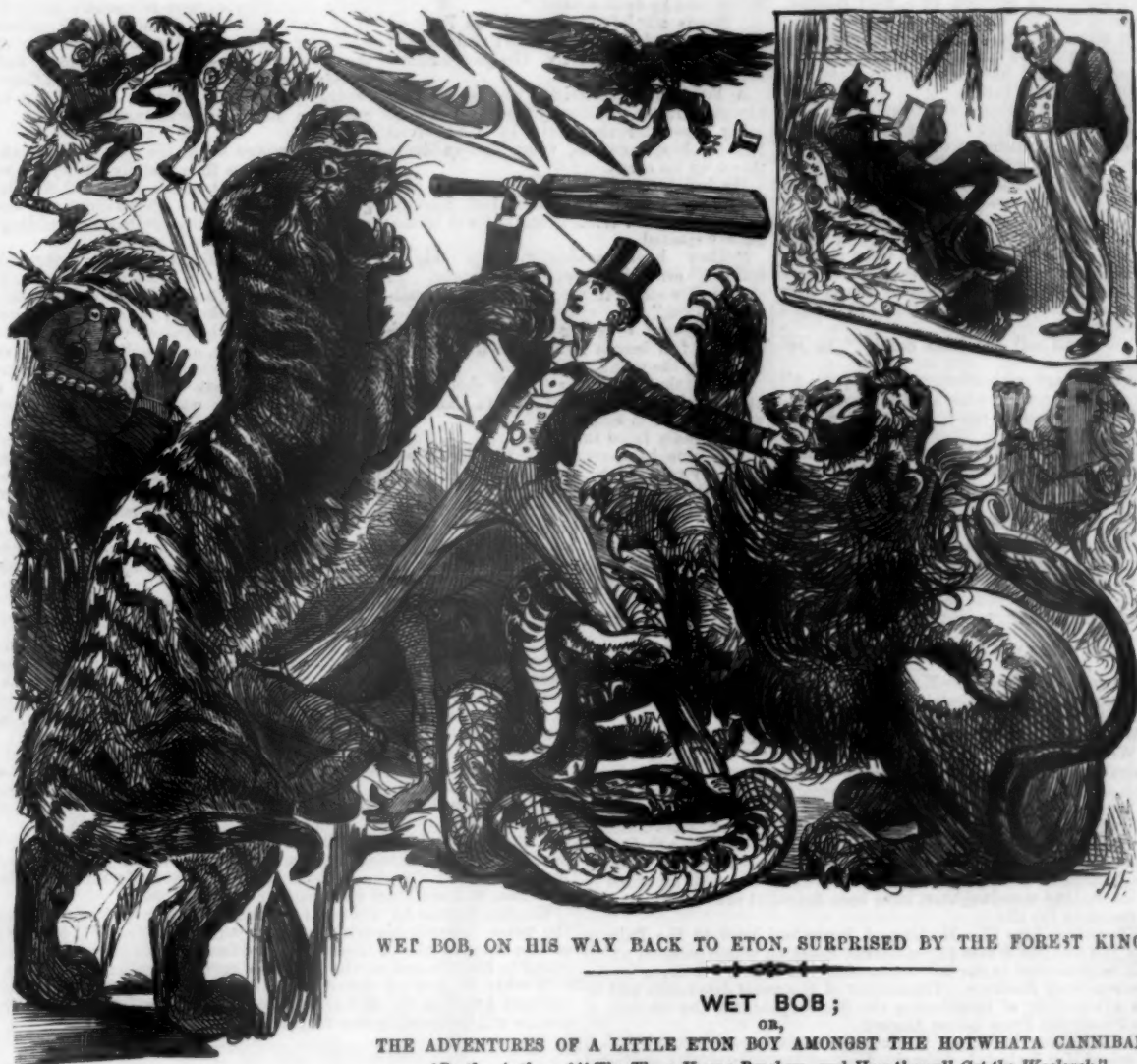
Did he walk out with his new robes and wig on him,
Swelling about, a judicial Don?
Or did he fear the boys, seeing this rig on him,
Crying "My Wig! ain't he just 'got 'em on!,"
Did he go home and hold Court, and have fun with it,
Trying the Cook in a regular way,
Sending her off to sham gaol, when he'd done with it?—
What was your holiday like, Justice DAY?

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM travelled the other day by the Flying Dutchman Express. She found so much osculation in the carriage, that she has written to the Secretary of the Railway Company to complain.

COLD COMFORT FOR BUTCHERS.—Importation of Frozen Meat.

OUR BOYS' NOVELIST.

BEING STORIES OF WILD SPORT AND STIRRING ADVENTURE, FOR THE AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF THE YOUTHS OF ALL NATIONS.



WET BOB, ON HIS WAY BACK TO ETON, SURPRISED BY THE FOREST KINGS.

WET BOB;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE ETON BOY AMONGST THE HOTWHATA CANNIBALS.

(By the Author of "The Three Young Benchers, and How they all Got the Woolsack,"
"From Back Yard to Yard-arm," &c., &c.)

CHAP. XXXIV.* (Continued.)

THE jungle grew denser at every step. Bob, however, was still heading the party; his keen, clear, penetrating youthful vision

* Editor to Author of *Wet Bob*.—The last chapter was numbered IV. Why is this XXXIV. ? Some mistake ?

Author of *Wet Bob* to Editor.—All right, and no mistake. It's a sensational story calculated to make you jump. The effect was so powerful even on myself, that I jumped from IV. to XXXIV. Every nautical Novel-reader, or Skipper, will be able to understand this. I'll fill up the interval if you like. Say the word.

Editor to Author of *Wet Bob*.—Oh, no. Quite understand. Admirable finish! Never was so

flashing sun-signals into the deepest recesses of the gloomy forest. At one time he would stir up a flock of wild mongeese; at another as suddenly bring out an opera-buffalo; and the startled creature would look for a moment as if it intended to run. But nothing ever came of it.

"It's all my eye," said Bon, and they pressed on again.

Then the Provost halted.

It was now three years since he had—when travelling in Central Africa, with a circular ticket, in search of his daughter—been cap-
tured. Another word added to it, or inserted anywhere, would spoil it. Yours, enthusiastically.
—ED.

tured by the Hotwhata Cannibals and forced to join their band. He had to adopt their savage dress. This, at least, was a feather in his cap.

But he determined to escape.

Tortured every morning, he was allowed the privilege of lounging about on his own hook. At last he got off it. He escaped, and here his knowledge as an Algebraist materially assisted him, as, while wandering about, he contrived to subsist on the square roots he himself extracted. Then he turned to history, and lived on dates. Such are some of the advantages of a good education! The figures came readily enough to hand, but the diet soon cost him his own.

"I shall never go home no more," he sang, sadly.

Thus Bob had found him, and gallantly restoring him his lost child, led him out of the jungle.

The grateful old Provost would have embraced them both, but at that moment they were somewhat startled by a loud roaring, which at first the Provost thought proceeded from waves, but on their nearer approach he admitted that on unexceptionable evidence the sound must have come from wild and probably hungry beasts.

"They feed about this time," said Bob, taking out his watch. "They have smelt the blood of an Englishman on the premises"—(the Provost trembled).—"and have arrived at a Zoological conclusion."

The Provost shook.

"We will sell our lives dearly," exclaimed Bob, with his arm round the young girl's slender form, which trembled, as he remembered his own beloved fourth form to have trembled when it was a question whose turn it might be to follow the Preceptor's summation.

"We will sell our lives dearly," he repeated.

"Why part with them at any price?" asked the Provost, who held nine valuable livings, and was as tenacious of them as a cat.

Before Bob could reply, they were surrounded.

CHAP. XXXV.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE JUNGLE.

"FEAR nothing," said Bob, fixing the huge Monsters of the forest, that now fairly raged and gambolled all over them, with his cool, clear, light blue Eton eyes, "we are

in Circassia. These creatures are easily tamed."

"Not a doubt of it," replied the Provost, getting up a tree. "*Houp-là!* What's the first experiment?"

Bob produced a pack of cards. The animals by an instinct seemed to understand All Fours, and he dealt a hand.

"Hands all Round!" cried the Provost, getting excited, and in the true Etonian spirit putting the pot on heavily. His good-humour was contagious.

A large Boa Constrictor proved a most agreeable rattle, and finally three cheers were being given for the party by a convivial Hip-hip-hippopotamus, when Bob suddenly threw up his cards.

He had been playing at first with a professional Cheetah, and had lost heavily. Then a Leopard tried it on, but was immediately spotted.

"They have evidently been highly trained," cried the Provost, admiringly. "I shouldn't wonder if we weren't near a railway station."

He thought of going home at last with honours, full length in a double first, and he slid down the trunk.

But at that moment a terrific shout burst upon their ears. The Hotwhata Cannibals were upon them again!

Bob boldly faced the scene.

The blue back-ground of the forest was suddenly relieved by countless figures, every one of them a staring yellor.

He had an eye for colour. The combination seemed to fill it with an agreeable green.

The Lion noticed it, and saw his own mane chance. He gave the signal.

In another instant, with a cheery cry of "*Floreat!*" Bob, determined not to be a

half-eaten boy, was battling for dear life, as only an Eton boy could!

CHAP. XXXVI.

CONCLUSION.

THERE is little left to narrate.

After a series of stirring adventures, in which the Provost was frequently scalped, WER BOB, with true Etonian pluck, managed, by constructing an outrigger out of the bark of some of the wildest dogs, and getting together a scratch crew of real Cambridge Cannibals, eventually to pull up to Surley in the very best of spirits.

His marriage with the fair Perkussian, who had for some time prettily set her cap at him, came off with much *éclat*, and, by the general consent of his schoolfellows, he was offered the vacant Provostship on his wedding-day.

How his worthy old father-in-law, through his accident with the Hotwhata Cannibals, forgot who he was, and had to be re-educated, and once again take his place in the Lower Remove, and how he passed on to the Upper Remove, and then, as two Removes are as bad as a fire, escaped from his perilous position by the aid of a little lad and a taller fellow who was a ladder, and how kindly Bob took him in hand out of school-hours, soon became well known to the Governing Body, and afforded them material for one of their very best after-dinner stories.

Nor did HADJI NUFF and HATCHU MUTCH remain unpunished. Returned to Teheran sewn up in the sack they themselves got at Eton, they fell ultimately into the hands of their still more unscrupulous and terrible Uncle, HACHEM BOTH.

END.

UNFASHIONABLE ARRANGEMENTS.

Wednesday, June 14.—MRS. SIKES' breakfast party at the "Convict and Crowbar" to celebrate the release of Mr. WILLIAM SIKES from the House of Detention.

Windsor Races. An Extraordinary Meeting of the Ancient Society of Welshers. A Paper will be read by Mr. BRIEF SNATCHER on the desirability of petitioning the Jockey Club in favour of doing away with all race meetings held in the immediate vicinity of rivers, lakes, or horse-ponds.

Grand Meet of the Lambeth Lads on the Thames Embankment at 9.30 P.M. Members are particularly requested to bring their own belts, and to see that the buckles are in good order, as through simple neglect of this sort lately, several cases of what promised to be interesting manslaughter, have been degraded into mere instances of maiming for life.

Thursday, June 15.—Meeting of Penny-a-Liners at the Balaam Box Inn and the Waste Paper Basket Hotel, on which occasion a Cup will be presented to the talented author of a *A Terrible Scene on the Underground Railway*. The subject of the usual discussion will be the advisability of introducing the Sea Serpent into the columns of the Provincial Press before August.

Garden Party in Judges' Chambers to meet Royalty, in the person of one of Her Majesty's Judges. Visitors are respectfully reminded that the invitations have been issued on orange-coloured paper, and that they are on no account transferable. Monthly supper of the Convivial Aristocrats. *Employees* of the linen-draper in the Tottenham Court Road are specially reminded that their subscriptions to the above Club are now due.

Friday, June 16.—Mr. CRACK CRIB's remand at Bow Street Police Court. Relations and friends with *alibi* likely to withstand the brutal barbarous practice of cross-examination are earnestly invited to attend. All seats free. No collection.

Mr. MOLONEY's Wake, Short's Gardens, Seven Dials, at 10 P.M. Mr. TIM MURPHY and Miss ELIZABETH O'FLANNIGAN are requested either to stop away altogether or not to come so drunk that they will break the furniture and each other's heads as was the case at old Mrs. MOLONEY's Wake.

Date appointed for the cutting off Mr. PEBBLE BEACH's gas, and consequent *airée* at his house, when he will recite an original poem entitled "Edison, or our Greatest Benefactor." Guests are kindly asked to bring their own candles.

Saturday, June 17.—Friendly lead at the "Chalk and Slate" on

behalf of Mrs. MAGUIRE, whose husband is at present undergoing a sentence of seven years' penal servitude, for correcting his eldest daughter with a poker. The eminent Comic Singer, Mr. O'BLATHER, is expected to attend, and is hereby warned that he will, on account of certain remarks which have come to a certain party's ears, be incontinently thrown out of the window (second floor) on arrival.

Grand meeting of the Boy Brigades of Bloomsbury, and presentation of the presidency to Master THOMAS SNEAK, in consideration of his gallant conduct on the 20th ult., when, alone and unaided, he captured from the stall of a blind old woman, two apples and a stick of sugar-candy.

J. PULLUP having heard that H. NEVERTRY wants to scull him over the Championship Course, will meet H. W. at the "Ropers' Arms" at seven o'clock, and if it can be satisfactorily arranged who is to lose, will scull him for whatever sum he likes.

The Six Months for which Mr. FIRE IRONS was bound over to keep the peace towards his wife, expiring this day, Mr. F. I. cordially invites those of his old friends who are fond of a bit of sport to come round to his crib and see the interview between him and his Missus.

Weekly Supper of the Artistic and Literary Bohemians. An eminent Artist on the staff of the *Police Gazette* will take the chair, and he will be faced by the Proprietor of *Gutter Garbage*.

MRS. LANGTRY, it is said, paid a hundred pounds for a special train from Glasgow to London. Long trains of very expensive material are the fashion now-a-nights, but this is quite the longest and the cheapest we've heard of for some time. This lady endorses, with her own sign-manual of "LILLIE LANGTRY," ADELINA PATTI's opinion of Mr. PEAR'S *spécialité*. Being public characters, neither of them must be surprised if they are asked by the "Dirty Boy" in the Gallery, "How are you off for soap?" The London *Æsthetes* are sadly singing, "Oh, Lillie, we have missed you!"

THE Native Egyptian reported by the *Times*, says, "ARABI gets his influence because he is a fellah. The fellah likes to be governed by a fellah." The Native must be related to the late Lord Dundreary, and the Egyptian Difficulty must be one which some fellahs can understand.

The splendid holiday schemes, at reasonable prices, put before the public by the Tourist Companies, sound like "Gaze Fables."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday Night, June 12.—So many Lords about to-night, felt sure Land Question must be on again. Turned out to be merely a family matter. Our deceased wife's brother BILL been getting into trouble again. Blood is thicker than water, and must stand by him. Met Prince of WALES at the back of the Throne just going in.

"How do, Tony?" he said, pinching my ear in a most cordial way. "My old friend PUNCH pretty well, I hope? Look here, TOBY; want you to do something for me. Here's this scapegrace of a brother-in-law up again. We've got to vote on him. Everybody knows all about him. Talked about him for years. Hundreds of pamphlets written on him. Sundry men going about the streets sandwiched between 'what Mr. GLADSTONE said' about the fellow, and 'what Lord BRACONSFIELD said.' Must be some speech-making. Otherwise, I suppose best thing to do is to go and vote, and off again. But let's have as little as possible. I want to be off. If ever you want to be a Baronet, TOBY, come to me. Don't go to HARCOURT."



A Bull of Egyptians.

And the Prince, who'd got another pair of new gloves on, went into the House.

Left his message here and there. Noble Lords who had speeches ready, winced, but obeyed. Consequence was, only four speeches, none too long, and Division over by half-past six.

Wish H.R.H. would look us up in the Commons occasionally. A little irregular, but if we're going to have the *Clôture*, as well this way as any other.

Business done.—The hash of our lamented relative brother WILLIAM settled. BILL was "chucked out" by 133 votes against 123. In the Commons, still harping on Clause 4 of Crime Bill. Electric Bells struck work. "Had enough of this. What with a Division every twenty minutes, and an occasional Count thrown in, been worked off our wits," one said to me. JOSEPH GILLIS reasonably suspected of having had something to do with it. Proposed to commit him for six months on SPEAKER's warrant. J. G., however, triumphantly proved an *alibi*. Was taking tea on the terrace with a Lady of Quality.

"One belle at a time is as much as a man can manage," says JOEY B., with his devilish sly smile.

Tuesday Night.—Conciliation at its height. Land-Leaguers cooing at the HOME SECRETARY like sucking doves. Mr. HEALY just now called him a tall bully, and accused him of lifting his head to lie. Mr. PARNELL sprang at his throat when he declined to repeat an argument for the fifth time, and under a threat of Reporting Progress insisted on his making a speech.

Mr. SEXTON's failing vigour sufficient to bring vilest charges against the Irish Constabulary ("Sons and brothers of Irish farmers," as Mr. PLUNKET reminds him); whilst T. P. O'CONNOR, who has added the polish of a Chicago drinking-saloon to the natural charm of Donnybrook Fair manners, shakes his fist and bawls.

"We are a merry family, we are, we are!" says Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN, with colourable imitation of Mr. TERRY in the modern drama.

Only gleam of sunshine came from front bench below the Gangway where Mr. CALLAN sits. The late Mr. DISRAELI once declared himself on the side of the angels. Mr. CALLAN now declares himself on the side of constables.

"Making friends with the mammon of unrighteousness," as Mr. BRAND (not the SPEAKER) says.

As for the SPEAKER, he holds high holiday. Mr. Healy's "Column of Abuse." Hardly ever see him now. House gets into Committee at Five o'clock in afternoon and remains in Committee till Two in the morning. SPEAKER understood to be comfortably dining and quietly enjoying himself, whilst the unhappy LYON PLAYFAIR sits in his chair handicapped by old-fashioned rules framed when the House was composed of gentlemen.

All a mistake. Mysterious stranger with flaxen wig and what is shrewdly supposed to be a false moustache, appears nightly in

Strangers' Gallery. Stalks out by ten minutes between eight and nine o'clock. Observed never to leave till a Member on his legs has finished and another is called on to rise. Then makes a grip at folds of imaginary gown and with stately step leaves the Gallery. In the course of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour reappears.

This is the Speaker. Seems odd way of enjoying himself, but ROBERT, who does our City Articles, tells me it's not an uncommon thing for a Waiter who gets a day's holiday to go out and help a friend or watch his brethren laying the cloth. Believe SPEAKER thoroughly enjoys himself. Besides, it's handy in case of emergency. For instance, somebody about to be expelled; SPEAKER leaves the Gallery, slips round the corridor into the House, takes off moustache and flaxen wig, puts on the other wig, walks into the House, and takes Chair with surprised look, as if saying to himself, "Dear me, who can it be now? Is it Mr. HEALY, or is it Mr. NEWDEGATE?"

Business done.—Crime Bill. Passed Clauses 5 and 6.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Pretty to see W. E. G. and J. LOWTHER conversing across the table. An air of gracious deference about the younger man, and a keen interest in what he says on the part of the older one, that makes the interlude quite delightful. JAMES is a little inaccurate as to facts, but that makes matters the more exciting.

"You may do anything with W.E.," says Mr. CHAPLIN; "all things but two. You mustn't mention Kilmainham, and you mustn't misquote his speeches."

A little hard on the House this latter stipulation. W. E. G., the only living man that can remember what Mr. GLADSTONE has said during the last five years. JAMES certainly cannot; thinks he gets near enough when he quotes, on W. E. G.'s authority, the desire that Turkish officials should go, "bag and baggage, over the Bosphorus."

"Never said a word about the Bosphorus!" cries the PREMIER, angrily, across the table.

"Well," says JAMES, with a delectable smile, "I was always under the impression that the Bosphorus separated Europe from Asia; but of course I accept the statement of the Right Hon. Gentleman."

Nothing more pleasing to the well-regulated mind than this. It was not for a comparative youth like JAMES to argue with a veteran statesman. At school JAMES had been taught that the Bosphorus separated Europe from Asia. The experience of later years confirmed the view. But, of course, if Mr. GLADSTONE said not, the matter was settled. The fact that Mr. GLADSTONE had said nothing about the Bosphorus, and had not had it in his mind, could not defeat the pious purpose of JAMES. He would be humble and defer to his elders. Perish the Bosphorus rather than that JAMES LOWTHER should appear for an instant to hold his own views against those of Mr. GLADSTONE.

A very pretty scene, and all the more amusing to the circle of JAMES's political friends by seeing how angry it made "old GLADSTONE."

Business done.—Wrangled till Four o'clock. Made-believe Debate on Crime Bill till Six. Work actually done, None.

Friday Morning.—Over a hundred questions last night, thirty addressed to DILKE. Didn't make much out of him. To twenty-five out of the thirty only one answer: Could not say anything about Egypt in present circumstances. Usual placid manner of UNDER-SECRETARY disturbed by persistency of questions. Refused to be baited by WORMS; "as if I were a perch," Sir CHARLES said, indignantly. Snapped at the Baron as if WORMS were his usual Diet, and he very hungry.

Little quarrel in the "mixed party" that sits below the Gangway. GEORGE HAMILTON attempting to show that something which happened when he was Vice-President of the Council, was done by a subordinate. This unusual attempt to shirk responsibility roused the indignation of the chivalrous ARTHUR O'CONNOR, who pours into the sympathetic ear of The O'KELLY the reflection, "What a



W. E. G. discovering that the Sultan is his long-lost Brother.
N.B.—Observe the "attitude of the Porte."



Mr. James Lowther extracting information from Sir Charles Dilke—a very difficult operation.



THE DUCAL OBSTRUCTIONIST; OR, MUD-SALAD MARKET WORSE THAN EVER.

"THE DUKE OF MUDFORD'S CART STOPS THE WAY!"

miserable hound this Lord GEORGE HAMILTON is." Unfortunately, The O'KELLY some few paces off. The MACARTNEY, who sits behind, hears the genial expression, and resents it. The O'KELLY calls the MACARTNEY an eavesdropper. The MACARTNEY tells all this to the SPEAKER, amid loud laughter from the House, and much writhing on the part of Lord GEORGE, who says he can manage his enemies, but doesn't know how to tackle his friends.

Business done.—None. Commenced at 7th Clause at half-past Six last night, and at it still when adjourned at Three o'clock this morning.

Friday Night.—"Who's this ASSAB BAY there's such a row about?" Ask Sir CHARLES FORSTER, who knows everything.

"ASSAB BAY?" says he, "why, he's the man who wants to get ARABI BEY's place."

"But, what have the Italians to do with him? Why do they want to stick a flagstaff in him? Thought it was only Bulgarians who were impaled."

"Very interesting question," says Sir CHARLES, "but must decline to answer it at present. Haven't seen a hat anywhere, have you?" and he's off, with the old anxious look and the bared head.

Business done.—Clause 8 of Crime Bill passed.

DINNER À LA RUSSE.—Frozen Meat.



THE ADJUTANT'S HORSE AGAIN!

Cabman. "HEAR YOU'RE GOIN' TO ALDERSHOT THIS YEAR FOR YOUR TRAININ', SIR. I S'POSE YOU 'LL WANT THE CHARGER?"

Adjutant, Captain and Honorary Major, Auxiliary Forces. "YEE, JONES; AND AS I'VE TO TAKE MY TRAPP, I THINK I 'LL TROT HIM DOWN MYSELF!—WITH THE CAB!"

"A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOUR!"

IF Mr. Justice FIELD be right in his view of the Salvation Army case,—namely, that persons who have strong religious convictions, and a strong desire to do great good, by inducing others to attend religious services, may lawfully, with the object aforesaid, parade through a town to and from their place of worship—then what is to prevent our streets from being occupied by processions of Jumpers, Shakers, Bradlaughites, Spurgeonites, Orthodox Eastern Church, Irvingites, Ritualists, Free-Gospelers, Mormons, Moravians, Monastic Orders, Progressionists, Reocreative Religionists,* Revivalists, Sandemanians, Welsh Wesleyan Methodists, and many others, all of whom would march about with banners, bands, and chants, intent upon "inducing others," &c., as aforesaid, and all actuated by the purest, the highest, and most Christian motives.

And supposing the Evangelical Missioners with orange-coloured favours, paraded through a very Irish quarter of the town, just as The Little Brothers of St. Patrick were coming in procession from their Chapel of St. Laurence O'Toole, wouldn't each party, regarding one another individually and collectively as, to put it politely, being utterly in the wrong, at once proceed to convert the other with such arguments as might come handiest? And, as one brickbat is notoriously worth a thousand arguments, wouldn't the readiest means of putting ideas into each other's heads be by cracking a few skulls? And who would be to blame? Well, with all due deference, we would submit that Mr. Justice FIELD, and his brother Judge who concurred with him in his decision about the Salvation Army case last Tuesday.

* We like this appellation. Our authority for their existence is that invaluable book of reference, *Whitaker's Almanack*.

THE "Cut Direct"—The Suez Canal. And just now the question that mainly concerns England is not the Porte's Suzerainty, but whether in this part of the world we are to have the Suez-crainty or not.

VERY CROOKED ANSWERS!

SIR CHARLES DILKE having started a new fashion in his "replies to inquisitive queries," the following announcements may be expected to appear shortly in the columns devoted to Parliamentary reporting:—

THE SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR declined to state whether the Volunteers were to be amalgamated with the Line and the Militia in the Territorial Regiments until additional papers dealing with the Crimean War had been delivered to Members.

THE FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY said it was utterly impossible to furnish a return of the ships now building in the Government Dockyards until information had been received from the Cape declaring the present condition of the Natal corn crops.

THE PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE could not consent to give the number of lifeboats, &c., carried on the steamboats plying between Dover and Calais, and Folkestone and Boulogne, until permission for the publication of the return had been granted by the Czar of RUSSIA, the King of ITALY, and the Emperor of CHINA.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE for the HOME DEPARTMENT declined to say whether a meeting of armed Agitators would be permitted to assemble to-day in Hyde Park, with the avowed intention of wrecking the West-End of the town, until to-morrow.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE for INDIA would not answer the question as to whether, within the last three hours, the telegraph-wire between London and Calcutta had been cut. He required at least one month's notice.

AND Mr. GLADSTONE declined imperatively to announce the policy of the Government upon any subject whatever, "for reasons," the Right Hon. Gentleman forcibly added, "that must be distinct and altogether clear to the very meanest of comprehensions!"

ANOTHER "BURNING QUESTION."—Cremation of General GARI-BALDI's remains. Negatived.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Anglo-French Avenue—Anglo-Italian with a Rossi-Telescopic View—Musical Herrs—Plain English.

THEY 'ave a new piece at the Avenue Theatre. The eminent French *littérateur*, M. HENRI PAULTON, has—What? Not a French dramatist! Ah, yes! of course! The title is a little compliment to his collaborateur.

The eminent French *littérateur*, M. GUILLAUME PARKE, with his English colleague, Mr. PAULTON—Eh? PARKE not French either? Then why call the piece by a French name? Isn't this Tower of Babel business being somewhat overdone? *Manteaux Noirs*, then, by two English writers, who lost their French Dictionary just at the critical moment when they wanted to translate somebody's suggestion for a title, is a free—a very free—adaptation of SCRIBE's *Giraldi*, and has found its way to the stage without meeting with the obstructions in the Lord Chamberlain's office which might have been expected by those who did not know the eccentricity that marks the Licensor's proceedings. "How does he do it," the Licensor? The general impression is that he tosses up whether the piece shall pass or not. Heads—yes, certainly, why not? Tails—couldn't think of it for a moment! And, having recently become possessed of Mr. Cox's shilling with two heads, the *Nibelungen*, *Odetta*, and *Manteaux Noirs* are the consequences.

How some of the lines in the *Manteaux Noirs* could have escaped the Licensor's eye, not on account of their length or brilliancy, but of their breadth, is a puzzle to the audience, which hardly knows how to receive them. Fuss about School of Dramatic Art! Snivel about the non-recognition of the Stage as a Profession! As long as Actors and Actresses can allow anything coarse, which may have escaped the Licensor, to pass muster at daily rehearsals, they must not be surprised if their social status continues to be equivocal. The Authors of the *libretto* should never have written the objectionable matter. Let the Excise-man come down, and excise the lines, which will then represent the out-lines of the piece.

Some of the jokes in the dialogue go capitally; and this is the more surprising, because they have been going so long that they must be getting tired. It's wonderful what stamina a good joke has. Besides, there's nothing like being cautious. A new witticism may miss fire; but it is a cruel audience that will not greet an old, old friend with a smile of welcome. And the music is singularly appropriate to the dialogue.

"That's a pretty tenor song in *The Mascotte*. Yes, we'll have that," one can imagine Signor BUGALOSKI saying to himself. ("Book-a-loose-I," name of ill omen to a theatre?) So he composes it all over again, and so on throughout the score.

It's the acting that does it. "Awake, my ST. JOHN!" If you hadn't woke up, Miss FLOREY ST. JOHN, the *Manteaux Noirs* might be folded up and put away. Probably you do learn your parts; but it is your way of playing, as if what you said and did was the mere inspiration of the moment, that makes your



Marius Sernaades, with light Catarrh Accompaniment.

Giraldi such a winning little personage.

M. MARIE "hopes he does not go too far," but, assisted by the residuary legatee of the late Mr. Cox, he does go too far for the

reputation of his theatre. It is not a good part for him, but he bustles briskly enough through the part, and his share of the dialogue is nicely balanced between the English and French versions—a little compliment to both sides.

Mr. LESLIE should put in a touch of neutral tint here and there, and then the picture of the ancient Prime Minister would be well done.

On the whole, *Manteaux Noirs* is not so black as it is painted in its advertisements, but is a light Opera with comic situations. But as to the music, its greatest recommendation is, that it is not like the measles, because there is nothing catching about it.

Signor Rossi's experiment at Her Majesty's was a mistake. The house, on the first night, was very poor—as poor as the performance. No play, one of the immortal Bard's least of all, can stand against indifferent representation, and any chance spectator, unaware of the fact that he was witnessing a work of the Divine WILLIAMS, would have condemned the play itself as undramatic in action, uninteresting in plot, and tedious in dialogue. And, had the above-mentioned chance spectator been told by a highly cultivated and generally idealistic personage that he was lacking in appreciation of the Poetic Drama, the chance spectator would probably have replied, that if this was the Poetic Drama in action, he certainly utterly failed to appreciate it, and rather congratulated himself on the fact of not having made for himself a false artistic conscience.

In vain Mr. LYONS delivered the *Fool's* speeches with every variety of point and meaning, but the audience received them stolidly, a non-poetic personage remarking that "if the Actor were correctly representing the Author's creation, what a thundering fool SHAKESPEARE must have intended that *Fool of Lear's* to be!" Some one who had seen the piece years ago, when Miss KATE TERRY played the *Fool*—if we may be allowed the Shakespearian expression—at the Princess's, informed us that the *Fool's* was "a pathetic part." Why? The King's *Fool* was a professional Jester, hired by the year, and paid to be funny. If he wasn't funny, he was dismissed without a character, and wouldn't get another place in a hurry. Who, in search of a *Fool*, would take one who had been turned away from his last place for being "pathetic"?

But in discussing one *Fool*, we have passed over the greater *Fool* who employed him, *King Lear*. Signor Rossi spoke Italian, and everybody else spoke English—or what is supposed to represent our language on the Stage. The effect was decidedly bad. Mr. RYDER, as *Kent*—he had far better have been in Kent than Middlesex this evening—seemed to be waiting, with an air of suppressed irritability, for his time to speak—"when my cue comes, call me"—and when Signor Rossi gave him a chance, after cruelly deceiving him by several false pauses, Mr. RYDER, with that eloquently crooked forefinger of his magisterial right hand, appeared to be severely correcting a feeble old gentleman who would insist on talking Italian when everybody else was speaking English. For example:—

Signor Lear (with plenty of gesticulation). Tu mi serviral! Se dopo il pranzo non ti amo meno, d'ora— (Mr. RYDER, thinking he has finished, is about to speak, when Signor Rossi, noticing his intention, forestalls him, and resumes, hurriedly)—d'ora, non mi dividerò da te. (Pause. Mr. RYDER and the other Actors on the Scene regard one another curiously, as much as to say, "Is it our turn now, or is this delightful old Foreigner going on again?") and Mr. RYDER is just about to cut in with an observation, when Signor Rossi catches his eye, and anticipates him again—but only just in time.) Il pranzo, olà, il pranzo! Dov'è il mio paggio, il mio buffone? (Enter OSWALD. Actors wait to see what is going to happen now.) Voi messere! Olà dove è mia figlia? ("Pantomime Business" with OSWALD, who exits rapidly. Pause. RYDER thinks it's about his time now, stretches out his right forefinger as if to warn him that he's going to begin, when Signor Rossi sees it, starts, and is beforehand with him again.) Che ha detto colui? (Mr. RYDER withdraws his index forefinger, and sniffs with an air of annoyance, conveying to the audience that he's not going to stand this sort of thing much longer.) Fate ritornare il mannolo! (Pause. Mr. RYDER sniffs violently, and once more his right forefinger appears from under his mantle. Signor Rossi takes fright again, and finishes quickly.) Che ha detto, insolente?



A Chicka-Leary Old Man; or, Method in his Madness. Done in Italian Oil.



Our Rossi Gent, or Ryder in Kent.

Senior Ryder (after ascertaining, by a judicious pause, that Signor Rossi has quite done, begins in the vexed and irritated manner of a long-suffering man who has been unjustly "put upon," and who has at last an opportunity of airing his grievances.) My Lord, I know not what the matter is—(sniff)—but to MY judgment—(strong emphasis on "my")—your Highness is not entertained—(sniff)—with probably an aside to himself, "And nobody else is entertained by your Slowness"—with that ceremonious affection as you were wont. (Pause. Rossi wants to cut in now, but Mr. RYDER holds him with his crooked forefinger and his glittering eye—like An Ancient & writer with a long yarn to spin. Mr. RYDER has his chance at last, and he makes the most of it. He continues, with emphasis and discretion.) There's a great abatement—(Aside to himself, "There will be at the box-office before this series is finished")—of kindness appears, &c. &c., &c.

And so on. It took time, and was not lively. Signor Rossi was good twice; once in pantomimic action, when he knelt to Cordelia: this was admirable, and everybody woke up, and gave him a round of genuine applause. And once again, when, in reply to *Gloster*, he answers, "Ay, every inch a king!" This brought down the house, which, however, never rose again afterwards, except to leave.

The first performance of WEBER's *Euryanthe* was warmly greeted by a crowded audience at Drury Lane, last Tuesday. There were many elderly gentlemen present, who, when they heard the familiar chorus, "*Songs sweetly sounding*," felt the tears start to their eyes, as they called to mind the happy nights at Evans's with the pale young man at the piano in one corner of the platform, the youthful Musician at the harmonium in the other corner, while ranged behind



Euryanthe; a Harmony in Black and White.

the brass rail stood the sorrow, bleary-eyed, up-all-night boy-choristers, backed by a line of bass, baritone, and tenor singers, from the age of twenty-one to fifty; when the accompaniment of the above-named instruments mingled with, and was occasionally overpowered by, the jingling of glasses, the clattering of knives and forks, the voices giving orders while the waiters were in the room (and they were never out of it), the popping of soda-water, the paying of money, and the buzz of conversation, silenced from time to time by the Chairman's hammer; and when, amid the incense of the steaming potatoes, the fragrant perfume of the chop, steak, or kidney, and the mixed aroma of the tobacco of all sorts and of all nations, there arose the weary boys' clear young

voices, and above them all came *Euryanthe's* solo, with its roulades and cadenzas, to be followed by the hearty applause of a hundred hands, rapping of sticks on the floor, and of knife-handles on the table,—and all was gas and gladness as the clock struck twelve, and the boys bowed and retired, to give place to their elders, including the Comic Vocalist, the Sentimental Singer, and the inimitable improvisatore. This, to some of us, was one charm of *Euryanthe*, the other night. Oh, Green Days of our Youth! O, Evans!—but no matter.

The plot of *Euryanthe* is dull and stupid. The anti-climax of the *Finale* of the First Act damped the enthusiasm. FRANZ B. SUCHER is good, and the Chorus was excellent—except in their acting—though this was pardonable, as no living Chorus, with any self-respect, could make itself, collectively, such a set of idiots as the Librettist has made it. The Chorus never knows its own mind nor anybody else's: one minute it is all for the heroine, then all against her, then wavering, then "all for her" again, then "all for him,"—in fact, there's no knowing where to have this Chorus—except of course in this Opera, where they are, and can't be got rid of. The idiotic story turns on a ring hidden in the tomb of the hero's sister, named Emma, who has committed suicide. The appropriate title would be, "*Euryanthe; or, Woo Emma*." However, the Opera is well worth hearing, for the music alone; though, on the whole, we should prefer the music alone, or, still better, selections.

But the undoubted success of the German Opera Season is *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, by RICHARD WAGNER. Here RICHARD is himself again, which he is not in the *Nibelung's Ring*, where he loses himself in the dusk of the Gods, goes to the depths of Paganism for an objectionable plot, and shows a group of characters actuated, dramatically, by the lowest motives, and, musically, by all sorts of mixed motives, of which some are good, some bad, and many indifferent. But *Die Meistersinger*, or—as the second title might be—*A Cobbler there was*, &c.—(the stalls were all filled in compliment to the Cobbler)—is charming throughout. A simple and sufficiently interesting story illustrated by thoughtful, mirthful, and delightful melody, which is never wearisome from first to last—and it is a long Opera. There are in it several complete choruses, a

chorale, two or three distinct songs with real live tunes to them, and a finished quintette which would have been vociferously encoored had Herr RICHTER permitted it. The stage-management is weak. The acting is excellent, especially the part of *Sachs* by Herr GURA. The genuine comic acting of Herr ENKE was excellent, and Fräulein MALTEZ looked and sang charmingly. No one fond of melodious Opera, and no unbeliever in WAGNER, should miss seeing his *Meistersinger*.

After the first performance of *Romany Rye*, at the Princess's, Mr. WILSON BARRETT explained, to those among the audience who had called for the Author, that Mr. SIMS, fearing the failure of the piece, had "run away." We present him with this consolatory distich:—

He who writes and runs away
May live to write another play.

A CARDINAL POINT.

THE Second Reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill was rejected in the Upper House by a small and, in every sense, a narrow majority of four.

The Bishop of PETERBOROUGH talked nonsense about it, while the Catholic Peers, with the exception of Lords ASHBURNHAM, BRAYE, CAMOT, and KENMARE, who are of sufficiently liberal and independent character to turn a deaf ear to Cardinal MANNING's piping, submissively danced to His Eminence's incorrect notes: but as his Eminence has changed his tune since fourteen years ago, when, at the head of his hierarchy, he petitioned the House of Lords in favour of the Bill, the "Non-content" Peers would have done better had they been guided by the evidence of the late Cardinal WILKMAN, given before the Commission, which clearly showed how thoroughly he appreciated the baneful effects of this stupid piece of legislation on the poorer portion of his flock.

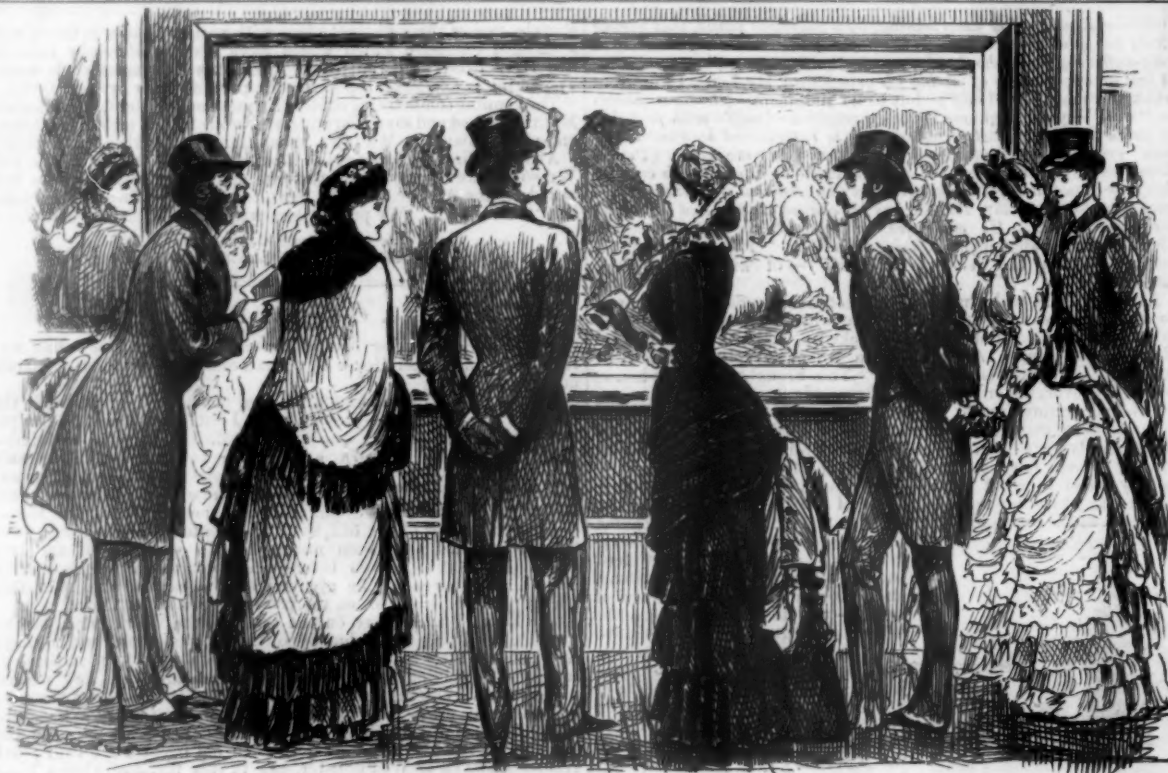
The Royal Princes were on the sensible, the liberal, and, for the present, the losing side; but opposition is vanishing, and perhaps the Cardinal, after his inharmonious variation, may, by next Session, return to his original theme of fourteen years ago, when he "wished to see the civil obstacles removed which stand in the way of remedying what may prove to be grave matters of conscience." Of course his Eminence must be delighted to find himself once more on the same side with his dear muddle-headed old friend Dr. PUSEY; but HENRY EDWARD of Westminster, has, in this instance, shown himself the very reverse of a Wise man.

AT THE MANNION HOUSE BANQUET last Saturday, given in the interests of the Royal College of Music—which evidently can't get on without a lot of feeding—the LORD MAYOR must have had cruel hard work to cram himself, before dinner, with his quotations from SHAKESPEARE, BEN JONSON, and WORDSWORTH. The first of these was fairly appropriate in a lumbering, commonplace way; the second was slightly satirical; and the third, applied to the Princess of WALES, suggested that Her Royal Highness was "Bright" With something of the Angel Light," which may or may not be complimentary, according to the appreciable difference between an Angel of Light and a Light Angel. But the intention was good. Bravo, Sir WITTY-DOG ELLIS, Bart.! WHITTINGTON would have been proud of you.

A HEAVY CHARGE.



TAXPAYER OF "THE TIMES" PREPARING TO RECEIVE CAVALRY.



PUTTING HER FOOT IN IT.

Fashionable Lady. "Now, **THIS** IS ABOUT THE WORST DAUB OF THE WHOLE COLLECTION!"
Distinguished Academician (of whose Artistic Profession his Fair Companion is ignorant). "I'M SORRY YOU SHOULD THINK SO, FOR IT'S MINE!"
Fashionable Lady. "YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU BOUGHT THAT?" *Distinguished Academician.* "NO; BUT I PAINTED IT!"
Fashionable Lady. "OH—OH, I AM SO SORRY; BUT YOU REALLY MUSTN'T MIND WHAT I SAY, FOR I'M NO CRITIC AT ALL. I—I ONLY REPEAT WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS, YOU KNOW—A—"

NEDDY ON THE NILE;

OR, WHO'LL RIDE HIM?

An Egyptian Farce in one (Trick) Act.

SCENE—The "Great Oriental Circus" during the performances of the celebrated Egyptian Trained Donkey "Sphinx."

Clown (chuckling). "Who'll ride him?" Yu-up! Eh? Have a try—the pair of you?

Well, by the Prophet's beard, that's hardly fair of you.

However, go it! One or both together.

SPHINX doesn't care, nor I—(aside)—whilst I've his tether.

First Volunteer Rider. (Aside.) Hang it! I wish this Frenchy wasn't in it;

I'd do the trick—alone—in half a minute.

Second Volunteer Rider. (Aside.) Peste! How he is de trop. Vere he but out of it,

I—moi tout seul—could ride him. Not a doubt of it!

Ring-Master (sotto voce). Ach! What a bridle-hand! What a knee-grip!

They "witch the world with noble assmanship"?

Clown. Techeck!

Both Riders (angrily). Hold that row! You—you upset him!

Clown. [Struggle, and get mixed up. Steady!]

That's not the way to manage a Nile Nedd.

A shifting seat and hesitating bridle

Won't answer with this Ass. The effort's idle.

[Pulls tether shily, and donkey rears on his hind-legs.

First Rider (to second). Hi, Hi! Hold hard! Don't sit upon my head, fool!

[CLOWN pulls again, and donkey rears on his fore-legs.

Second Rider (to first). Ah! Ventre bleu! My stomach! Zis is dreadful!

Ring-Master (sings softly).

"If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,

Would I ride him in that way, ach! no, no!"

First Rider. Here, you get off a minute; I'll soon settle him.

Second Rider. Non; you descend. You only chafe and mettle him.

You have him round ze neck!

First Rider (chokingly). And you have me, Sir.

Clown. CÆSAR and POMPEY like, especially CÆSAR!

[Pulls string; donkey lashes out behind.

First Rider. Woa! woa! Hi! here, you fellow, don't stand grinning;

Just steady him a moment!

Second Rider (gasping). I'm beginning

To sink zat shall be best.

Clown (affecting astonishment). I steady Nedd.

Don't mean to say you two give up already?

You who would try, my hints and aid refusing—

Both Riders. Woa! woa!

[Donkey rears and dances round on his hind-legs, with hee-haw obligato, and tail lashing ad. lib.

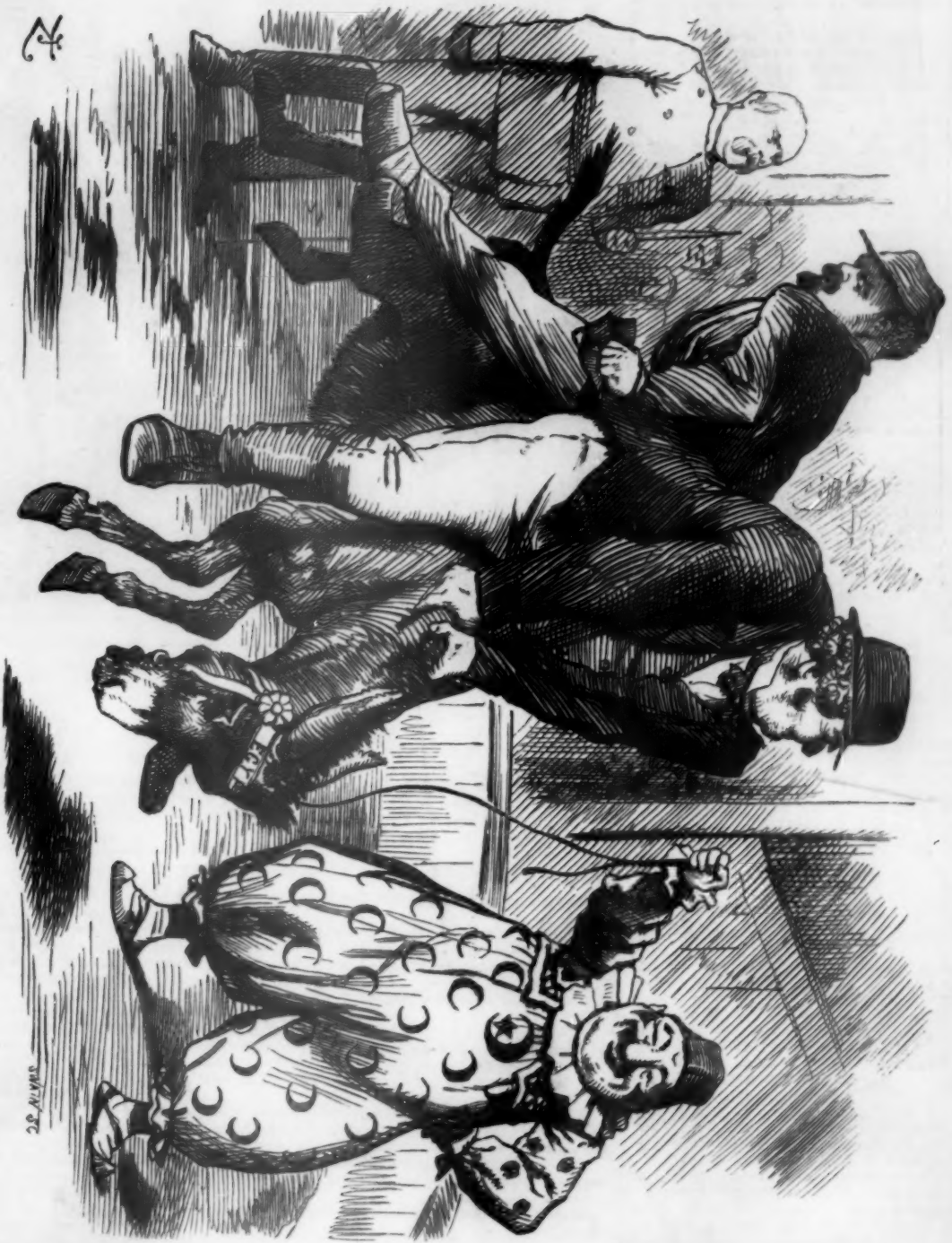
Ring-Master (aside). Now this is really most amusing!

[Left struggling.

Cabmen's Rests.

FROM a remark made at a recent meeting of Cabmen, it would appear that the House of Correction is the Real Cabmen's Rest. They have asked the Seldom-at-Home Secretary to allow one of their calling to be employed as a prison-visitor, as numbers of cabdrivers are suffering penally for civil offences. This is a bad state of things, if true, and is another proof of the perfection of our licensing system.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 24, 1882.



THE NEDDY OF THE NILE.

(Comic Act in the Grand Oriental Circus.)

THE JOURNAL OF THE





ONE FOR HIS NOB.

Cousin Charley (an eminent Dancing Man). "JUST FANCY, EDITH! I'M ENGAGED TO GO TO A BALL AT BEDLAM NEXT WEEK!"

Edith. "TAKE CARE THEY DON'T KEEP YOU, WHEN ONCE THEY GET YOU, CHARLEY DEAR!"

Fiendish Rival. "THEY ONLY TAKE IN THE CURABLE CASES, MISS EDITH!"

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

No. V.—DRIVERS.

Q. WHAT is a Driver? *A.* The ruthless and irresponsible autocrat of London roadways.

Q. What is the function of a Driver?

A. To drive—in the widest sense of that term. That is to say, that whilst his business is to drive vehicles of one sort or another from place to place, his pleasure is to drive horses to death, pedestrians off the roadway, timid old ladies to distraction, and animal multitudes to the hospital and the cemetery.

Q. Does the effectual execution of his proper duties incidentally involve these scarcely desirable results? *A.* Not at all.

Q. Why, then, does the Driver indulge in them?

A. To gratify his own propensities, which are as strongly marked as peculiar, and all in the direction of cruelty to animals and annoyance and injury to the pedestrian public.

Q. Once seated on his box or perch, what is the first impulse of the Driver?

A. To make as much noise as possible.

Q. What, from the Driver's point of view, are the advantages of this proceeding?

A. In addition to the general annoyance which the noise causes to the public at large, it irritates the animals he is driving, and deafens and disconcerts the passing wayfarer, thus materially increasing the facilities for disturbance, and the chances of accident.

Q. Should the Driver perceive anyone in the act of crossing the road, or about to do so, what is his course of action?

A. To crack his whip as loudly as possible, and howl stentorian, though inarticulate, anathemas at the person in question.

Q. With what effect upon the latter?

A. Of confusing, if not frightening, him, and either driving the would-be crosser back to the pavement, sending him splashing through the mud with needless haste, or—quite probably—depositing him in the gutter.

Q. Could not these inconveniences be avoided? *A.* In the majority of cases quite easily.

Q. Why, then, are they not? *A.* Because their avoidance would involve the exercise of precisely those qualifications in which Drivers, as a class, are most signally deficient.

Q. What are these? *A.* Ordinary civility and reasonable carefulness.

Q. What do you consider to be the most conspicuous and universal characteristic of Drivers?

A. Wanton and malignant incivility.

Q. How do you account for this?

A. It cannot be accounted for. It is indeed supposed that the power of annoyance and immunity from check or chastisement afforded by their "bad eminence" on Hansom or Pickford, encourage the growth in them, as in other Autocrats, of cynical malice and chuckling brutality.

Q. How are these manifested?

A. In every imaginable way, and in many ways not imaginable—by anybody but a Driver. The following are a few—a very few—examples. The Driver of a ponderous waggon delights in plunging along as furiously and noisily as possible, especially if the road be narrow or crowded, if there be women and children about, or if he have reason to suspect the vicinity of sick people. The driver of any vehicle, from a van to a hansom, will steer carefully out of his direct course, if, by so doing, he can alarm a nervous old lady, painfully agitate a limping old gentleman, or cause anyone crossing the road needlessly to quicken his pace. Drivers delight in wet weather, as affording them the opportunity—never neglected—of deliberately splashing mud over the garments of well-dressed people. They also largely enjoy flicking with their whips restive saddle-horses, weary cattle, passing dogs, inoffensive boys, or indeed grown-up persons, whom, from their mild bearing, unprotected condition, (and the remoteness of a policeman), they may deem as safe as it is delightful to annoy. The gratuitous, ill-conditioned, ingrained malice of the Driver is, however, in nothing more conspicuously manifested than in the manoeuvres of a Cabman who chances to be approaching just as you are about to cross a street.

Q. How so?

A. If you hasten your pace to get before him, he does the same—to prevent your doing so. If, on the other hand, you pause to let him pass, he slackens his pace immediately—to keep you waiting as long as possible. This little comedy of spite may be witnessed at any street-corner in London twenty times a day.

Light Refreshment.

(For the Devotees of Sweetness and Light.)

AN AESTHETIC MENU.

Lis en branches au naturel.
Fleurs de tournesol à l'oriflamme.
Poissons louches à la dado.
Cuisse de cigogne tout au long.
Tête d'épouvantail à la Botticelli.
Compote de fruit défendu à la Bando-claire fortement sucrée.

HEN Good Gracious MAJESTY presented five pounds to Mr. Chief Superintendent HATES, of the Windsor Police, in acknowledgment of his services on the occasion of the Lunatic MACLEAN's attempt at assassination. Why five pounds? Because there is no adequate decoration in the shape of a trumphy rosette which can be conferred on an official in Mr. Chief Superintendent's position. They manage these things better abroad.

CONQUEST for the Salvation Army! They have bought the Gredian Theatre.

FROM THE MONUMENT
TO OLD TEMPLE BAR.

DEAR OLD TEMPLE BAR,

I HEAR that you have not retired from public life, but that after a short rest—you were so utterly shattered and knocked to pieces, poor thing!—you are to be put up in Epping Forest. A very nice change, excellent air, and I hope you'll like it. The Duke of WELLINGTON'S Statue is coming down—not to Epping; in fact it isn't exactly decided where Mr. LEFFERE will find accommodation for man and beast; but wherever provision may be made for the pair, I hope I shall benefit by the change proposed for me, which is from here to the West End, actually to Constitution Hill! I am tired of the City, and when I do make a move—and one move, you know, is as good as a fire, and better than the fire which I was erected to commemorate—I shan't return. I am not vain, but I do think I should adorn any spot, and my own notion is that a trip to Hampstead would do me good. In that elevated position I should never again come down in the world. What a lovely view I should have, and what a lovely view everyone for miles round (if provided with telescopes) would have of me. Wouldn't Miss Crystal Palace be jealous! Hoping to hear of your being completely recovered, and that you have pulled yourself together again, I remain,

Yours statuesquely,
THE MONUMENT.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 89.



SIR ARTHUR M. BASS, M.P.

A NEW BEEHONEY, WHOSE FATHER REFUSED A BEEHONEY. MOTTO—"BASS IS THE TRADE THAT PAYS."

PRINCE MISSMARK.

PRINCE MISSMARK is a great man, but a very little financier. He is as obstinate as the most bigoted Protectionist, and quite as ignorant. He has been again defeated on his favourite scheme of tobacco monopoly. The Germans decline to believe that the best way of raising money is to let the Government make and sell bad and dear tobacco, and force it on the country. Prince MISSMARK has been made to consume his own smoke, and, vulgarly speaking, has had his pipe put out.

Gyen't Note.

SAYS GYE TO NILSSON,
"Your name my bill's on."
SAYS NILSSON TO GYE,
"That's all my eye!"

THE Mayor of Margate has just been presented with an official collar, lettered "S.S." by a native of the town who has "a gold-mine of his own in Victoria." If this Gold-miner is not elected Mayor next year, he can have another collar made with another letter prefixed to those above-mentioned—and wear it himself.

THE *Times* Correspondent in Egypt wrote home last week, *à propos* of the disturbances, to say, "The few families remaining are leaving." This must have been sent by the Great Paddy Shah himself.

REMARKABLE ROMANCES.

(By a Rambler.)

No. VI.—THE TWO WATCHES.

THERE was once an industrious watchmaker, who was always busy from morning till night, with a magnifying glass screwed into his right eye. One Summer he especially devoted his energies to the perfecting of two watches, which he intended to be more than equal to the best productions of London, Geneva, or Waltham. The worthy Horologist, moreover, took extra pains, because both watches were bespoke, the One by the Squire's Son, a devil-may-care sort of fellow, who lived every day of his life, and took credit with Time for a great many more; while the Other was destined for the fob of the village Curate, a timid, retiring young man, who devoted his existence to severe books and benevolence of the unobtrusive kind. But while the young Squire's watch was to be cased with gold, that of the Parson was to be clad in the more humble silver. Both were finished one Midsummer Eve, and the good maker was just surveying the result of his labours with reasonable pride, when there came in unto him his little Grand-daughter.

"Gran'pa," she lisped, "Tommy says this is the night when the Fairies come out—Is it true?"

"True!" cried the Grandfather. "Of course not. Why, TOTTIE, there are no such things as Fairies. Fairies indeed!" and he laughed heartily as he put away his tools.

Now it so happened that these contemptuous remarks were over-

heard by a little Gentleman, who at that very minute was resting in the Chimney, wondering what new frolics he could be up to. When I tell you that his name was ROBIN GOODFELLOW, I need not describe him further.

"Ho! ho! Master Watchmaker. No Fairies, indeed! We shall see; we shall see!" and he chuckled so loudly to himself that the old man said, "There's that blessed Cat in the chimney again. Hah! Hah! Hah!"

When the family had gone to bed, ROBIN softly descended and inspected the premises. He was especially taken with the two new watches, and was at first inclined to break the glasses and springs of both, but a more ingenious idea suggested itself to him. Taking two tiny boxes from his pocket, he anointed the Gold Watch with salve labelled "Slow," and the Silver one with ointment marked "Fast." Then, having executed a JOHN D'AUDAN hornpipe on the Cuckoo clock, which feat nearly frightened the bird's voice out of it, he fled through the key-hole back to Fairyland.

Next morning the Gold Watch was despatched to the Squire's Son, and the Silver to the Curate. When the former received his new timekeeper, he was just about to consume a bottle of champagne, previous to starting in his dog-cart for the races; but scarcely had he fastened it to his chain, than a change came over him. He called for some barley-water, substituted his evening trowsers for a pair of large checked breeches and gaiters, and, much to the astonishment of his relatives and retainers, spent the day in the Library, reading Tupper's *Philosophy*, and Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. He was not more lively on hearing that the Right Honourable BASKINGTON BUNN, the great Radical M.P., was coming to dine and sleep, and would certainly be furnished with a stock of new and racy anecdotes.

The effect of the Silver Watch on the Curate was precisely opposite. After he had adjusted it to his horsehair-guard, he chucked his landlady under the chin, kissed the parlour-maid, and sent round to the "Griffin" for a tandem to take him to the race-course. The





THE STREETS OF LONDON.

AS THEY WILL BE IF THE MANAGERS AND LEADING ACTORS CARRY OUT FOR THEMSELVES THE DESIGN ORIGINATED BY MR. FOURTEEN DAYS WYNDHAM.

parishioners were presently both surprised and shocked to see him tooling through the village with a long cigar in his mouth, a white hat on his head, and a moss rosebud in his button-hole. And the turnpike-keeper furthermore subsequently deposed that he distinctly heard him say, "Dem the change!" Indeed, the villagers could scarcely credit their eyeballs or the drums of their ears. At the races the Curate plunged boldly into the mysteries of betting, of which he learnt nothing, beyond the fact that he acquired a score of oblong tickets of curious hue; he also encouraged Negro Minstrels and Gipsy Soothsayers, and freely consumed intoxicants in the company of Bookmakers and Backers. So it came to pass that just before the last race he had reduced his pocket-money to a Godless florin and a sixpence with a hole through it. Yet a burning desire to wager filled his breast. As he was debating within himself what to do, Mr. BALLS, the Member for Flamborough, passed by. Mr. BALLS was an ex-Pawnbroker, an Ultra-Tory, and being in favour of unlimited traffic in strong drinks, and of strong-minded, fox-hunting Clergymen, had heretofore been utterly repugnant to the Curate's soul. But now he addressed him with boldness and familiarity, "BALLS, old boy," he cried, "lend us a fiver?"

The M.P. was much startled at this laconic speech, but speedily recovered his affability.

"Oh, oh!" he chuckled, "Parsons going racing—quite in the good old style. What next? A fiver, is it you want, young man? What security?" he asked, from old force of habit.

The Curate felt in his pockets.

"I've nothing," he said, "except this watch. It's silver, but a stunner."

"All right! that'll do!" said BALLS. "Hand it over; here's the money." But scarcely had the exchange been effected, when the Legislator exclaimed, "I'm quite ashamed to see one of your cloth at a race-meeting. The Church must be disestablished. By Gad it's time, when such things occur. I shall certainly bring it before the 'Ouse—before the 'Ouse of Commons, Sir. Remember that!" and he strode away, leaving the poor Curate overcome with shame.

Here he was, away from his parish, clad in unseemly raiment, reeking of tobacco, filled with wine, and wearing, in place of his

supple wideawake, a white hat, surrounded by red-cheeked, unclothed dolls. Dashing the obnoxious head-covering to the ground, he fled towards his lodgings, weeping bitter tears, and moaning aloud for his transgressions. His conduct was charitably ascribed to mental aberration, but it cost him many months' penance to make peace with his Vicar and his Bishop. Even when, many years after, he became Rural Dean, he would shudder at the very name of Epsom or Ascot.

Meantime, Mr. BASHINGTON BINKS had arrived at the Squire's, and in his merriest vein, but his eldest Son heard his anecdotes with gloomy indifference, and sanctimoniously sighed at his broad conversation.

"Blue pill's the best cure for the blues," said Mr. BINKS, jocularly, as he retired to rest. "By the way, Could somebody lend me a watch? Mine has gone to be repaired. I have to get up early to study the Anti-Potato Agitation Question."

The young Squire proffered his.

"You had better keep it till you get your own back," he added, feeling filled with goodwill towards his fellow-creatures.

"Ay, that I will," said Mr. BINKS, and went to bed. As the watch went up the stairs, the Squire's Son became himself again. He rushed into the billiard-room, called for brandy-and-soda, played a certain Captain HAWBUCK all night at "shell out," and was carried to his chamber by the Stablemen in the early dawn, as was his usual custom.

On the following day, or rather night, the House of Commons was electrified by two speeches on the Unlimited Potato Bill. Mr. BALLS, hitherto its bitterest opponent, because a scorching hot Free Trader, while the Radical, BASHINGTON BINKS, a prominent Member of the Government, actually delivered an oration worthy of the most primeval Protectionist. The excitement in political circles was immense. The Reform called a general meeting of its Members, and the Carlton passed a resolution making its organisation more strictly of a party nature. Three leader-writers on daily journals became drivelling idiots, the Fourth Party issued a manifesto which no one understood, and the Bank Rate rose with the Sun.

That same morning, as Mr. BALLS was walking home, he was relieved of the Silver Watch in Parliament Street, when he instantly became

GROSVENOR GEMS.



No. 204. Can't find this in the G. G.'s practical-joke Catalogue. But it seems to represent Suffering Torsoes—without their Clothes.



No. 239. "I'll give it him hot!" The very complete Letter-Writer.

No. 226. "Sic Transit"; or, Halfway between Dover and Calais, and nearly "all over" with him.



No. 221. Miss Ellen Terry and an objectionable Critic. A Hiss-trionic subject.



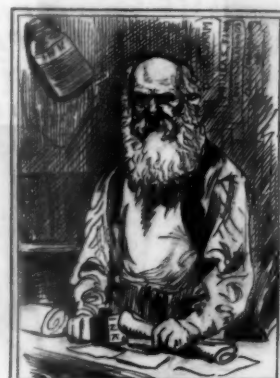
No. 47. Colney Hatch. Escaped Lady with Double-headed Dog. R. W. Macbeth. (Ah! Duncan is avenged!)



No. 16. A-las! Quite so! Alas a lack—of a good deal. H. Schmalz.



No. 29. Hamlet Junior. "The Colly-er Dog will have his day." Mrs. J. Collier.



No. 173. This number we cannot find in its proper place in the G. G.'s eccentric Catalogue. But we think it is a fancy portrait of Anthony Trollope, in his Workshop, preparing to hammer out an idea.

* Can't find these three numbers in their proper place in the Catalogue, which jumps from 167 to 252. Subtle and æsthetic joke, no doubt, but we should prefer a plain and simple arrangement in black and white to this eccentric Whistlerianism.

unpleasantly conscious that he had most likely ruined his political future. After a bucketful of black coffee, he spent the next six hours writing explanatory letters of a feeble and vague nature to newspaper Editors. But these did not save him from the thong of his irate Whip. Meanwhile, the Pickpocket, who had feloniously acquired the watch, immediately imagined himself to be a Burglar, and was promptly taken up by a Detective for housebreaking, while, shortly afterwards, the Detective, thinking himself the Director of Criminal Investigation, was put under arrest for insulting a Sergeant. Concurrently, Mr. BASHINGTON BINKS, having received back his own chronometer, packed up the Gold Watch in a cardboard box, and directed it to the Squire's Son. Being of an economical turn of mind, and on bad terms with the Postmaster-General, he did not register the parcel. His speech in the House somewhat nettled him, but he felt that he had no need to take it seriously to heart, for being a Cabinet Minister, he had become accustomed to eating his own words. The watch was, in course of transmission, stolen by a dishonest Postman, who forthwith imagined himself to be a Pillar-box, delivered no letters, and stood at the corners of streets with his mouth open. Here he was found by his sister, who was a Ballet-girl at a spectacular Theatre. She, imagining him to be overcome by gin, and foreseeing disastrous consequences, emptied his pockets, and took the watch with her to the playhouse. That night her wonted light trip was changed to that of a Tragedian-like stride, and, at the close of the performance, she was abruptly dismissed by the Stage Manager for marring his grandest choreographic effect.

The Silver Watch had now, pending the trial of the Pickpocket, and the investigation of the Detective's conduct, passed into the hands of a hardworking Police-clerk, who promptly took upon himself the airs of a young man-about-town, put a toothpick between his lips, bought a Stall at a West-End theatre, and afterwards hung about the stage-door just as the unfortunate Ballet-girl came out sobbing and crying at the loss of her situation. The Police-clerk, who was naturally kindhearted, had now become remarkably forward, as befitting his new capacity, and hastened to inquire into the cause of her woe, with the most gallant air imaginable. The maiden was anxious for sympathy, and too stricken with grief not to listen to the

consoling voice of the cavalier. Knowing, too, the consolation of food, she further accepted an invitation to supper at a French restaurant. After the repast, the Clerk, forgetting the little difference between *meum, tuum*, and *suum*, begged the lady's acceptance of the Silver Watch. With some reluctance she consented to take the gift, but, *presto!* scarcely had she done so, when the influence of the One neutralised the effect of the Other. Rising up, with virtuous indignation starting from every pore, she soundly boxed the wretched Clerk's ears, and started to walk to her home in Lambeth, over Westminster Bridge. Half-way across, she remembered the watches.

"Perhaps Jim," (her brother) "who is rather light-fingered, stole it!" she thought, in a fright, and took the Gold Watch from her pocket. "And I've no doubt the other man is as bad. I'll get rid of both."

Acting under the impulse, and not without a sigh of regret at the extravagance, she first threw the Silver Watch into the Thames. As it touched the water, the stream raced along so fast as to well-nigh carry away the tugs anchored in the tide, and to seriously endanger the piles of Waterloo Bridge; and, indeed, the Southwark householders seriously thought that an inundation was upon them; but when the Gold Watch joined its companion, the river resumed its wonted appearance. The Ballet-girl passed on her way, lighter in pocket, and, strange to say, in heart. I have since heard that she is married to a pork-butcher. Merit is never unrewarded, sooner or later.

In the interests of civilisation, I implore no one to dredge in the hope of recovering the Watches. See how they have corrupted humanity already! Be warned by the Curate, the Squire's Son, the two M.P.'s, the Postman, the Pickpocket, the Detective, the Police-clerk, and the Ballet-girl; and, above all, remember that this story is *strictly true*. It cannot be otherwise, for I wrote it.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says the drawing-room of her dear friend, Lady COREYMONESTER, is now so crowded with *pick-a-back* that it is more like a Mausoleum than anything else.



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Eminent Provincial Tragedian. "COME HITHER, SWEET ONE! YOUR MOTHER TELLS ME THAT YOU SHED TEARS DURING MY SOLILOQUY IN EXILE, LAST NIGHT!"

Success One. "YES, SIR. MOTHER KEPT ON PINCHING ME, 'CAUSE I WAS SO SLEEPY!"

VERY FISHY LEGISLATION.

HIP, HIP, HOORAY! Three Chairs for the Copperation, and three Chairs for the House of Lords! Didn't I say as the Copperation could depend on 'em? Why in course they could. They acts on the same principals, and when they has to decide atween a sacred CHARTER for the rich and a lot of most common Fish for the Poor of the Low East End of London, who could doubt the result? Why Browns tells me there was a reel live Dook in the Chair, and 2 Erls and 2 Barrens, and wen our sacred Charter was brot in by the Copperation Charter Keeper and handed to the Dook, there was quite a hawderbel buzz of admira-shun, and no wonder as it was more than 500 long ears old, and all written in such old Lattin as even the Dook couldn't read it tho' he is a Irishman.

So then both the Erls tried, but it wasn't no go, and then the 2 Barrens tried, both together, but they were as barren as the Erls and couldn't make nothink of it, and so they was obligated to ask the poor Charter Keeper to read it, tho' they was such Noble Swells, and he blushing all the wile like a grate school gal, red it all off without wunce taking his breth.

Of course that settled the whole matter, and if the poor low people at the East End wants more fish they must go more than 7 miles to get it, and then they won't be a flying in the face of the uncommon sense of the Sacred Charter of EDDARD the 3d.

And now let me call speshal attention to the kind and generous and nobelmanly way in which the Dook and the Erls and the Barrens and the grand old Copperation all combined together to let the Poor down easy. They achally passed the Bill! and then they just added two little clawses. One was, that if the Copperation should think as how the little Shadwel Market was a going to pay, that they should have the right to buy it up at cost price, so as to git all the profit and let a lot of common people run all the risk. Wasn't that jest a clever dodge? Browns says he thinks it's quite worthy of 'em all, and even of Sir EDWARD DODGER himself, but then Browns will exadgerate so. But I thinks as the other claws is the cleverest of the 2, and beats amost anything excep old Port and dry Shampain. It is so jolly clever that I'm afraid nobody would believe me when I says it, but it's religiously true.

They've achally ordered that every pound of the commonest fish as goes into poor little Shadwel Market to feed the werry commonest kind of people, shall

pay the werry same toll as the werry finest Sammon as goes into lovely Billingsgate to feed such emment swells as Dooks and Common Counsellmen; so that any de-fishansy as happens at Billingsgate, cos people prefers goin to a New Market mainly because it happens to be big and clean and comfortabel, shall be made up from Shadwel, so as that the Grand old Copperation shan't loss a copper by the alteration.

I calls that somethink sublime! Screwing out tuppence or thruppence from the costermongers to pay for Turtel and Champain, and serve 'em rite. What rites had they to go and give such evidense about poor dear Billingsgate being so filthy, and so sorowed, and so little, that they was all a-scrumbling over one another, when a most respectabel Salesman, who doesn't make a much better income than the Prime Minister, achally says that it's a beautiful Market, and plenty big enuff for him, and another gent who's got a nice bit of prop-erty in the nayhood says all it wants is a better approach jewdishuals made!

Ah, I never knowed 'till last week what sly fellers some of the werry highest of our Harrystockracy is, and how werry dearly they does love a good practickle joke.

I see there's a talk of asking the House of Common Counsellmen to upset the hole derangement, but who cares for the Commons when the bluming Lords shines upon yer all serene.

ROBERT.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

HAMBLEDON LOCK.

A CAPITAL luncheon I've had at the "Lion,"

I've drifted down here with the light Summer breeze;

I land at the bank, where the turf's brown and dry on,

And lazily list to the music of trees!

Oh, sweet is the air, with a perfume of clover,

Oh, sleepy the cattle in Remenham meads!

The lull of the lasher is soothing, moreover,

The wind whistles low in the stream-stricken reeds!

With sail closely furled, and a weed incandescent—

Made fast to a post is the swift *Shuttlecock*—

I think you will own 'tis uncommonly pleasant

To dream and do nothing by Hambleton Lock!

Now a barge blunders through, overbearing and shabby,

With its captain asleep, and his wife in command;

Then a boatful of beauties for Medmenham Abbey,

And a cargo of campers all tired and tanned.

Two duffers collide, they don't know what they're doing—

They're both in the ways of the water unskilled—

But here is the infant, so great at canoeing,

Sweet, saucy, short-skirted, and snowily frilled.

I notice the tint of a ribbon or feather,

The ripple of ruffle, the fashion of frock;

I languidly laze in the sweet Summer weather,

And muse o'er the maidens by Hambleton Lock!

What value they give to the bright panorama—

Oh, had I the pencil of MILLAIS or SANDYS!—

The lasses with sunshades from far Yokohama,

The pretty girl-scuellers with pretty brown hands!

Next the *Syrén* steams in; see the kind-eyed old colley,

On the deck, in the sun, how he loves to recline!

Note the well-ordered craft and its Skipper so jolly,

With friends, down to Marlow, he's taking to dine.

In the snug-curtained cabin, I can't help espying

A dew-clouded tankard of seltzer-and-hook,

And a plateful of peaches big babies are trying,

I note, as they glide out of Hambleton Lock!

A punt passes in, with Waltonians laden,

And boatman rugose of mahogany hue;

And then comes a youth and a sunny-haired maiden

Who sit *vis-à-vis* in their basswood canoe.

Now look at the Admiral steering the *Fairy*,

Oh, where could he find a much better crew than

His dutiful daughters, FLO, NINA, and MARY,

Who row with such grace in his trim-built randan?

I muse while the water is ebbing and flowing,

I silently smoke and serenely take stock

Of countless Thames toilers, now coming now going,

Who take a pink ticket at Hambleton Lock!

A FEMALE FENIAN SUBSCRIPTION TO SECRET SOCIETY FUND.—The Widow's Dyna-mite.

TWO NICE OLD LADIES.



(AIR—"Three Nice Old Ladies.")

Granny Gr-nu-lls (sings)—

I MUST COMPLAIN A BIT
OF THAT IMPORTUNIT
SALISBURY!
O DEAR ME!
HOW RUDE AND TROUBLESOME YOUR FRIEND CAN BE!

Dowager N-r-the-to (the Grand Old Woman)—

I SYMPATHISE WITH YOU,
SUCH AN EXAMPLE TO
MY JIMMER
LOWTHER, G—
—ORST, WOLFE, AND CHAPLIN OF MY OWN PARTER!

Key-Notes to the European Concert at Constantinople.

Austria.—To keep in unison with Germany. *Germany.*—To introduce a discord in the score of France. *France.*—To keep England out of a major key. *England.*—To force France to continue in the minor. *Turkey.*—To do everything in slow time, and to take notes all round without any variations.

PICKWICKIAN PRESS NOTICE TO SECRET SOCIETIES.—The Irish Detective Machinery will not be in working order till the end of

September. So says the *Central News*, and this is one of the advantages of journalistic publicity. *Mr. Snodgrass*, in a truly Christian spirit, and in order that he may take no one unawares, announces, in a very loud tone, that he is about to begin, and proceeds to divest himself of his coat with the utmost deliberation.

TAIT À TÊTE.—The Archbishop of CANTERBURY at the head of the Salvation Army. His Grace—the S. A. is not now graceless—has headed the subscription to purchase "The Grecian," which, at the time of the Conquest, was a well-conducted theatre, and is now going to be used for a Booth. Such is conversion!



"DISTRESS!"

Sergeant (to Milkwoman). "YOU APPEAR TO BE DOING A GREAT DEAL OF BUSINESS JUST NOW, MRS. MURPHY."
Mrs. Murphy. "SORRA A BIT! I'M NEARLY KILT WID THEVIN' TO LIVE!"

PUNCH AMONG THE PROPHETS.

CANON BASIL WILBERFORCE is Bishop-Elect of Newcastle. No doubt he has already received many congratulatory addresses; but, years ago, Mr. Punch was the first to admonish Canon BASIL, in a tone of prophetic warning, as to the duties of the elevated position which he was one day destined to occupy. Mr. Punch foresaw it, though the young Don BASIL did not; for in his reply to Letter XXXI. in *Punch's Complete Letter-Writer* (Vol. VII., p. 169, 1844) BASIL intimated his intention of renouncing the idea of taking Orders, and of going to the Bar instead; because, as he observes in his P.S., "They tell me I've the gift of the gab"—a talent which he has Wilberforcedly cultivated, as may be gathered from the paragraph in *Truth*, where we learn that the Elect Bishop BASIL has been preaching to "overflowing congregations."

"My dear BASIL," wrote Mr. Punch, in the immortal series already alluded to, "I have endeavoured to place before you your duties as the Parish Pastor of a flock. Providence may, however, raise you to the bench. Yes, BASIL; you may become a Bishop. Nevertheless, seek not the dignity; nay, pray that it may never fall upon you. In your mid-day walks, in your closet, in your bed, let your constant ejaculation be—*Nolo Episcopari*. Sweet, most sweet, is the humblest curacy—dangerous and difficult the richest see. How far happier—how more truly primitive—the Pastor of a Welsh mountain, than the Bishop of even golden Durham!"

And now, Mr. Punch, strongly recommending the elect Bishop BASIL to read the above-mentioned letter from beginning to end, to retire within himself, and ponder its contents, folds him to his heart in his paternal embrace, bestows on him his benison, and sends him, with the coals, to Newcastle.

MAJOR FLOOD PAGE has resigned the post of Crystal Palatial Manager for that of General Manager of the Edison Indian and Colonial Electric Light Company. Here's sudden promotion! The Major Manager to be a Major-General Manager. What a Flood of Light may now be expected from the Edison Indian Co.

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

No. V.—DRIVERS (concluded).

- Q. On what terms are Drivers with each other?
A. On those colloquially known as "cat-and-dog" terms.
Q. Why is this?
A. The Driver's bounceable conceit, monkeyish malice, insatiable love of squabbling and fondness for bullying and abuse, are too enormous and ever-active to find full vent upon the general public. To give them complete play, he is compelled to quarrel continuously with those of his own kind.
Q. How does he manage this?
A. A Driver's faculty of spontaneous aversion is greater than that of a party politician, whilst his powers of provocation would put those of a nagging fishwife into the shade.
Q. What are his methods of provocation?
A. They are too numerous to name. Wilful collisions, deliberate blocks, aggravating "nursing," free use of the whip, and freer use of a slangy and scurrilous tongue, are among his commoner devices.
Q. When two Drivers differ on some small point of road etiquette or personal demeanour, what is their course?
A. To burst simultaneously into a savage, satirical, and generally foul-mouthed slanging match, which is prolonged while they can contrive to keep within ear-shot of each other, without heed to the stoppage of traffic, to public decency or to the convenience or comfort of fares.
Q. But when one or other of the Drivers is in the wrong?
A. No Driver was ever known on any occasion, or in any circumstances, to admit himself to be in the wrong. This rule is absolute and without exception, and is understood, indeed, to embody the Driver's one—and only—"point of honour."

THE new City Remembrancer is Mr. PRIOR GOLDNEY, who obtained priority over the other candidates. Mr. GOLDNEY is one of the Counsel for the Mint—so, altogether, there is something appropriate in his name.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

QUERY WEATHER AT WESTMINSTER.

TUESDAY Afternoon, June 20.—Imposing entry of Lord Mayor of Dublin. Arrived at Two o'Clock in a four-wheeler. Received in Palace Yard by Inspector DRESSING and picked detachment of A Division. Immense sensation in crowd lining the Westminster Hall. Mr. DAWSON bowed gracefully to right and left, and swept onward. A doorkeeper nearly slain by glance from Dawsonian orbs. Hapless official thought personage in scarlet gown was a mere London Sheriff, and when he would have passed the bar threw himself before him.

"Terrible moment," Mr. DAWSON told RICHARD POWER at Lord Mayor's banquet, subsequently held in dining-room. "It is well known anybody who lays a hand on Mrs. DAWSON must first step over my dead body. That's written in *Hansard*; but little did I think I should be so near entering the House of Commons over the dead body of a doorkeeper. The catiff drew back just in time, and I passed on leaving him scatheless."

Delightful to see the Lord Mayor seated just below the Gangway with the cloak folded around him.

"Like the Mother of Gracohy, bedad," says The O'KELLY, eyeing him with glance of pardonable pride.

Underneath the robe tantalising glimpses of velvet tights. Round his neck a gold chain, not the one a certain Lord Mayor of Dublin wore on his famous visit to London; but, TREVELYAN tells me, the veritable "collar of gold Malachi won from the proud invader." Always thought Malachi was a Hebrew, though of course TREVELYAN knows, being not only a historian, but specially well up in Irish matters. Besides General BURNABY says we are the Lost Tribes, and this may be a heirloom.

When the Lord Mayor spoke fresh glimpses caught of velvet tights. A graceful waving to and fro of folds of scarlet gown, an uplifted hand to point the moral, or an indignant motion of the leg opened up vistas of velvet. Only when he sat down after impassioned harangue was House entranced by unobstructed view of velvet tights, silk stockings hiding legs that would have made *Sim Tappertit* blue with envy, and silver buckles on shoes beside which RANDOLPH's are canoes. On the whole a sight never to fade from memory. Pity the painter's pencil, or even the photographer's lens, did not seize it ere it fled. WILFRID LAWSON, a strict economist, tells me he means to move on the Vote for Houses of Parliament an additional sum of £1000 for picture of "The Lord Mayor of Dublin Delivering a Petition of Corporation to House of Commons, 20th June, 1882." Make a capital fresco for the vacant space in Octagon Hall, next St. George and the Dragon. *Business done.*—Autumn Session foreshadowed.

Tuesday Night.—Mr. LOVE JONES PARRY made his maiden speech. Inspiration came upon him quite suddenly. Crime Bill in Committee. Question of omitting fowling-pieces from seizable arms. Fowling-pieces suggest seed potatoes to Colonel NOLAN. From seed potatoes to rooks natural transition. Colonel great on rooks.

"Members may laugh," he says, glaring round the House as if he would like to treat it to a whiff of gunshot, "but there are not more than four or five questions more important in Ireland." Whereat a ribald House laughs again.

Then LOVE JONES PARRY rises and slowly getting House in focus

discourses on rooks; a little angrily at first. Temper ruffled by Colonel NOLAN's reckless handling of subject. On the whole LOVE JONES PARRY is more sorry than angry. He would be happy, he says, to discuss rooks in private with the honourable and gallant Gentleman. In the meantime, as a sort of first lesson, in which House generally might share, LOVE JONES PARRY "ventures to tell Colonel NOLAN that young rooks make a remarkably good pie."

Impossible to convey adequate impression of mingled shrewdness

and uncton with which this axiom advanced. Full of the reminiscence of succulent departed rook pie. Always wondered why we should be called upon in *Dod* and elsewhere to LOVE JONES PARRY. Clear enough now. An orator of remarkable force, and a heart capable of being touched to profoundest depths at mention of Rook Pie. Quite a lovable man.

Business done.—Crime Bill in Committee.



"The Grand Old Man," as "Paul Pry" in Ireland, visits Captain Moonlight after Sunset. The Captain happens to be entertaining a few Friends, and, naturally enough, looks out for himself.

Paul Pry. Oh, I beg pardon, I hope I don't intrude. If you'll allow me, I'll call again to-morrow morning, as soon after sunrise as possible, when your Friends have gone. Good night!

Guests insisted they were in the majority of two.

Everybody cheerful at dinner except W. H. O'SULLIVAN. His genial countenance obscured by hopelessness of prospect of reforming the British Constitution, pacifying Ireland, and soothing the Continent, by passing his Spirits in Bond Bill. Conversation took theological turn. Playful speculations as to where Mr. BIGGAR will "go to" when life's weary task is accomplished.

"We all know where O'SULLIVAN will go," DICK POWER said.

"Where?" asked the Regenerator of the Human Race, critically sipping his champagne in search of silent spirit.

"He'll join 'the Spirits in Bond,'" said RICHARD.
Business done.—Crime Bill in Committee.

Thursday Night.—Why will the House persistently laugh at Mr. CHAPLIN when he comes forward to instruct it? Came down to-night with some really interesting, and, as Mr. TREVELYAN would say, "novel" information about the Suez Canal. Confess I always thought Canal ran just by Regent's Park. Have indeed smelt it. "No," says Mr. CHAPLIN, "it's in Egypt, and runs from sea to sea through a sandy desert." In spite of this, it is filled with fresh water pumped into it, not with a handle as you see village pumps, but worked by donkey power, of which there is abundance in Cairo. Just like a chapter out of *Mangnall's Questions*, only more picturesquely put. House filled with ribald laughter, and the noise of ironical cheering. Mr. CHAPLIN stands astonished, but firm. His duty to instruct, but cannot impart the power of appreciation.

Burning jealousy on the part of Mr. MCCOAN. He didn't exactly make the Suez Canal, but has been through it. Also Sir GEORGE ELLIOT rises, to show that Mr. CHAPLIN knows nothing of the question, and has stumbled into some egregious errors of simple fact. All jealousy, pure jealousy. Mr. CHAPLIN knows that very well, and appreciates it at its worth. He has done his duty, and, as it were, laid the fresh water of the Suez Canal on the heads of those who scoffed at him. *Business done.*—Crime Bill in Committee.

Friday Night.—House nearly empty all day, and no wonder. When you spend your nights and days with Mr. HEALY, there comes over the mind, towards the end of the week, a longing for Sabbath calm. Only a few Members present to hear a few words from Mr. BRIGHT on the situation generally, and Land-Leaguers particularly. JOHN hit straight out from the shoulder. In his accustomed manner, he called a spade a spade, and the Irish Members who attended the Chicago Convention, "traitors to their country, and rebels to the Queen." *Business done.*—Crime Bill in Committee.

HOW HE SOLD HER;

OR, THE VERY TRISTE 'UN WHO DIDN'T MAKE ROOM FOR HIS UNCLE.

WAGNER's *Tristan and Isolde* is about the most wearisome thing we've sat out for some considerable time. Had it been by a young English composer, or an elderly English composer of the Hanwellian School, it would not have been tolerated for half-an-hour after its commencement. For ourselves, if of two penances we had to choose one, either to sit out a long, dull sermon in a stuffy church on an August afternoon, or to hear one Act of *Tristan and Isolde*, we should unhesitatingly select the former, where, at all events, there would be the certainty of a tranquil repose, from which no cruel drum, bassoon, or violoncello, but only the snoring of our own nose, could rouse us. That there are occasional snatches of melody is undeniable, but a snatch here and there is not the grasp of a master-hand to hold an audience.

Portrait of Tristan. Not much of a puzzle "to find the donkey's head."

Judicious selections will always be welcome; but that, taken as a whole, it is the embodiment of stupendous boredom, must be the verdict of all English Opera-goers who delight in the Operas of ROSSINI, MOZART, MEYERBEER, GOUNOD, VERDI, BALFE, WALLACE, BIZET, and we are not afraid to add, even in these days of æsthetic mysticism, art-vagueness, and higher cultchaw—BELLINI.

What is the plot? This, simply:—

How Sir *Tristan* in a barque
 Conveys to his Uncle *Mark*
 Fair *Isolde* and *confidante*.
 Fair *Isolde* will be his Aunt
 When his Uncle *Mark* she weds,
 But *Isolde* and Maid their heads
 Put together, and the latter,
 After "lengths" of weary chatter,
 Gives a drink, though very loth,
 To *Isolde* and *Tristan*. Both
 Drain the cup without a notion
 They are quaffing a Love-potion.
 Each o'ercome by t'other's charms,
 Falls into the other's arms.
 Then she marries—*he* for shame—
Mark,—and goes on just the same.
 Till one day, just after dark,
 With some friends comes Uncle *Mark*

To the garden, and discovers
 In each other's arms the lovers.
 He upbraids in music heavy
 His immoral graceless nevy.
Tristan rounds upon one *Melot*.
 Once his friend—a sneaking fellow—
 Who pulls out his snicker-see,
 Wounding *Tristan* mortally;
 For in next mad Act he aches
 Bandages away, and dies;
Melot's killed by *Tristan*'s man,
 Who, in turn, dies how he can.
 Then *Isolde*'s Maid, half daft,
 Talks about the amorous draught;
Isolde, singing her own doom,
 Dies—wherever she finds room;
 Uncle *Mark*, freed from the lot,
 Blesses corpse. Such the plot!

The arrangement of the scene on board ship, in the First Act, with a curtain drawn at will, discovering "Knight and Attendants"

arranged like waxworks, who, on their showing any sign of lively melody, are at once shut up by the *confidante* closing the curtain sharply, so that they are "left singing," is such utter burlesque that any Dramatic Critic, except an Outwaggerous Wagnerite, would condemn the situation as ludicrous in the extreme. Then, after they have both quaffed the cup, these are WAGNER's stage-directions.

"Both, seized with shuddering, gaze with deepest emotion, but immovable demeanour, into one another's eyes, in which the expression of defiance to death fades and melts into the glow of passion. Trembling seizes them, they convulsively clutch their hearts, and pass their hands over their brows."

If this, so far, isn't good old melodramatic "business" of the most hackneyed kind, belonging to the Victorian Era, or the palmy days of the Drama, we don't know it when we see it, that's all.

"Their glances again seek to meet, sink in confusion, and once more turn with growing longing upon one another."

This is practically carried out by *Isolda* and *Tristan* going through wild extension motions opposite one another, until they are locked in each other's arms, and this situation would be satisfactory if they had only one key between them, but as it seemed to our distracted ear, the lady shrieked spasmodically, while the gentleman growled, occasionally varying it with a shout; both of them being, apparently, without the vaguest idea of time, tune, or harmony, but only too glad to get a shriek or a growl in whenever and wherever they could, and observing as a sort of Happy-Thought rule, obviously given them by that clever Herr RICHTER,—"Keep your eyes on your Conductor, and your Conductor will pull you through."

This sort of music can never, in our lifetime at least, thank goodness, become popular with the British public. It may, as Dr. JOHNSON said of the violoncello performance, be wonderful, but we only wish it were impossible. WAGNER's lyrical-dramatic music requires no operative vocalists at all. Let there be a first-rate orchestra, a book of the plot in hands of the audience, and *tableaux vivants* or dissolving views to illustrate it—as illustration is still necessary for the illiterate. To ourselves, speaking as mere laics in the matter, with a fondness for tune, harmony, and good dramatic situations, it seems that singing and acting are thrown away on such vocal music and such tedious and unsavoury *libretti*. If WAGNER, his Royal patron the King of BAVARIA, and his countrymen generally, like this sort of thing, they are perfectly welcome to keep it to themselves, and we don't mind hearing occasionally *The Flying Dutchman*, *The Mastersingers* (abbreviated), and selections from *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. RICHARD WAGNER's Operas will be remembered when the *Barbiere* and a few more trifles are forgotten, but not till then.



Isolda, in compliance with the stage-directions, "stretches herself higher and higher," and then "signals again to the on-comer."

FRUITS OF THE AUTUMN—SESSION.

(A Possible Prospect.)

THE chairs in the Park will be at a premium in October.

There will be no eclipse of the Stars in the Theatrical Firmament until the winter.

Owners of "desirable furnished houses near the Houses of Parliament" will remain at the sea-side longer than usual.

The Continental tours of leader-writers on the London Press will not extend beyond Boulogne.

The Irish Home-Rulers will escape the necessity of a visit to the land of their birth and their absence until January.

The pheasants will be fed by the keepers without unseemly interruption.

The grouse will find the moor the marrier.

The timber at Hawarden will be respited until further notice.

TOBY will represent Barkshire at St. Stephen's instead of in Cairo. And the "dead season" will be revived by "special desire" of the PREMIER.

"EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE INFLEXIBLE."—Many persons on reading the above heading thought that the PREMIER had suddenly lost his temper with Mr. LOWTHER, and had given it him hotter than ever.

EGYPTIAN PROVERB; OR, BLUNT SPEAKING.—WILFUL BLUNT makes woful mistake.



COMFORTING.

Proud Mother. "DID YOU EVER SEE ANYBODY SO LIGHT AND SLENDER AS DEAR ALGERNON, JACK?"

Uncle Jack (et. thirty-five). "OH, YOU MUSTN'T TROUBLE ABOUT THAT, MARIA. I WAS EXACTLY HIS BUILD AT EIGHTEEN!"

THE POLICE, THE PRESS, AND THE PUBLIC.

ACT I.—Burglars, Swindlers, Pickpockets, et alii. Now is our chance. Here is a crib containing some of the best plate in the country, absolutely unguarded. Let us crack it. Now, at the present time, the simplest way to make money is by floating a Gold Mine, or a new Electric Light; all we want are offices, and some ready money for advertisements; let us float something. See there, it is Dividend Day, and those old Ladies who are new to London, and are nervous in the streets, have their dividends with them; let us knock them down and rob them.

ACT II.—The Dailies. A perfect epidemic of crime seems to have set in lately in the Metropolis. In another column to-day will be found details of a burglary committed in a country house, the profits of which must be at least £40,000; of a robbery conceived in the City on an almost unprecedented scale, and of several brutal assaults on elderly females, close to the Bank of England. Although, as yet, the Police have made no arrests, yet they consider they have several valuable clues. For the burglary they suspect a man called "Blood-stained BILL," a man with long hair and a flowing beard, who resides at No. 4, Queer Street. Suspicion in the City Swindle points to Mr. FLASHINGTON SHARP, a very fair-haired gentleman, with an abnormally long moustache, who is the owner of the palatial residence known as Gold Mine Villa, Regent's Park. And it would not at all surprise us, if "Burly JACK" and "Smashjaw NED" were "wanted" to-morrow for the gross outrages which have occurred in Threadneedle Street. Meanwhile, the Press will afford the Police every assistance.

ACT III.—Bloodstained Bill. Well, this is kind of these paper chaps! I think, ah! yes, it was hard to part with an old friend, but now that I have taken off my beard and cropped my hair, I hardly know myself. Four, Queer Street; well, it is not a nice address; hardly fashionable enough. I'll move at once.

Mr. Flashington Sharp. Thanks, awfully. I would ask the Editor to dinner, if I hadn't to turn out of Gold Mine Villa so hurriedly, on my way to Spain. It is a bit of a nuisance shaving on a journey, but still a big moustache is a nuisance. I'll have it off.

Burly Jack and Smashjaw Ned. 'Ere's luck! Coppers 'ere to-morrow, according to the papers. Let's off it!

ACT IV.—The Dailies. Despite the assistance afforded to them by the Press, the Police have until now made no captures in connection with the late crimes which have horrified London, and, indeed, the entire country. Their stupidity, supineness, and vacillation are simply disgraceful.

ACT V.—The Public. Cuss the Press!

THE CHAMPAGNE RING.

(A New Version of an Old Tragic Opera.)

SCENE—A Banqueting Hall. Madame LUCRETIA and Guests discovered carousing.

Madame Lucretia. And you find the Heidsieck to your taste?

First Guest. Excellent! Behold my fifth glass. [Drinks.]

Madame Lucretia. And you prefer Mumm's extra dry?

Second Guest. This finishes my second bottle. [Drinks.]

Madame Lucretia. And you cleave to Pommery and Greno?

Third Guest. To the end! I have taken nothing else. [Drinks.]

Madame Lucretia. And you have dipped deeply into Roederer?

You have all chosen brands of equal value?

Other Guests (drinking deeply). We have, we have!

Madame Lucretia (aside). At length, I have them in my power!

(Aloud.) Know, then, that your hours, nay, your minutes are numbered!

Guests (aghast). What! You surely joke?

Lucretia. You shall be the judges of the jest! You have taken

freely of rare champagnes of well-known growers.

Guests (reassured). We have! See the brands upon the corks—

Lucretia. All forgeries! (General collapse.) Ha, ha, I triumph!

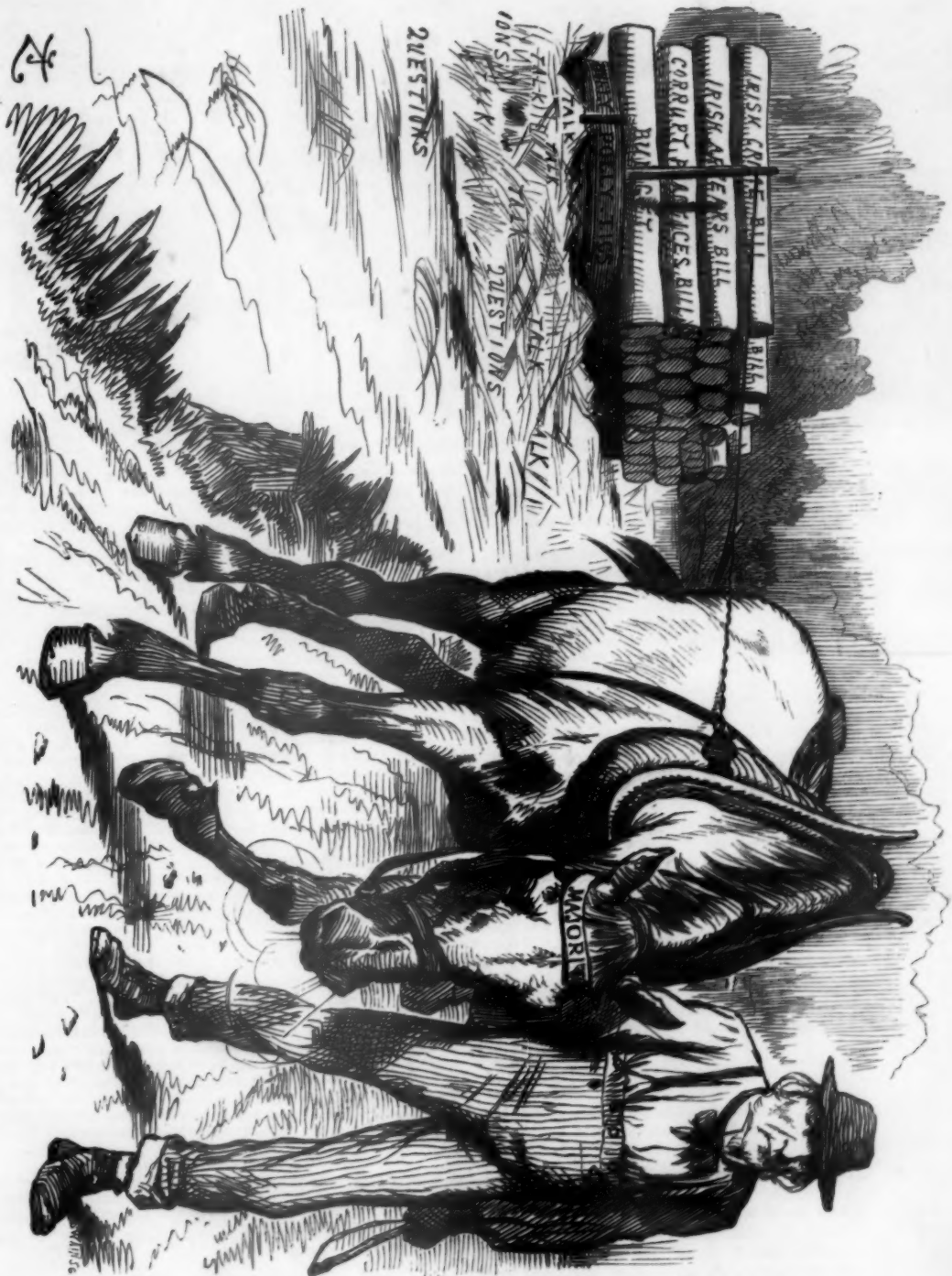
Know that every drop of wine that you have drunk this night has

come from the cellar of BROWN—

Guests (terror-stricken). Oh, horror!

Madame Lucretia. At thirty shillings the dozen!

[Guests die in agonies. Tableau and Curtain.]



"AGAINST STREAM!"

THE GREAT EASTERN



MODERN LIFE IN LONDON; OR "TOM AND JERRY" BACK AGAIN.



TOM AND JERRY SHOW UP WITH YOUNG LOGIC IN THE "ROW."

"I AM most anxious, my dear JERRY," said the CORINTHIAN one morning, "to see how an old haunt of ours looks. We have seen modern LIFE IN LONDON under various aspects, but we have not yet had a stroll in the PARK. It was in other days the show-shop of the Metropolis, and in the PROMENADE or 'Grand Strut' you saw a mob of persons consisting not only of 'GREAT PEOPLE,' but the 'soi-disant GREAT' in that grand drive of fashion." "I remember it well," said JERRY. "Shall I ever forget my first introduction to the DUCHESS OF HEARTS and the MARCHIONESS OF DIAMONDS, or BILL DASH, DICK TRIFLE, and FLAUSIBLE JACK." "Rum names your friends must have had, Mr. HAWTHORN," said young BOB, who joined them at that moment; "but if they express their characters I think you'll find a good many of the same sort about nowadays, especially in THE ROW." "That is just the place we wish to visit, my dear BOB," said the CORINTHIAN, and young LOGIC, having remarked "All right. I'm on in that scene," the Trio, took a lounge in the Burlington, a stroll up and down St. James Street, and a saunter in Piccadilly before proceeding to do "a bit of Park."

"Twas indeed a fine sight when our heroes entered 'The Park,' for so HYDE PARK is *par excellence* designated. SOL darted his beams impartially upon *swell* and *snob*, and shone upon as *gay* a sight as is afforded in The Metropolis. It would need the pen of a THACKERAY or a SALA to do justice to the animated scene which the Artist has depicted with a Hogarthian pencil. All LONDON appeared to be gathered in 'The Row,' and the constant chaos of carriages, and stream of pedestrians was positively bewildering. As an epitome of LIFE IN LONDON the scene afforded some rare glimpses of Character. There was the STATESMAN on his *cob*, the *man-about-town* in his brougham, the LEADER OF FASHION in his *park-phæton*, the DUCHESS in her *landau*, the EAST LADY in her *Victoria*, and all sorts of people not "in Society," who fondly imagined that they made themselves part of 'THE UPPER TEN' by appearing in The Park. But 'twas a vain illusion. "Money," as the old proverb has it, "makes the mare to go," but it cannot make an English Gentleman, any more than the sham coat of arms purchased in Cranbourn Street for the modest sum of three-and-sixpence can give a man an *ancestral tree*. Vainly does CIGARETUS keep a carriage, and change the homely patronymic of BUGGINS for that of the *lordly DE VERE*. He is as uncomfortable when he hears the *new name* as he is in the *pantaloons* of POOLE, and the sparkle of Champagne which should cheer his declining years,

only serves to remind him of the *humbler liquors* of his early days. "Psha," cries DIVES, "Riches can purchase anything," and then he buys a fair young wife who runs away from him; and is put up for a fashionable Club upon which he has set his heart, and is *punctually* "FILLED."

Thus, then, may the philosopher moralise like DIOGENES, when he takes his "afternoon Crawl" in HYDE PARK:—

Here are the folks who are "the go," And hard-up Tom and dashing Will;
But with the *high* you meet the *low*; Walk past the *coys* who "did their
The M.P. shirks the Irish wight bill,"
Whocalled him *scoundrel* yesternight; There's nought to pay for trees and
The COUNTESS sees the love of old air,
Before she sold herself for gold; A penny buys a vacant chair;
And sighs to think, 'mid that *gay scene*, Here in good truth you well may see
Of all the joy that "might have been;" The world's complete epitome;
The "gommy" passes yon young joker; While *swell* and *snob* walk to and fro,
Who won his tin last night at poker. And all sorts mix in ROTTEN ROW.

"It is in truth an animated scene," said the CORINTHIAN; and as he spoke there drove past the fairest Lady in the Land, our beloved Princess, who, with her pretty children, was taking an airing. Behind her sat the smartest tiger in the world, and all hats were doffed in acknowledgment of her gracious presence.

As they strolled along, young LOGIC pointed out several of the notabilities, and he also met many of his *pals*. These young *scells* did not seem to be enjoying themselves very much, and for the most part to be lost in the contemplation of their clothes, while they pressed the TRIO to come into the Club, and have just "one peg." Their faces, however, *lit up* now and then as some *rouged* and *ruddled* Siren drove by in a dashing Victoria, though there were fair young faces in the *soberer vehicles* which might have set many a heart *afire*: but it was too clear, as the CORINTHIAN remarked to his Cox, that the young "Chappies" of the day were not "marrying men," simply because they preferred a life of *selfish pleasure* to the delights of *honourable wedlock*. "That is all very well," said young LOGIC, "but the fact is, my dear Mr. TOM, it won't run to it nowadays. We are *blown up* at *Point Nonplus* before we are of age, and the rest of life is what that old beggar at Chelsea called "Dust and ashes." TOM and JERRY laughed at this *sally*, which reminded them of their old friend, the OXONIAN; and after a turn or two more, the TRIO left the Park.

THE ANTI-ADVOVOWNSISTS.—Clerical "Gents," now appearing as obstructionists at Auctions, if they are always to be led by the Rev. Mr. HADDEN, should prepare a *Annale* for every occasion:—

For he's { a jolly good } fellow, | With a one, two, three,
And so say all of us! | Going! Going!! Going!!!—

And if the Auctioneer is wise, he will by this time have disappeared, and shout through the keyhole, "Gone!"

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM has been staying at Tunbridge Wells. She says she enjoyed nothing so much as walking on the Gentiles. It quite reminds her of the good old times.

AT THE LATEST MEETING of the amiable *dilettanti* and disinterested Theatrical Ladies and Gentlemen anxious to start a School of Dramatic Art—perhaps for a similar reason to that of Private FATE, who wished to become a Schoolmaster, in order that he might learn to read and write—Mr. RYDER treated them to some good honest plain speaking: in fact, the one Ryder was worth all the propositions.

AT THE "ROMANTIC REE."

SAID a long-haired *Æsthete* to a pasty-faced *Æsthete*, "It's quite too gutterly gutter, don't you know!"

A SONG OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

TELL me not in mocking numbers
We shall have to come to town,
And resume our wonted slumbers,
When the leaves are sere and brown.

If we don't make good progression
With those undigested Bills,
There will be an Autumn Session—
Worst of legislative ills.

Vainly do we save our speeches,
Still the floods of talk are deep;
Well it is experience teaches
Attitudes in which to sleep.

We detest insane obstruction,
But, our honest hopes to blight,
Irish Members raise a "ruction"
In the watches of the night.

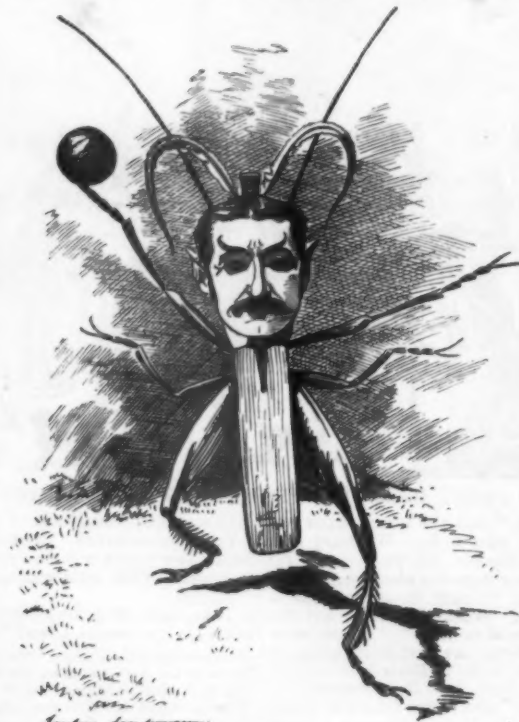
Lives of patriots all remind us
We can show uncommon nous,
And, departing, leave behind us
Relays that shall "keep a House."

Relays that perchance our leaders
O'er the legislative main
May observe, while we are pleaders
Autumn leisure to attain.

Out of Arms' Way.

If the guns, powder, and pistols
were put in Clerkenwell to engage
and concentrate the attention of
the police, they have answered
their purpose admirably. Three
or four hundred pounds—the ex-
treme value of the store—were
never better invested, from a
Fenian point of view. If the
store meant mischief, it could not
have been much mischief. The
greater mischief is probably else-
where, where the police are not
looking.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 90.



F. R. SPOFFORTH,

"THE DEMON" OR IMPETUOUS BOWLER, REPRESENTING CRICKET
ON T'OTHER SIDE OF THE H-EM-TH.

SITTINGS (FOR PORTRAITS)
IN BELTO AT WEST-
MINSTER.

HERE is a suggestion for Action
in any other Artistic Libel Case
that may arise. NOODLE says
DOODLE doesn't draw the por-
traits which bear his signature.
Hence *Doodle v. Noodle*, before
quite the last of the Chief-Barons,
Punch, and a very Uncommon
Jury. The Judge orders drawing
materials into Court, and tells
DOODLE to do likenesses of him-
self and the Foreman of the Jury.
No Counsel need be employed.
DOODLE executes rapidly a per-
fect likeness of the Judge's intel-
lectual lineaments, and twelve
highly flattering portraits of the
Foreman and the Gentlemen of
the Jury. Without waiting for
any further evidence, the Judge
would at once direct the Jury
with strict impartiality, and the
Jurymen would immediately
return a verdict for Plaintiff with
heavy damages, and each one
take his portrait home to his
wife. This simplification of a
difficult case would save time,
trouble, and expense.

YELLOW AND BLUE.—French
Diplomatic doings are published
in "Yellow Books"—a jaundiced,
bilious kind of colour. Articles
on *Perfidie Albion* are the result.
Here the Government works go
on till everything looks uncom-
monly blue, when, oddly enough,
the Blue Books become pretty
generally read. Quite chameleon-
like.

MOTTO FOR AN AMERICAN
HUNTER.—What is one man's
Meat is another man's Bison.

A FEW MORE OF THEM.

(Suggested by the latest thing in Advertisements, with fac-simile signatures
of celebrities.)

THE NUBIAN INK PELLETS.

"I consider them a most excellent invention, and, as an offensive missile, quite equal to the very best river-mud. I never go down to the House without having all my pockets full of them."—J. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

PEMBRIDGE SUPERFINE ORDER PAPER.

"A thousand salutations for your specimen. It seems of admirable quality. Should I continue my Shakspearian impersonations, you may rely on me for a handsome order."—ROSSI.

RINGROSE'S PATENT WHITEWASH.

"I use nothing else for my colleague; and as he appears quite satisfied with the result, you may forward me another ton."—HENRY LABOUCHERE.

THE HYDRAULIC LIFT COMPANY.

"The ascending motion is truly delightful. I haven't enjoyed myself so much for a long time."—W. ELLIS (Lord Mayor).

THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

"I use it continually."—W. VERNON HARCOURT.

REMINGTON FIRE ESCAPE.

"Your capital apparatus has reached me safely, and I am in hourly expectation that I shall be able thoroughly to test its full capabilities."—E. MALET (Alexandria).

BARKER'S METALLIC FOG AND STORM SIGNAL.

"Your powerful instrument has, to my ears, an extremely pleasing sound. I never open my mouth in the House of Lords without freely having recourse to it."—SALISBURY.

CARTER'S SELF-PROPELLING CHAIR.

"It appears to be the very thing I have been looking for for some considerable time. You may send me one at once."—H. BRAND (Speaker).

BANNISTER'S DOUBLE-ACTION HIGH-PRESSURE
TRACTION ENGINE.

"Your machine is certainly striking and massive, but I am not quite confident that its vast powers will be equal to the tax to which I may be forced to subject them before the close of the Session. Perhaps you had better make up the half-dozen, and let me know that I can have the other five by an early despatch."—W. E. GLADSTONE.

A PROTEST—FROM POOR "JO."

"This little table sold for £5,000."—*Newspaper's Report of the Hamilton Sale.*

WHAT! Give all that money! Well, here's what I say,—
The truth with fine words you may soften or smother,—
This table, about which you're raving to-day,
Has set me a-thinking about that there other.

That one which it's wrote that the crums that fell off
Was sought by a poor chap below for his dinner.
D'you reckon the owner of that was a toff?—
I'm blest if I don't set him down as a sinner!

So, down East, while cooves are a-starving, well nigh,
For bread,—that's dry bread, mind you, not bread-and-butter,—
To sink all that blunt just in feedin' his eye,
Well, there,—I'd be prouder as Jo in the gutter!

NEW OPERA.—*Faust and Margarine*; or, *The Mephistophelian Cheesemonger*. Also, a real good 'un, *The Grand Dutch-cheese*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



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